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SCENES

MEMORIES, ~~AND~~ TRAVELS

OF

EIGHTY-TWO YEARS

AND

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE LANPHEAR
AND POTTER FAMILIES

BY ETHAN LANPHEAR

Author of "Life, Travels, and Observations of Eighty Years,"
and "Observations of Religious Practices and Preach-
ing of Eighty-one Years."

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

I WAS born in Westerly, R. I., March 2, 1818. My parents were Samuel and Hannah Lanphear. We moved with an ox team and sheet-covered wagon from Potters Hill, R. I., to Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y. The country was mostly wilderness after crossing the Hudson River at Albany until we reached the end of our journey, five hundred miles. My parents then had three children, all boys, myself the youngest. My mother's sister and her husband, Amos Crandall, took passage with us, the goods of both families being on the same wagon. We worked our way through the wilderness to Alfred in about eighteen or twenty days, camping out nights, or sleeping in the wagon, when we could not find logs huts to cover our heads. Then there was not a frame building in that town. The earliest settlers nearly all lived in logs huts or shanties. It was a wild country, and the settlers had to meet hard fare, barely living on wild game and wild fruit. But the people were industrious, soon cut away the timber, and in a few years

were raising grain for themselves, and were able to aid the new settlers as they arrived.

Soon the settlers organized a society for worship, and for a time held meetings from house to house, or in log schoolhouses, until they were able to build a meeting-house. I was brought up to attend church and read the Bible. The preaching was very plain. I remember the first sermon I heard. The preacher had no shoes to his feet, or coat to his back, yet revivals followed his preaching. Let me say right here that my father and another man by the name of David Stillman put their heads together and talked it over that the preacher ought to have some shoes. So after meeting, my father stepped out to the door, picked up a stick, and walking along by the side of the preacher, took up his foot and measured it. The next Sabbath the preacher had some shoes. Possibly one half of the men, and some of the women, came to church barefooted. I remember I went to church barefooted in warm weather until I was sixteen years old.

As I grew to manhood, I observed that as the preachers became more educated, they began to preach new doctrines, as I thought, and contrary to the Bible. I concluded that

merely reading the Bible was not satisfactory, and concluded to study the Bible for myself.

As I grew older, I became interested in travel, and have traveled in all the States but one or two, and have crossed the United States by the four different routes. I made it a practice to attend church of some sort nearly every week. In this way I heard many doctrines. The more I heard, the more interested I became in studying the Bible. These things caused me to write up a book, when I was eighty years of age, on "Observations and Travels of Eighty Years;" and then again, becoming eighty-one years, another book of "Observation of Religious Practices and Preaching of Eighty-one Years," etc.; and now that the good Lord has allowed me to live to see eighty-two years, and my memory pretty clear, and my eyes allowing me to read and write without glasses, by request I have concluded to write up this book, the "Happenings and Observation of Eighty-two Years," and to give a short sketch of the Lanphear and Potter families, and more specifically on my life and travels.

ETHAN LANPHEAR.

Plainfield, N. J., April, 1900.

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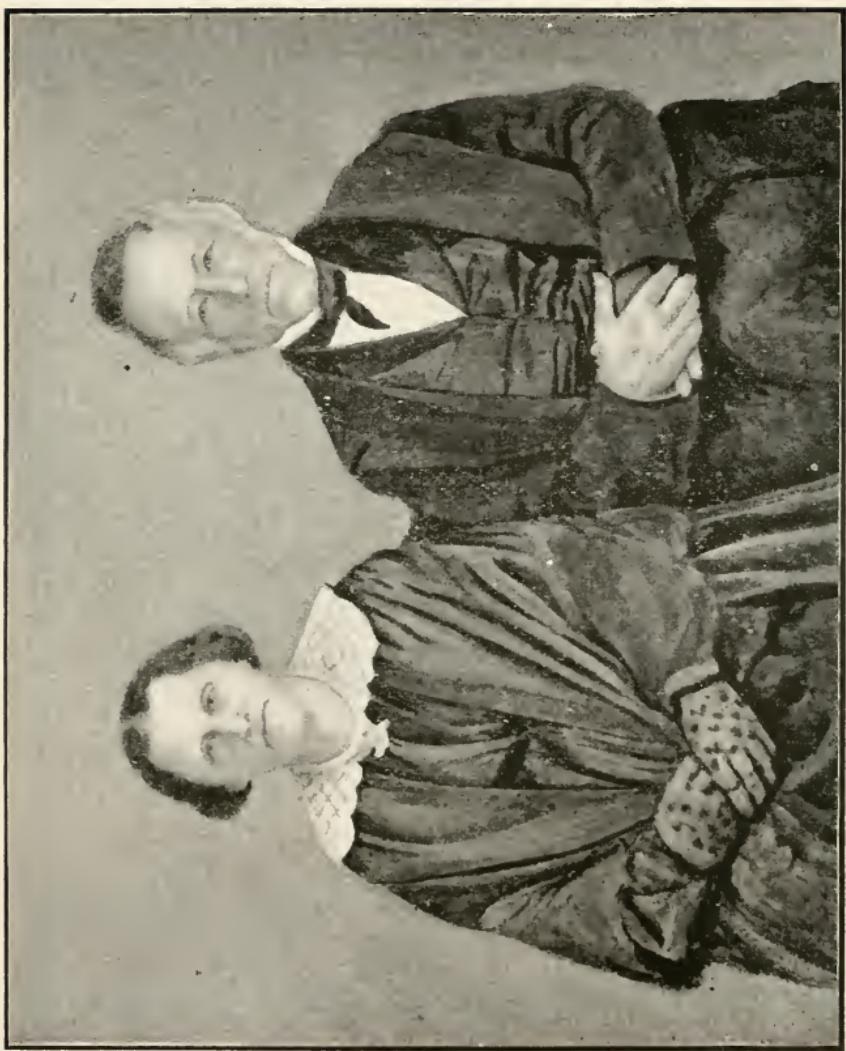
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FATHER AND MOTHER.

Samuel Lanphear and Hannah, his wife.

I

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

My first journey was with my parents, when a child not yet two years old, from Rhode Island to Alfred, Allegany Co., N. Y., five hundred miles, of which I have but little recollection. They made this journey with an ox team, and a big wagon covered with white cotton cloth, which in the western part of our country would be called a schooner, such as we used to see crossing our western prairies. My parents then had three boys, myself being the youngest. Their names were as follows: Emory, Avery, and Ethan. Amos Crandall and his wife, Cynthia, sister to my mother, made the journey with us. The goods of both families were on the same wagon.

My father and Uncle Amos made the journey to Alfred on foot before they moved, selected their land, and put up log huts on each lot. My father's hut had a roof made of split wood resembling barrel staves before they are dressed. They were tied on by withes, the bark of trees, or small staddles of trees. There was not a frame building then in the town, and but few

settlers. They cut a place for a door through the logs, laid a floor of split basswood logs flat side up, leaving an offset to build a chimney at one end sometime. The gables were not closed, as they had no boards made in the town. They then decided to go back for their families. Before they arrived, my father's house at Potter's Hill was destroyed by fire, and nearly all his household goods. But this daunted him not. He bought a good pair of oxen and a wagon, having the oxen shod. He attached hold-back straps to the yoke, to make it easier for the oxen to hold the load going down the many hills, and to keep their heads and necks from getting sore. Loading on their goods, they started on their wilderness journey of five hundred miles. As they started out, their friends followed them for miles, never expecting to see them again; but they finally shook hands, said good-by, and returned to their homes among the rocks of Rhode Island. They pushed on by way of Albany.

The State of New York had opened a road through the State from Albany to Olean Point on the Allegany River, in order to make a way for settlers to be taken into the wilderness country. This was called a turnpike, or State road; gates were placed across the road, and people had to pay toll, the object of which was to keep

the road passable. The country was sparsely settled through to the Lakes where Buffalo City now exists. My father had a half-brother and a half-sister older than himself, who had settled in Brookfield, Madison County, a few years before. They stopped there a few days to rest a little; then pushed on their journey, sometimes camping out nights, or sleeping in our wagons when they could not reach a settlement. They usually had feed for the team and provisions for the families in case they could not obtain them among settlers. All kept healthy. Their team proved good roadsters, and took us through in eighteen or twenty days. We stopped a few days with a settler about one mile away, so that the men might fix up and inclose father's house, in order to protect us from storm and wild beasts. We moved in all together for a time. My father and uncle always worked together like two brothers, helping each other, and their friendship continued as long as they lived.

II

IN OUR NEW HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

THE men, and the women also, set to work to clearing up about their huts, chinking and mudding up the cracks, to make them warmer, as cold weather was drawing on. They rigged up a cart with the hind wheels of the wagon, hitched the oxen to it, drove fifteen miles to what is now Wellsville, and purchased some boards; they placed some slabs,—one end on the cart and the other end on the ground,—piled the lumber thereon, bound it with chains to the cart, and thus dragged their burden over roots, mud, and swamp to their homes to close up their gables, to make themselves tables and shelves in their log houses, and doors to them. At this stage of life and age my memory largely begins. I remember our first meal eaten in the new house. We had no chimney yet, gables to the house were all open, a quilt was hung up for the door. A fire was built on the ground, where my mother cooked the first meal. They had picked up a new board on the way somewhere, which was placed across the offset left for the chimney, and all sat down on the floor

with their feet on the ground before the fire. Thus we ate our first meal. Young as I was, it seems as plain before me now as then,—the quilt door, and the smoke passing up and out of the open gable, the new board before the fire, etc. Never were two families happier in their new homes than were ours at that time.

My father and uncle were very industrious, and their wives were not afraid to take a hand with them. My father had learned the tailor's trade in his early days. There was not a tailor within fifty miles. When it was found out, a man fifteen miles away in a settlement sent word for him as soon as he got settled, to take his shears and goods, and come down and help the women of the settlement clothe up the families for winter.

After a few weeks they got things comfortably fixed. Uncle took charge of both families, and father, on foot, started to find his neighbors fifteen miles away on the Canisteo River, five miles east of Hornellsville, Steuben County. He stopped with them about three weeks. In that time he paid for a cow, four sheep, a pair of geese, and two shots. He came home, and got his team, and a man to go with him, and brought home his earnings, stopping at Hornells Mill, to have his grain ground. A man by

the name of Hornells built the first grist mill in that section, from which the town took its name.

My father built a pen of small logs near our house, and put his shotes in, cutting a door for them to go out and in, so that they could get their living on nuts in the woods in the day-time, and return to their pen at night for lodging. Not long after this we heard an awful squealing of one of the pigs in the night. My father and elder brother got up as quickly as possible, lit a lantern, and ran out hallooing as loud as they could. The pig finally stopped crying, and they hurried into the house lest they might have a cause for crying. When light came, they went out to explore the situation. They found the pig back in his pen. It seems that a bear had climbed into the pen, and took one of the pigs under his arm, and started for the woods. How he happened to drop his prey we know not; whether he was scared or whether he let him drop climbing over a high bush and log fence the men had built to keep the cattle away from the house.

Not many days after this happened, some of the neighboring settlers called as they were on their way to see some settlers that lived some two miles another way. Men traveled on foot

or horseback largely by foot paths and marked trees from neighborhood to neighborhood. They had a large dog with them. On their way the dog ran a young bear into a large hollow tree, and he decided not to come out. Two of the men went back to a settler that they knew had a rifle, and had him come with his rifle and ax. As the bear would not come out, they cut the tree down; but he would not come out of his hiding. The dog would go in, but the bear would drive him out quickly. They finally shot him in the tree, and then cut a large hole, and dragged him out. He was a young one, and his meat made a good treat for the neighborhood. Wild game was plenty then, and was a great help to the settlers until they got to raising tame stock. Wild fruit was a great blessing also. Neighbors then were neighbors indeed. If one killed a deer, bear, or other game, or had a good thing, all shared together.

III

AT OUR NEW HOME YET

My father's trade was a great help to him. When people learned that he was a tailor, they would come for forty miles to get clothes cut and made; some would bring their cloth there and leave it, and when they wanted clothes cut or made, they would come and leave their measure, or wait for the work to be done. Sometimes he would say to men: "If you want your work done, you must go right to work chopping and clearing land for me, and I will do your work." He was a small man and very quick with the needle. In this way he would make one day of his own pay for two or three outside. In this way he soon got his farm cleared, so as to raise his own living, and have produce to furnish new settlers.

The settlers were early from New England, and usually poor, but industrious and good citizens, and largely Seventh-day Baptists that settled in Alfred. They soon organized meetings to be held from house to house in neighborhoods, and soon they established schools, kept in log schoolhouses, and held meetings

in the same. I well remember my first day in school; I sat on a little stool by the side of a lady teacher by the name of Thankful Odall. The seats were all made of split basswood logs, the flat side up, with legs at each end; and the writing tables were made of slabs fastened on to large pegs driven into the logs of the building. I remember the first sermon I heard preached. It was in a schoolhouse about two miles away. The minister's name was Richard Hull, and he had no coat to his back or shoes to his feet, and could scarcely read or write; yet people came from miles away to hear him preach. He raised five sons, and four of them made preachers, and one daughter preached also.

I was graduated at sixteen in a frame school-house. I never studied grammar a day in my life, nor ever saw a blackboard in a school-house, nor did the teachers demonstrate anything in mathematics. I studied old Daball's arithmetic through twice, yet my teachers never explained the rules therein. We had to prove everything, or let it pass, yet when I came to doing business for myself I found that many of those rules were just the things to use. Most of our teachers were farmers or farmers' sons, and usually taught for \$10 to \$15 a month and

boarded themselves or boarded around the district. We used to have spelling schools and geography schools in various districts, which were of great value in those lines of studies; and really I think I learned more in those lines than in the day schools.

In about six years after we settled in Alfred, my Grandfather Potter, my mother's father, moved to Alfred. He came with a horse team. Instead of having a box on his wagon he had fitted a sailboat on it, for novelty. He had a family of three sons, and his wife, and his wife's mother. They settled some two miles away from us; but to get there with the team they had to pick their way some three or four miles. They could, however, follow a foot path by marked trees on foot or horseback, which was much nearer. They left my great-grandmother with us for a time until they could get settled. After a time my Grandmother Potter came on horseback to take her mother home with her.

I was very fond of my grandmother and great-grandmother, and they were fond of me, so I took a notion to go home with them. I thought I could go afoot, and keep up with the horse through the woods. But they said I could "ride on the horse with them." They had a

sidesaddle on the horse and a pillow behind that. My grandmother took the sidesaddle, and my great-grandmother the pillow behind her, and I was astride the horse in front. Thus I made the short journey with my grandmother and great-grandmother.

By this time immigration had increased, and nearly all the lands in the town were entered, and neighbors were more plenty. My father had his farm nearly cleared up, had built him a frame barn, and in a few years built him a frame house, and kept quite a large stock. He had purchased a young colt, paying for it with his shears and needle a few years before, which was now broken to saddle and hames, and father and mother drove on a visit to their old home in Rhode Island. They returned, having had a good visit. His success encouraged many others to emigrate. Several families came on and settled in Cuba, now Little Genesee, some thirty miles farther west. Some of them were cousins of my parents. After they got settled in their log huts, father and mother decided to go and see them, and took me along, leaving the rest of the children at home with a housekeeper. It was some thirty or thirty-five miles, and the roads were very rough and muddy, and if a boy was ever well

shaken up riding over corduroy roads and roots, it was I, for I had to sit on the bottom of the wagon, without springs. We had to drive through a long wood without settlers, to get over to the Genesee River, then again between Friendship and Boliver. Before we got to Boliver, a little, young deer came into the road, and followed along with us for some time. That took my attention, and I finally got through to our friends. We stopped first with a cousin of my mother, Joseph Wells, that lived in a log cabin near where the village now exists, on the main road to what is now called the Osway village.

Ezekiel Crandall, his brother-in-law, lived in a log house across the stream nearly a half mile away. Between them was a dense hemlock woods, and many large trees had blown down, and piled on top of each other, so that they crossed the stream on foot on these big trees, and had a footpath to pass back and forth between the two homes. It was very dark any time of day in crossing among the thick hemlocks. To get from one house to the other with a team, they had to go a mile or more to cross the stream and get through the timber. I tell this story to show the novelty of it. Mr. Wells had four boys, the youngest about my age.

The three youngest were going over to their Uncle Ezekiel's by the way of this footpath among the hemlocks. The oldest one was about fourteen years old. He said to his parents he would take the gun along, so that if they saw anything they would shoot it. As they were going over the stream on these big trees, three deer sprang to their feet just in front of them. The boys had not met any deer yet in close contact. The deer stood still and looked directly at the boys, and the boys looked at them. The deer's eyes looked very large in the darkness to the boys, who doubtless were a little excited; but the older one with the gun drew his gun upon one and banged away at him, bringing him to the ground, while the others ran out of sight. The younger boy ran as hard as he could for the house, calling as loud as he could, "Uncle Ezekiel! Uncle Ezekiel! Come out here quick! Daniel has shot a deer right down dead; it has eyes as big as a saucer, and we want you to help kill him." This story was never forgotten, and the boy was often reminded of it as long as he lived, and he only died a short time ago.

This town was largely settled by Rhode Islanders, so much so that it was called for a long time Little Rhode Island. The people

of Alfred and this town were largely related, and many were Sabbath-keepers, who kept up the habit of visiting each other as long as the old settlers lived. They were a good, moral people, and I think there was never a liquor license granted in the town; and I think there has not been one granted in Alfred in over fifty years. My next visit to that town was on horseback. My next older brother and I rode on one horse over thirty miles, for the sake of visiting the people and friends.

IV

A JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MY parents raised ten children, four boys and six girls. All were taught to work. Only three girls and two boys are now living, myself being the oldest. My father was a great lover of children, and my mother was a strictly Bible Christian, as she understood it. My father believed in teaching children to work, and he thought it best to make them interested in everything on the farm. In order to do this he would give us a patch of ground to work for ourselves, and to work at our leisure time, and have all we could raise to sell for ourselves, and he would tell us boys to take good care of the stock, and when we saved money enough to purchase a lamb, calf, or colt, we might purchase, and put it in with his as our own, and have the money it sold for. He always tried to make his children believe that they could make smart men, and praised them when they did well. Sometimes he would send them to do business, and would confer with them as to the real value of cattle and things. He used to say to us boys: "When we get the crops in

and the sheep washed and sheared, you shall have a play-day to go fishing or hunting." If we had an offer to go and work a day or two for some neighbor, we could do so and have our wages. He taught us economy, and not to spend money foolishly, or for that which was not useful.

When I was about fourteen years old, he said to us, and my mother's younger brother, who was about the age of my oldest brother, that if we would be good boys, after the spring's work was finished we might go to Rochester city, seventy miles away, and see the city and country, and have a good time. I had never seen a city, and we all thought that would be a big thing to do. In time we rigged up two horses and wagons for the trip. Of course, our rigs would not compare very well with carriages of to-day; but they were as good as the average in a new country. We started out, and the first day we drove by the way of Dansville, and made about fifty miles, stopping over-night near Mt. Morris.

The hotel was crowded with travelers, and they had to stow us away pretty thick, some having to lodge on the floor. We did not get the best of rest, as there were some rather jolly fellows in the crowd that would talk and tell

stories; and then we found that our beds were infested with travelers that depended on getting their living out of the traveling public. But we stood it through the night, and in the morning there was some loud talking about our traveling bedfellows. I think they were great travelers, for I have now and then found them settled in nearly every country I have traveled in. We got our breakfast, fed our horses, and started for the city, about twenty miles away. The weather was fine, and vegetation was beautiful in its new growth. We arrived at a hotel a little out of the city about eleven o'clock. We made arrangements to stop there nights, put our horses out to pasture a little up the river, took our dinners, and started for sight-seeing in the city. Rochester is situated on both sides of the Genesee River, at or just above the Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch made his last jump. These falls I think are some five feet higher than Niagara Falls, located on the Niagara River some ten miles from Buffalo. Patch had jumped the Rochester falls once before, and came out safely; he had jumped Niagara once, and came out safely. But when he jumped his last jump at Rochester, he was drunk, and said it was to be his last jump, and it proved to be so. He never was

seen, I think, after he struck the swirl below. A part of the scaffold from which he jumped still remained in sight where visitors could see where the foolish man made his last leap into eternity.

These falls, both Niagara and the Rochester, are some of the grand scenery of America, and thousands of people from other countries as well as our own visit them. There seems to be a charm to see the falls, and hundreds of insane and gloomy people resort there to end their lives. We took in the city and surroundings, and enjoyed them much.

One thing I saw I shall never forget. A large stone grist and flouring mill, three stories high, had lately been built, bordering on the river above the falls; the river was all rock bottom. One of the masons while at work on the third story on the end next to the river, made a misstep, and fell to the bottom, striking in the river where the water was only twelve or fifteen inches deep on the rock. He was not hurt, only well shaken up. The owner of the mill ordered a stone to be left out of the wall where he fell from; and the spot is to be seen, I presume, to this day, to show the place of the miraculous fall without death.

We returned by way of Conesus Lake, and

stopped at a hotel, hired a row boat, and rowed one mile across and back. We then went home, thinking we had had a great treat that but few boys at our age of life enjoyed. We had some marvelous stories to tell when we arrived home.

V

EMBARK IN THE GRIST AND FLOUR MILLING BUSINESS

DURING 1836 and 1837 my father built a grist and flouring mill that cost him about \$2,000. He was not a miller, so he took in an old miller to run it on shares, and to have one-third of the income. It proved to be a valuable investment. In the fall that I was nineteen I went to live with the miller, with the intention of learning how to run the mill. I remained six months, then went home to help my father on the farm. I had made so good progress that the old miller sent word to me to come down and see him. I went, and he said that he wished to hire me until his term expired in the fall. He said he would pay me \$13 a month, and my board. I told him I would go if I could arrange it with my father.

I went home, and told my father of the offer that the old miller had made me. He said:—

“If you can hire Philip Green to take your place on the farm, you can go.” I went to see Philip. We were the same age, and had been brought up together in the same neighborhood.

He said he would work in my place on the farm for \$12 a month. The bargain was closed, and I returned to the mill, and felt pleased, as I was going to save one dollar a month for myself. I liked the business. I was rather a natural mechanic, and at the end of six months the old miller said to my father, "Ethan can run that mill just as well as I can myself."

My father had promised me one winter's schooling before I was twenty-one years of age; but now he said, "If you will stay in the mill this winter until you are of age in the spring, I will allow you one fourth of the earnings of the mill, and after that one third." I accepted his offer, but lost my winter's schooling. I partitioned off a room, and put a bed in it, and lived there alone through the winter. I was young and ambitious, and desired to please all my customers, working hard, and sacrificing many pleasures that young people enjoy. I was bound to make my business a success, and I gained the confidence of the people. That winter was one of much thought and meditation. I had not made an open profession of religion up to this time; but had been trained by my parents in good morals, and to respect Christians, and to deal honestly with all men.

That winter a revival meeting was held in

the community, and I arranged my business to attend more or less, and finally decided to start in the service of Christ, by a public profession. I invited my friend Philip Green to go home with me, and stay all night. We had the whole mill to ourselves, and we talked over our lives, and really thought that we were sinners. We talked and prayed together, and decided that, as we were starting in life for ourselves, we would first seek the kingdom of heaven and God's righteousness, and trust in him for what we needed; that we would be honest with God and with our fellow men, and take our Saviour for our example.

Philip is living yet, and we are both in our eighty-second year. Each of us has always paid his debts, dollar for dollar, and God has blessed us both in a long life of religion, and temperance habits in the good things of life, and total abstinence from all intoxicants and the things which are evil, as nearly as possible. Our success has been such that I would recommend to all young people starting out in life to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and God will add all blessings that are necessary.

When I was twenty-one, I had saved up about three hundred dollars. This was a great help to me, as I could purchase grain to keep for

market, above the toll taken for grinding. Soon I gained capital enough to keep a heavy stock of grain on hand, often keeping teams running north to the better corn and wheat country, to supply the surrounding lumber country. I had customers twenty to thirty miles away come and purchase by the load.

We had a cold season about this time, and the crops were cut short through the southern part of New York State and northern Pennsylvania, and for a time wheat was \$3 a bushel; corn, \$2; buckwheat, \$1.50, and everything in proportion. This made it very hard for the poor. People would come from a long distance. They would scrape together a little buckwheat, barley, oats, and some would put in beans, and tell me to "grind it all into flour, anything to stop hunger." Some brought dried pumpkin, broken up fine enough to feed into the stone to grind. This made beautiful yellow flour to make pies, and mix in with other flour or meal. But few will now remember what a pinching time it was, especially with the very poor. I presume I ground over thousands of bushels of wheat bran into flour; that made healthful bread and came cheap. People would make maple sugar, and bring it to me to exchange for something to make bread, and

would sell it from four to six cents a pound, so that I was really overstocked with sugar. I used to send teams to trade it off among the farmers north in the better grain country, in Genesee County, and as far north as Geneseo, Dansville, and the lake country. Such a time I never experienced before or since in that section of the country. When I hear of the hard times in the new countries from drought and grasshoppers, I think of the suffering in my own county in my earlier days.

VI

A TRIP TO RHODE ISLAND, MY NATIVE BIRTHPLACE

IN 1840 I decided to visit New England. The year before, David Rogers, George Irish, and Oliver Babcock drove a double team to Alleghany to visit their friends. My next oldest sister desired to go to Westerly, R. I., to learn the milliner's trade with Mrs. Horatio Berry. As these men had one vacant seat, they offered to take her with them on their journey home. She stayed one year with Mrs. Berry, and learned the trade sufficient to run the business when she got home. My father told me that if I would go to Rhode Island and bring my sister home, he would find the horse to go with. Desiring to visit my native land and my relatives, I accepted the proposition, and arranged for the journey. I procured a miller to take charge of the mill in my absence. I hired the use of a carriage for the journey, paying seven dollars for the round trip. My father's horse was only four years old, weighed about twelve hundred pounds, and was a fine roadster. I put him in the stable, and drove him nearly every day, rais-

ing his feed to a peck of oats each day, in order to get him hardened for the journey.

A young man by the name of Stephen Burdick, whose father had moved from Rhode Island leaving relatives behind, as my father had done, wished to make the same journey. He had an uncle, Ichabod Burdick, living at what was called Hopkinton City, where I had relatives also. As I liked company, I carried him to his uncle's for four dollars. Of course, he paid his own way. My horse on an average made about fifty miles a day, and he never refused his peck of oats but once on the round trip, making about eleven hundred miles. He was a fine looking horse, and attracted considerable attention as we passed through the country.

The political situation was lively, as it was the year W. H. Harrison ran for president. Log cabins were all through the country. It was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, and hard cider all along the line;" and political meetings were thick all the way. We went by way of Ithaca, stopped over a few days with friends in Norwich and Preston, Chenango County, over the Catskill Mountains, crossing the Hudson River at Hudson, crossing Connecticut, and striking Rhode Island near Hopkinton City,

so-called. My passenger and I stopped with his uncle the first night in Rhode Island, about three miles from where I was born.

The journey thus far was extremely pleasant, and the Catskill Mountains and the scenery were most beautiful. We stopped on the top near the observatory or lookout, taking views from every direction; then we started down the mountain, the road being crooked and steep in many places. Now and then we would reach points where we could view the Hudson River for miles up and down, and see the farms in the valleys spread out before us, reminding us of a large map spread out before us. We could readily say that none but a God could create a world like ours.

The political parties were then called Whigs and Democrats. I was a Whig because my father was, and my first vote was cast for General Harrison. The Whigs claimed to be the reformation party, but yielded to much wickedness. They split on the slavery question after this, one part being called Silver-grays and the other Woolly-heads. The Woolly-heads were anti-slavery and the Silver-grays were pro-slavery. After dividing, the Democrats were called hunkers and barn-burners. Yet these parties would yield to the slave

power, for the sake of getting the slave-power vote. These parties, like political parties of to-day, would resort to many tricks and games with a view to getting the start of each other, by getting out the greatest crowds.

General Jackson was a Democrat, and took the name of Old Hickory. That party has always used a hickory pole to show their independence and to float the American flag. The Whigs used ash, or any wood of solidity that they found to be the most convenient to obtain. The Democrats used the emblem of a live fox to represent their candidate when they ran Van Buren as their candidate, because his hair was red, or nearly the color of the red fox. The Whigs at the same time used the raccoon. At one of the great gatherings of the Whigs as they were about to raise a liberty pole, they fitted a place on the top of the pole, and placed a coon thereon before raising. This created great excitement, and many a song and poem were sung in reference to the coon. The day passed with many speeches and a joyful time. They left the coon on the top of the pole for the night, thinking that he was safe from all harm. The people of the town arose the next morn, and to their surprise some way the Democrats had managed to remove the coon and place

a fox in its place. How it was ever done no Whig ever knew.

I write these things only as they come into a man's memory in his journeying through this world for eighty-two years, and now I find myself in the land of my birth of eighty-two years ago.

VII

IN RHODE ISLAND, THE SMALLEST STATE IN THE UNION

I FOUND many friends and relatives of my parents with their doors open to their friends and relatives. I remained in the State several weeks, and it was a great treat to me, as I had never seen the ocean before. With my young companions we visited Watch Hill, and along the coast, and had a grand time bathing in the ocean waves. I was a good swimmer, and ventured as far from shore as any of the boys, and remained in the water after the rest had gone ashore. When I decided to go ashore, I got into a current of undertow, so that, as good a swimmer as I was, I could not pull through. I had heard of the undertow, and that people sometimes get drowned struggling to get through it. Saying not a word to my friends on shore, I turned right about, and swam out into deep water, until I got out of the undertow, took a circuit, and came to the shore without any trouble. My friends did not know what I went back for until I told them. It was a great day for me.

I visited many friends about the State, and many of the factories I had heard so much about. I took my first ride on a railroad on the Stonington Railroad to Providence. There was an excursion, the fare being only one dollar for the round trip, forty miles and back. As I had never seen New York, or sailed on a steamboat, I left my team with friends, went by steamer through Long Island Sound, one hundred and sixty miles to New York, spent a few days, and returned by the same route, passing through Hurlgate, or Hellgate, as we used to call it because of so many wrecks going through it.

Now I began to think about finishing up my visit to leave for home. My horse had got well rested for the road. My sister had closed up her business with Mrs. Berry, but she must visit with me before we went home among our friends. We took the old post road for Providence, stopping at Green Hill, Wakefield, Greenwich, to visit friends before reaching Providence. Here we found relatives, visited the city, the palace buildings of stores that were new to us, and other sights worth seeing, and took another route back in order to find other relatives farther north by way of Phœnix and Rockville to Hopkinton, and my birthplace;

thence to Westerly, then called Pockatue Bridge. Here my sister had learned her trade, and we got our things together for leaving Rhode Island.

My sister had become a favorite in Mr. Berry's family and among the friends around. Mrs. Berry's father lived with them. He was known as Deacon Billy Stillman, and was quite a writer and composer of poetry and prose. He said that he must write something for Sarah Anns' album before she left. This is a copy, which I place here for the novelty of it:—

"To Sarah Ann Lanphear a word I must say,
Since with us no longer she chooses to stay,
Three hundred miles distant her course must steer,
Since having been with us two thirds of a year;
So fare you well, Sarah, if off you must be,
No more, perhaps, each other to see.
May blessings attend you wherever you may roam,
And peace and contentment dwell with you at home.
Though long miles and mountains betwixt us may
rise,
A distance outstretching the reach of our eyes,
May that happy friendship, no, never expire,
Which in my old mansion we first did acquire;
And should your kind fortune so turn it around,
That you in hymeneal chains should be bound,
May propitious Heaven provide you with one
Whose virtues and kindness were never outdone.
Then, Sarah, be careful to what you consent,
Lest when it's too late you have cause to repent;

For, surely, he 'd better be both deaf and dumb,
Than one of those dandies that like to drink rum.
And now in conclusion permit me to say,
Let us for each other remember to pray,
That if on this footstool I see you no more,
We may have one blest meeting on Canaan's bright
shore.

W.M. STILLMAN."

VIII

FROM RHODE ISLAND BACK TO ALFRED, OUR HOME, AGAIN

WE started on our journey. We bade good-by to our Rhode Island friends, and crossed the Saugatuck River into Connecticut. We stopped at Mystic and Greenmanville, and again at New London, and visited friends, and then on through Connecticut by way of Albany, and there crossed the Hudson River, only stopping again at Dernyter and Brookfield to visit friends, until we reached home.

Previous to this my father had sold his farm, two miles away, and built a new house near his mill, and I boarded with him, and with him was my home for a time while I run the mill. I paid my miller, and settled down at work in the mill again, after a pleasant time in Rhode Island, at the seashore, among the rocks, with friends, at New York, and during all my journey. My customers all seemed glad to see me back at my business again. But be assured that I had many a story to tell of my journey, especially to my young friends that used to come with grist to the mill.

Of course I began to think of looking up my best girl with a view to settling down in life like other men. An uncle of mine had built a card machine, fulling mill, and cloth dressing, on the same stream a half mile below. My Uncle Amos Crandall who moved into the country with my father, had by this time raised a family, and his oldest son, Ezra, was now a young man. He came and learned the trade of manufacturing cloth, etc., with his and my uncle that built the cloth dressing mill. He was two or three years my junior, but we were great friends, and associated together when we could. He soon came to be master of his trade, and finally took the factory to run for a certain share of profits, as I was doing in my father's mill. He, as well as myself, proved a successful man in business. We both thought we would marry and have a family of our own sometime.

There were two sisters brought up in our neighborhood, whose father died early, leaving his wife with four children, and very little means. These two older girls were very industrious in school, and taught when quite young. In this way they helped keep the family together, but had a hard time of it, teaching summer and winter. Their family broke up

housekeeping for a time; the only son was put out to learn a trade, and the mother took the youngest, a girl, with her and went to live with a sister and her husband in the town of Vetrana, Chemung Co., N. Y., nearly one hundred miles away. We decided to make propositions to these girls; so together we called upon them, and were pleasantly received. We both stood well in society, and had acquired a few hundred dollars in the world. The girls accepted our proposition, and we decided to marry them.

During their fall vacation they desired to visit their mother and uncle's family in Chemung County. So we boys arranged our business to take the girls to visit their mother and friends; they had never been able to visit their friends out of their own county. We fitted ourselves out with carriages for the journey. The first day we drove to Painted Post, near Corning, and stopped overnight. The next day we drove by the way of Horse Head, and reached their uncle's about noon. We were welcomed by their friends. Their uncle said, "Boys, there are the barn and stables with plenty of hay and oats; feed your horses as much as you please while you stay, and make yourselves comfortable as you can. We will visit around with you as much as we can."

We remained about one week, visited with their friends, went to Mill Post and other towns, and drove to visit the girls' uncles and other relatives near Conesus Lake. Closing their visit here, we drove around the head of the lake, making our journey toward home, stopping at Dansville to rest and feed, visited some of the stores, and especially one kept by a Mr. Falkner of my acquaintance. There we purchased our girls each a nice dress pattern to take home. We arrived home safely after a pleasant visit and journey. The girls had never taken such a journey before.

Painted Post took its name from a post that was set in the ground and painted with the blood of white people and horses killed by the Indians early in the settlement of the country; and Horse Head took its name from the fact that the Indians killed many horses, and piled up their heads here.

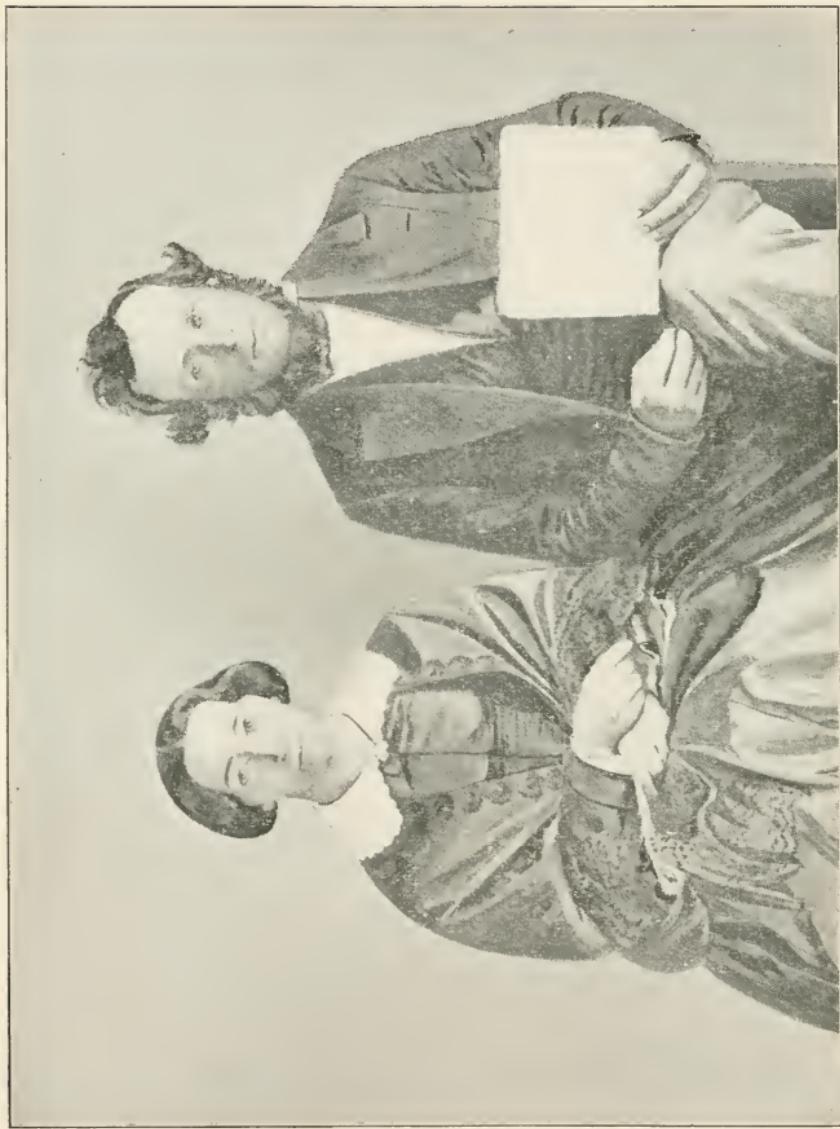
IX

AT OUR BUSINESS AGAIN

My cousin, though younger than myself, was married some time before I was, as he had a house in connection with his factory. I thought I would not marry until I was twenty-five years old. At my leisure I built a little house near the mill, my father furnishing the material. As I had a shop near the mill, I made such things as I thought we should need, knowing that my wife would have little furniture. I was handy with tools. First I made a cherry drop-leaf table, then a cherry stand, next a chest of drawers, or bureau, and then a desk and bookcase. I had a painter grain and varnish the pine furniture. I purchased three splint-bottomed chairs, and a set of wood-bottomed chairs, and a rocker, that being enough for the little house with one living-room, a bedroom, and bed sink, so-called, an entry-way, and stairs to get up into the garret of the little one-story house.

My father was quite anxious for me to marry. My girl was still teaching in the Alfred district school, and would have rather a hard time to

MYSELF AND FIRST WIFE, LOUISE GREENMAN LANPHEAR



teach through the coming winter, as it was the custom for the teacher to board around in the district. I finally thought that it would require but little more expense to marry then than to wait until spring, when I should be twenty-five years old. The night after the Sabbath I went to see her about it. It was understood that we were to be married sometime, and our church pastor had often joked about marrying us. We decided that we would be married the next Sabbath eve. The pastor lived near where my girl lived in the village. I spoke to the pastor about the matter, and for him to call after the lecture at the school building.

I went up to the village the next Sabbath eve; we walked over to the lecture, and returned. Soon the pastor stepped in. There was only the woman of the house present when we were married, and she was good at keeping a secret. I returned home, and attended to my milling for two weeks lacking one day, and my wife remained at her school, that closed the following week. The pastor was about to go on a journey East. He met my father, who jokingly asked the pastor if he was not going to marry Ethan before he went East. They were both jokers. The pastor said, he never expected to marry Ethan. He did not

intimate that he had already done so. The whole thing was kept a secret.

The second Friday afternoon I said to my father: "Will you lend me your horse and carriage a few hours this afternoon?" "Where do you wish to drive?" "Up to the Center to bring my wife down home." "Pshaw! you have n't any." "Let me have the carriage and horse, and I will show you." Then I told him and the family that Elder Irish had married us two weeks ago the next evening. My father thought much of my wife. When he and the elder met, they had quite a jolly time over the joke I had played on him. I got a stove and put in the little house, and went to my wife's old home and got her few things, and moved them into our little home. She had three pairs of knives and forks, three cups and saucers, a half dozen plates, and a few pieces of bedding. I had one bed and bedding of my own, and went to the store and purchased a half set of dishes, and thus we started housekeeping; but were we not happy, though? I did not owe a dollar in the world, and her school money paid off all her little debts. After we were fairly settled, our friends called upon us. "How nice you look!" they said. They were astonished to learn that I had made most of the furniture myself.

X

FAIRLY SETTLED FOR THE TIME

WE were both members of the church, and we decided to live our religion, and started by asking a blessing from our Heavenly Father at our first meal. We kept up a religious service as long as she lived.

My business increased to that extent that it seemed necessary to run the mill night and day some of the time. I hired help sometimes; but often ran it day and night myself. Old millers told me I would kill myself at the rate I was working, if I followed it up long. I had always been a tough and hardy boy, and I thought I could stand almost anything. But after following the business six or seven years, my health began to fail, and the doctor told me I would have to quit the mill business, or I would die with miller's consumption. In the spring of 1844 I decided to give it up, and go West to spy out the land with a view of purchasing a Western farm, and go to farming, as I had spent my boyhood on a farm. I decided to go down the Alleghany River on a raft and get wages; as at this time it was a great business to run the lumber in rafts down to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and

some to Natchez and New Orleans. Many people moving west would go on rafts or arks down the river, because they could go cheaper than any other way. They would land at the nearest point of destination on the raft, then go by steamer or otherwise to their destination. I got my business arranged, leaving my wife with my father's family, and started the first day of April, 1844, on foot, and walked twenty-two miles to my brother's, in Friendship, where the village of Nile now is, staying here overnight. The next day I walked to Little Genesee, twelve miles, and stopped with friends that were in the lumber business. I arranged to go with them as soon as the water was high enough. They were to give me as good wages as they could afford, as I was a raw hand on the river. I went with them to the Osway Creek, and helped run one raft out the creek down to the river, six or seven miles, where they coupled and made big rafts to run on the river.

Men had come, as the custom was, to hire out to Warren, Pittsburg, or as far as they could agree upon. And many families had brought their goods to Olean, and boarded the rafts to go as far as they could toward the land of their settlement. Some of my friends that had heretofore moved to Lewis County, Ill., and had been

back to Alleghany to visit their friends, were now returning home. Among our company were a missionary and his wife, of my acquaintance. His name was Leander Scott. He was a missionary under the auspices of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination, and intended to locate in Illinois. The widow and son of Elder Richard Hull, the man who preached the first sermon I ever heard (referred to in a former chapter), were along, having been east on a visit. They had settled in Lewiston, Ill., where he died. The company that we went with had several rafts, and on one or two they had shanties where families could live, and the raftsmen could lodge nights when we chanced to land near together.

We had a jolly good company when all got ready to start. The water in the river ran high, so that we did not have to hurry. We had some Indian pilots and raftsmen from the Alleghany Reservation. They were good pilots and raftsmen as long as the rafts ran smoothly and there was no danger, but when danger came, they would jump for land as quickly as possible. We stopped at Warren, and renewed our stores. The river was so high that some of our crafts got driven on shore, and we had to get into the water and shove off now and then. That was not so pleasant, but we reached Pitts-

burg safely. There the lumbermen had an offer for their lumber, and we remained a few days to see what they would do about going farther.

While we were visiting, a large excursion boat came up on high water, and advertised to take passengers to St. Louis, eleven hundred miles, for ten dollars, with board. Our company got together, and we decided that we had better take our passage with them. We settled with the lumbermen, and really they did better by me than I expected. They said that I had done well for them, and they would pay me the same wages as they paid the old hands, seventeen dollars. We then gathered our baggage together to board the boat.

XI

ON BOARD THE "ST. LOUIS" FOR THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS

WE found a great crowd on board, as this was an excursion trip for the boat. We set sail on the Ohio River, and were to sail its whole length, and thence on the Mississippi River to St. Louis. We were eight days making the trip. We did not mind that as long as we were boarded for the trip, and then the officers of the boat were pleasant and obliging. They told us where and when they would stop, and were kind in explaining the country and the cities and towns as we passed along through the beautiful country. Our attention was called to General Harrison, and his home in a block house that set back from the river, in Ohio, and the point he crossed the river in his skiff to give the alarm of danger, that gave him the title of Tippecanoe in the campaign for the presidency. We stopped at many of the towns on the river, and a whole day at Cincinnati, Ohio, and a day at Louisville, Ky. Notice was given as to how long the stop would be, and meals would be prepared in regular order, which

would be free just as if we were on the move. This was very kind, and it gave us a grand opportunity to visit those cities.

Our missionary with us was a great abolitionist, and while we were stopping in Kentucky he took the opportunity to visit some of the plantations and see for himself how the slaves were treated, and to talk with them. He was a courageous man, and sometimes took liberties that other men would shrink from. He was a tall, strong man, and could put on as savage a look as the next man. His eyebrows ran clear across over both eyes, and were as black as the darkest slave. He called at a plantation where the slaves were at work in clubs or companies, and began talking with them as to how they were treated, and whether they were satisfied to remain in slavery, etc. The overseer, observing him talking with the slaves, came that way, and said to him, "We do not allow men to be talking with our slaves." Scott paid no attention to him, but continued his conversation. The overseer came that way again, making the same statement, but Scott did not so much as look up at him. Soon he returned again, and with a little more earnestness ordered him to leave the field. Scott turned and walked in front of the overseer,

looking him square in the face, and said: "Sir, do you know who you are talking to? If you know when you are well off, you would better mind your own business, and not meddle with me when I am talking with other gentlemen," at the same time looking him square in the eye as if he was about to give him a thrashing. The poor overseer skipped for headquarters.

The scenery of the Ohio and Kentucky valleys is beautiful; but the contrast at that time was manifest from the fact that slavery existed in one State and freedom in the other. Schools flourished in the free States; the white population in the slave States was not enough to support district schools. The slaveholders educated their children by hiring teachers to come into their families, while the children of the poor whites were neglected, especially in the country districts. I learned of one county where there were but seventeen whites that could read and write; and there could be found some who were no more intelligent than the slaves.

We arrived safely at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis was an old conservative city, and at that time was considered of more wealth than Chicago, and the two cities strove to see

which should take the lead as to prosperity and progress.

Our company separated here for different points and settlements in the North and West. Quite a company of us took passage on a steamer up the Illinois River, some for one point, and some for another; but the missionary and quite a company of men and some women were destined for Louis County, Ill. They left the boat on the west side of the river near the mouth of the Spoon River, sixteen miles from the settlement in Louis County, where they intended to stop, and where was the home of some of our company. We started out in good cheer for Lewiston, Ill.

XII

ON OUR JOURNEY UP THE ILLINOIS

AFTER we started, our boat proved to be an old one and very slow, and she had to halt now and then for repairs. I had made up my mind to stop off at Griggsville Landing, and go back eighteen miles toward the Mississippi River in Pike County, to look up some of my wife's relatives that had settled at a place called Barry. I left the boat and my company, took a stage two miles up to Griggsville, and stopped overnight. It was a little town settled largely by New Englanders, and a very pleasant place to stop. I attended a temperance meeting that evening, and made some acquaintances.

The next day I had some sixteen or eighteen miles to make, with no stage going in that direction, which was directly west. I decided to start out on foot with my bag on my shoulder. It was prairie for four or five miles, when I struck into woodland or oak openings, so called. My friends gave me instructions to follow a wood road until I came to a creek, then to leave it, and keep directly west. At the last house on the prairie I thought I would

call and get a lunch of some kind, as I might not get a chance again. The lady said that she could give me a dish of bread and milk. I took it thankfully, and asked her what I should pay her. She answered, "A bit, long or short, as you happen to have it." At that time a 12½-cent piece was called a long bit, and a ten-cent piece a short bit in that country. I thanked her and started on my journey in the timber, and when I came to the creek, I set my compass due west.

For miles I did not see any signs of civilization but cattle-tracks and a wild turkey. It was quite warm, and I began to feel tired and hungry. The sun was getting on a near level with the earth in that level country, and as I came to an opening, I saw a log house ahead, so I called to make inquiries, thinking that I would get something to eat. As I stepped in, the family were in readiness to take their evening meal, and the host invited me to take supper with them. I made no excuses, but accepted the offer.

He wished to know where I was from, and where I was going, and to know if I was wishing to find a place to settle, etc. I told him I had that in view, but desired to reach Barry that night, where I had friends that had settled

about that town. When I spoke their names, he said he knew them, and the place was about four miles distant. He also told me that they had a brother-in-law living about two miles from him. He said, "But you had better stop with me to-night, and go over in the morning." "No, I thank you, I will try to get to the nearest one to-night; what is my bill?" "Not anything, sir." "Well, sir, I called with the view of paying for a supper if I could get it." "You are welcome; but it was lucky that you sat down without excuses; for if you had not, you would not have got any, as we would have cleaned the table, and nothing would have been left for you." He found that I had come from New York State, and said he had moved from that State. He was then the more anxious for me to stop over with him, but went on a piece with me to pilot me through. The first house I reached proved to be that of my wife's uncle, so of course I stopped over. The next day he went with me to Barry, and I remained about one week with my wife's relatives. There I heard much of the horse-thieving in that part of the country, and some of the happenings in that neighborhood.

Mob law seemed to come into use because the officers were so wicked that people could

not get the law enforced. As I was walking with a friend, we passed a man's stable, and he told this story: "This man owns a fine pair of horses, and keeps them in their stables. Around them was a high board fence with a gate for entrance. A man said to the owner, 'You would better watch your stables to-night, for I have seen a stranger walking back and forth by your stables, and he may be watching for your horses.' 'Will you come and watch with me, and bring your rifle?' 'I will.' At about eleven o'clock they took their places across the street from the gate, out of sight. About one o'clock two men appeared, opened the gate, entered the stables, and led out one horse and hitched him; then went back for the other. As they came out, the watchers rushed to the open gate with rifles in hand. The thieves, discovering them, could see no chance for escape but to jump the high fence into a large cornfield; but as they mounted the fence, each man picked his mark and let fire. One of the thieves dropped inside the yard, while the other went over. The man inside soon died.

"They then raised the neighbors to make a search for the other man in the cornfield as soon as it was light enough. They sent a man for the justice of the peace just out of town to

come down, as they wished to use him. His wife said he went out last evening, and had not got in this morning. The people in searching the cornfield soon found the other man dead. To the astonishment of the town, this man was the justice of the peace of the town, and the other man a horse thief from St. Louis."

I was shown an oak tree a little out of town, with one large limb that stretched out over the street, where, he said, several horse-thieves had been hanged. I am not sure but that we have officers at present in our country that if justice should take place, might be hanged also.

I visited the large farm of a slave that early purchased himself in Kentucky, then his wife, and settled in this locality when it was almost like a desert. By their industry they made money, went back to Kentucky, and purchased his two sons. At the time I was there they were the wealthiest family in the township, owned four hundred acres of land, and were great stock raisers for foreign markets.

I remained in this neighborhood about one week, and then one of my friends saddled two horses, one for me and one for himself, and he accompanied me the eighteen miles to the river, where I took a steamer up the river on my journey again, and he returned to his home.

XIII

ON THE BOAT FOR THE MOUTH OF THE SPOON RIVER AND FOR LEWISTON

I FOUND on the boat a Dr. Stillman, from Allegany County, N. Y., and another man bound for Lewiston also. We left the boat at the mouth of Spoon River. We found the high water had overflowed the banks and spread over the bottom lands for three miles back to dry land. We hired a man to take us with his team across the bottoms and land us opposite the ferry on Spoon River, where we were to cross on our route. He returned after landing us in the woodland. We walked over to the river, the flood had left a heavy coat of mud for us to tramp through, and when we arrived at the river we found the flood had carried away the ferry-boat, and there was no way for crossing, and we were surrounded by water, and not a house on the apparent island. We pushed over a dry tree that had broken in two pieces; this we tied together with grape-vines, and hauled into the edge of the water; but this would only bear up but one of us at a time. I went up the river to a place that had

not been overflowed by the flood, and found a pile of rails. I called the men, and they came, and we hauled the rails to the water's edge and made a raft by putting in a tier one way, and another tier the other way, to hold them together, placed a slab on top, and two of us got aboard. One held the baggage up out of the water, and the other paddled with a pole and shoved out into the stream, while the other went back to the dry-tree raft and pulled out. The current was strong; and the opposite bank rough and high without any good landing place, which made it quite dangerous about attempting to land, lest we should break up our raft.

I took charge of the baggage, and our pilot ran as near the shore as he dared; and as I had opportunity, I would toss the baggage on shore. Then we saw a place where we thought it would do to try a jump for shore. We were fortunate, and as our weight left the raft, the rails scattered in every direction, and we went for our baggage that was scattered along up the river. Our partner had quite a serious time before he could land his craft, but he succeeded, however, about a half mile below, and we were glad to see him heave in sight on the same shore.

We were all tired, but we stopped at the first house and got a lunch, and then we started for

Lewiston, ten miles away. We arrived about four o'clock, and called for supper at the hotel. Here our companion was to leave us. It was now three or four miles, in a westerly direction, to our friends' settlement. I decided to go through that night, but the doctor said he was too tired to try it. We could find no team to take us. I shouldered my bag and started out, and arrived about eight o'clock at a house of an old neighbor of my father's when I was a boy. They were very glad to see me, and we had a great amount of talking to do, and did not retire until quite late. About half past ten o'clock the doctor rapped at the door. He got lonesome after I left, and after resting he made up his mind to come through.

The next day we called around among the neighbors, and found our friends that arrived here the week before. We also found an old minister by the name of Babcock, and the son of the widow who journeyed with us from Allegany to her home in this town, had come from Wisconsin, too, by working oxen for breaking teams, etc. They were old acquaintances in New York State. He said: "Boys, go to the woods and saw some wheels off some big log, and make a cart, and then you can hitch a yoke of oxen to it, and put your baggage,

etc., on it, and go home with me to Wisconsin. You can have a good time, and take your own time. It is nearly two hundred miles. Get you a gun and a dog." There were seven of us most of the way, and we arranged for the journey.

XIV

FROM LEWISTON, ILL., TO WISCONSIN

ELDER SCOTT decided to go on with us as far as Farmington, as that was one of his mission stations. We stopped at Canton, where I found an old acquaintance of my boyhood, and stopped over night with him, while our company went on a few miles farther. I went on in the morning and overtook our company. As we neared Farmington, Elder Scott said, " You stop over here with me at Mr. Evans's, and I will get a team and take you on in the morning, until we get in sight of your company, then you can catch up with them in a little time." Mr. Evans's wife was raised near me in Allegany County, N. Y. I had a pleasant visit with her, as her mother was a Lanphear, and a distant relative. The next morning the elder hooked up a team, and we started on through the oak openings and out on to a large prairie where we could see a few miles ahead, and came to where some man had fenced up a section to make him a home, shutting up the usual track of travel, so that the people had to drive around the fenced farm and strike the

track beyond. So I decided I could cross the fenced lands on foot better than to have him drive me around. We shook hands, said good-by, and he turned back, and I started across the big field.

I could see my company a few miles ahead, and started on a vigorous walk across this large farm, with only a cane in hand to help my progress. I walked pretty lively, and as I was crossing a spot of tall grass, I raised my foot to make a step, and there I saw a large black snake coiled in a heap. He was scared and made a big flop, and I was scared as well, and made a big jump if ever I did, but my cane and his head came in contact, and his snakeship surrendered. He was only three and one half feet long, and a big one. I pushed on and overtook my company all in good cheer.

Our dog was a lively fellow, and would smell a rabbit if one was in a patch of hazel-brush and drum him out right lively. There were large numbers of rabbits and prairie chickens, and as it was nesting time with chickens, we fared well for meat and eggs. I killed thirteen snakes in crossing one prairie in one day. I never was very friendly to snakes, and the boys used to laugh to see me chase them. I carried my cane everywhere I traveled west

and south of the Lakes. I kept no count of the number I killed with that cane. We crossed one prairie, twenty-four miles where we crossed it, and fifty miles the other way. We had to start in the morning in order to get across before night. In about the center was a little grove, and a large spring made out from a little bluff therein. An Irishman had purchased this section and built him a mud house near by; and his nearest neighbor was eleven miles away. Here we stopped and ate our lunch, and let the cattle eat and rest a little while. We had one cow along that gave milk. We milked her and drank the milk with our lunch. After we started the cow seemed a little sick, and for a time we were afraid that she had eaten something that was poisonous, and that we who had used the milk might be sick, but she was soon over it, and we felt no bad effect from it.

Our company had made calculations to cross this prairie and go seven or nine miles beyond to a certain grove where we would stop for the night. We were getting a little tired and hungry, but all the company save one besides myself, decided to go through without stopping for supper. As we came to the timber, we found two log houses, and we, too, concluded to stop and see if we could get some kind of

a lunch. We stopped at the first house, and saw pies and cakes on the outhouse, and concluded we had hit the right spot, but when we opened the question, "No," said the lady, "we are to have a wedding here this evening, and we can not spare a thing. But if you should call at that house down there, you may get something." We hurried down there; the lady said she could accommodate us in a few minutes. We sat down on a log, and in a few minutes she called us in, and we sat down on some stools and ate a good lunch, paid her, and thanked her, and by this time the sun was passing out of sight, away on the western prairie. We could just see our company in the distance. Darkness was closing in upon us, and soon the clouds began to gather, but we tried to follow the track, but somebody had been breaking up the prairie, and thus broke up the track.

There were no roads in that country then, only as people picked them out for themselves. We crossed the plowed field, but it was so dark that we could not find our track. We wandered about in darkness for a time, and about concluded that we should have to lodge with snakes and gophers on the prairie that night, when we saw a little light away in the distance on a bluff, and we decided to make for that. It was

Sunday night, and so happened that the daughter of the household had her best fellow to see her that night, and kept a little light. We rapped, and the old lady came to the door. We stated that we were lost on the prairie, and would like to stay with them overnight. She invited us in very kindly, inquiring if we desired something to eat. We said we would take each a dish of bread and milk if she had it. We ate it and retired about eleven o'clock. We awakened in the morning to find it was raining smartly, and there we were, our coats and baggage were left out of doors the night before. We inquired for the grove where our company was to put up, and they pointed it out about nine miles in the distance. We remained and got our breakfast. The rain slacked up, and we settled our bill, thanked our hostess, and started for the grove. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and found our company awaiting our arrival.

The storm cleared away, and we started on our journey again. We had to cross Rock River at Rockford. There was no bridge there yet, and we must get our cattle across. The crossing was made by roping flat boats together, which we crossed by paying toll. We had one horse along, which we led on to the boat, and

the oxen and the cart, then huddled the cattle to the edge of the water. As the boat started, we hurried the cattle after the boat, and they followed the oxen which were on the boat, and swam to the other shore somewhat scattered; but they soon came together, as it is in the nature of Western cattle to keep together. Now our party divided, part going by way of Jonesville, and the rest of us with the old Elder easterly to his large farm on Big Foot prairie, in Wisconsin. By this time the prairie grass had cut the uppers of my boots through so as to let in water. I had traveled some days with wet feet, and had taken cold, and was threatened with lung trouble. The Elder's son was a physician, and gave me a dose of calomel and julep. They invited me to remain with them a few days and recruit before I started out.

In a few days I started for Milton, some ten or fifteen miles away. On the way I found an old neighbor who settled there in the openings some three miles from Milton. They invited me to stop with them. The man was a cripple, with one arm and hand, still he had started a farm there. He had planted a field of corn, and the gophers, a sort of ground squirrel, were doing considerable damage to it. He was not

able to use a gun, neither was his young son. I said to him, If you can find a flat stone or a short board, I can set figure-four traps around the field that your boy can set, and catch the gophers. That was a new idea to him. I fixed the traps, and left for Milton for a few days. When I came back, the boy had caught about eighty gophers, and saved the corn.

XV

NOW IN WISCONSIN

I CALLED at Joseph Goodrich's at Milton. He had been there two years. He was an old friend of ours in New York State. He said to me, "Cut your notch on my table so that you may know just where to take your place while you stay in Wisconsin." I had not got over my cold yet, but thought I would take my time and walk over to Albion, eight or ten miles, and spend the Sabbath with friends who had settled over there. My lungs were rather sore, still I attended church in a log house. A friend observed my condition, and invited me to his home. A Dr. Rider had moved from Alfred to the town of Milton, and was sent for to come over to Albion to see a sick man. On hearing that I was in the neighborhood sick, he called to see me, and said I was pretty sick, and decided to stay overnight with me. The first thing he did was to bleed me, and then place a large blister plaster on my chest. That was the old-fashioned way of treating in cases of inflammation in those days. I then concluded that I was sick. He thought I had better try

to get over where he was stopping, so it might be more convenient for him to attend me. He was stopping with a friend of mine, so I arranged to get over there. My friends were very kind to me, and in a week or ten days I was able to get out again. I called on various settlers of my acquaintance, and then began to think of going home. Nearly all the friends wished to know when I was going back to Alleghany, as they wished to send letters by me to their friends.

I looked out two or three places that I thought I should finally purchase sometime for a home of my own. I called on a brother of my Uncle Amos Crandall, referred to in a former chapter. I found his father there on a visit, who was to return to New York State, but did not like to go alone, and would like to go with me, but was not quite ready. His son said if I would remain another week, he would send his team to take us to the lake, some sixty odd miles. The roads were very bad, so I decided to remain another week, and make calls among the settlers. At the end of the week I had about forty letters in my satchel to take back to friends. Postage in those days was ten cents on a letter, and that was worth saving. They would possibly go through

quicker and safer with me. The time arrived for leaving Wisconsin. Mr. Crandall arranged his double team and big wagon and his man to take us to the lake, and said he would put in ten bushels of wheat to take along to sell to pay expenses. Before we got half through, we got set in the mud, and had to pry out the wagon. We stopped at a little town, and were offered fifty cents a bushel for our wheat, which we accepted.

We finally got through to the lake, and engaged our passage on a steamer to Buffalo. The old gentleman did not feel able to pay cabin fare. The steerage passenger cabin was comfortable with berths, but the berths had no bedding, so I went into a store and bought a nice buffalo robe, and with that and the baggage made a comfortable bed; and our steamer set sail for Buffalo. We were four days getting through. Chicago at this time, 1844, had a population of about eleven thousand. Chicago was a small city. We took a packet boat on the Erie Canal to Rochester. Thence by canal by the way of Mt. Morris to Dansville. We had to change boats at Mt. Morris, and in the hurry to get the old gentleman's baggage changed, I forgot my satchel and left it hanging up in the boat, and did not miss it until on our

way about four miles. Then I had to foot it back to Mt. Morris. I found my satchel on the peg where I left it in the boat. Now how to get to Dansville in time to look after the old gentleman was the question. But there was no time to lose. I shouldered my satchel, and took the towpath four or five miles, stopped for dinner, hired a man to take me to Dansville, and arrived there before the boat got in. I found a man there who lived in Arkport, ten miles on our way, who had unloaded his produce, and was just ready to start for home. I made arrangements with him to take us as far as he went, and started out. On our way we had a chance to chat about my journey and the West. I found him to be a pleasant gentleman, and he offered to drive us through to my home for \$1 including the whole distance, twenty miles. We luckily reached home before night, in Alfred, at my father's, near the old mill.

That sickness in Wisconsin was the only sickness I had to lay me up in all my travels.

XVI

AT ALFRED, THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD

ON arriving home I found that my wife had gone to what is now Nile, in the town of Friendship, where my three brothers were settled in business, to make them a visit preparatory to going West. I soon went to meet her there. My parents pleaded for us not to go so far away, and when I got to my brothers, they all set in for us not to go. I then owned eighty acres of land that lay close to the little town. Some merchants in the place owned twenty-five acres of improved land that lay between my land and the little village road, that they offered to sell for \$1,500. The friends set in for me to purchase that, and it would make me a respectable farm, fronting on the main street through the town. I finally arranged to purchase it. I then arranged to move into a house with one of my brothers, went back to Alfred and got my goods together, and moved to what was then called South Friendship.

There was a 30x40 foot barn, but no house on the land I had just purchased. The first business was to build me a house. I had plenty of

timber for building purposes, and there was a sawmill near by at which I could get my logs cut into lumber. This was in August or the first of September I hired a carpenter to work with me, and other help as I needed, and in the following spring had it ready to move into.

By spring my health had become quite good, and I was ready to commence farming. I was raised on a farm, so that I knew how to do it. I usually had as good crops as any of my neighbors. I had forty sheep ready to put on the farm which all came from one ewe lamb for which I paid all the money I had when I was eight years old. My father let me keep it with his until I was nine years old. That spring I was nine years old the second day of March. In April she had a pair of twin lambs, so that in the fall I had three sheep. My father said I might take the three sheep and do as I pleased with them. I let them out to a man to double in four years. I let them out in that way until I owned this flock, and lastly let them out for one pound of wool per head annually, which I sold to help clothe myself before I was married. I mention this in order to show what a few pennies or shillings saved and put to proper use will do. Another boy purchased a lamb at the same time, but finally sold it for an old fiddle, and that

soon played out, and he had nothing to show for his lamb. Think of it, reader! How many boys there are in the world who spend their odd pennies as foolishly as that ! There is an old saying that a penny saved is worth more than two earned.

I made up my mind to keep square with the world, to owe no man anything, to pay my debts when due. If I would like a new thing, and could not pay for it, I would wear my old clothes until I could; in cases of sickness there might be exceptions. But I would never allow a debt to run long from my own extravagance. I signed a note with two other men once to accommodate, and paid one hundred and one dollars to get out of it. That taught me a lesson, and I never signed another note for myself or any one else to this day; but made my word as good as my note would be. In my own business I kept a debit and credit business, that I might know the loss or gain at the end of each year. I made up my mind to be honest with every man, and with my God; to do right, and leave the result with Him, regardless of what man might say or do.

I made my farming a success, as well as my other business. I endeavored to take the moral and religious side of every public question, regardless of other men's views or notions. I

was an early abolitionist, and believed in God's law and order, and that he was no respecter of persons, that all were created with equal rights; consequently, I felt it my duty to aid or help any honest slave to the liberty I was permitted to enjoy. I harbored some of the ablest slaves that ever ran away from slavedom; such as Frederick Douglass, Logan, who became a bishop in the Methodist Church, and others I might mention, without remorse of conscience, regardless of politicians or what wicked men might say or do.

I was always a temperance man, never taking a glass of strong drink from my childhood, and always trying to persuade men and boys not to use it. When wicked men attempted to sell it in my neighborhood, I did what I could to prevent it, and if they persisted in it, I resorted to prosecution until they would quit the business, in my neighborhood at least. Of course I made enemies thereby, who sometimes resorted to do me damage by destroying my crops and barbering my horses' tails; but this was not half as bad as their making drunkards of my neighbors and friends. I offered building lots for sale at reasonable prices for the sake of improving the town; I helped to build a meeting-house on my land; and took charge of building

a new schoolhouse, and by permit of the voters of the district got up a subscription and put a belfry on it without taxing the people for it. I sent to an acquaintance in New York, and purchased a bell at first cost, and at my own expense went into my woods and found a crooked tree, worked out a yoke for the hanging of the bell, and placed it in the belfry ready for use without expense to the people. I am told that the bell swings on the same yoke to this day.

XVII

A TRIP THROUGH NEW YORK STATE

ABOUT this time, I connected other business with my farming. Being acquainted in New England, and having relatives there, I did a commission business for New England manufacturers, etc. They trusted me to purchase wool and other produce for them, they paying me a fair percentage for my work. My wife's health was failing, so I got my business arranged and took her with me to New York, thence by steamer down the Sound to Stonington, thence by cars to Westerly, and my birthplace, where we visited many friends, then to the ocean beach, etc., and on to Providence. When I returned home, I found my business satisfactory, but my wife did not improve much.

The following season I arranged my business to make a journey to Jefferson County, N. Y., to visit my sister, who married Dr. E. R. Maxson, who settled in that county at Adams Center. I arranged to drive my double team, and so I invited my younger brother and his wife to take the journey with us, as it was a

pleasant season of the year. We drove by the way of the lake country to Geneva and to Rome, thence north to Adams Village, and thence to Adams Center, the home of our friends. This is a pleasant country, and we remained in that section nearly two weeks.

We drove to Lake Ontario, stopped at several large towns, and at Sacket Harbor, a noted place from the time of the war with England in 1812. Here our government during that war began to build a war steamer, got the frame up, and the war came to a close. The government built a large house over the frame in order to preserve it if ever needed; but it was never needed after peace was declared, after that war, so it was kept for many years for a show and a place of resort, until the worms got into the timber and ate through and through until it crumbled to pieces, and it was torn down for fear of danger that it might fall upon people that visited it.

Our friends went with us, and we returned by the way of Houndsfield back to the Center. This was our first visit to this section of country. When we had finished our visit here, we drove to Deruyter, Madison County, to visit friends. Much of the way the people had built a new plank road. It seemed very nice, and our car-

riage ran easily and smoothly, the load being but little for the horses to draw; so we kept them on a fast drive. The horses were not used to being driven on such a hard road, and the next day they were so stiff it was difficult for them to walk out of the stable. Railroads were not plenty yet, and plank roads became quite common. We remained here a few days, and my horses got limbered up so that we started for home by the way of Ithaca and the head of the lakes, South Dansville to Almond, Angelica to Friendship and home, having been away about four weeks. We found things all right at home

XVIII

A VISIT TO WISCONSIN

MY wife's health did not seem to improve. Thinking possibly it would be better for her to give up farming, as that would relieve her of much care, I reserved a few building lots and then offered the remainder for sale. I soon had an offer of \$3,300 for what was left of the farm, and I let it go. I then sold off my stock and farming tools and went directly to work to build me a house on one of the lots near by. My youngest brother was a carpenter and lived across the way in a house that I had sold him. I hired him to work with me. This was in the spring of the year; in the fall we had a snug little home, and we moved in. The next spring we put up a horse barn.

We were comfortably fixed, and I increased my business in buying and selling produce, and the commission business, and traveled about the country where I could purchase at the best advantage, now and then making a trip to New York and New England.

The spring of 1859 my wife's sister came to make us a visit. She was taken down with typhoid fever, and was sick several weeks, thus

bringing large cares upon my wife. She finally took the fever, and being in poor health she could not rally through the fever, and finally died.

This broke up my business somewhat. I made up my mind to make a trip west and south, and arranged my business accordingly. I left in June. I went to Chicago; thence to Portage, Wis.; thence north to look up my wife's sister, who married a man by the name of Wadsworth, to deliver to her some of my wife's goods in accordance with her request. I found them near Burroak Prairie. I stopped with them some days. I visited the towns of Berlin City, Cartwright, Burroak Prairie, New Friendship, Grand Rapids on the Wisconsin River, and the region of Stevens Point, and several high and noted rocks in that section of country, especially Ship Rock, and the Reshacree Rock, each being about three hundred feet high. I climbed to the top of the Reshacree for the sake of the wonderful view of the surrounding country. It is a level country, and from its top you can see as far as your eyes' vision can carry. These high rocks are scattered largely over the country, and from a distance remind you of old castles soaring above the landscape. This country is a level and sandy soil without stone, and it is a wonder

how these large and high rocks ever came to be located on these sandy plains. Some think this country was once covered with water, and that these rocks were floated here by icebergs. Really they were wonderful to look upon.

After I returned to my brother-in-law's, as we were sitting at the table one day I chanced to look out the back window and I saw an animal crossing the stream on the marsh. "What is that?" "It is a bear," said Wadsworth. He dropped bullets into each barrel of a loaded shotgun and handed it to me, and said, "Go as quick as you can around that piece of woods pasture, and I will follow him with rifle and dog, and we may get a shot at him." I ran around to the place where I thought he would be likely to come out of the woods pasture to cross into another woods. I stepped upon an oak stump cut close to the ground, and cocked my gun. Soon I heard the little dog bark, which was a signal that the bear was near at hand, and soon the old fellow popped out of the bushes, and stopped behind an oak staddle. I thought as soon as he moved one side of the staddle I would shoot. I looked at him and he looked at me. He showed his teeth at me, and the hair on his back began to straighten up and the hair on my head felt a little stiff. I must con-

fess that I must have had what hunters called, "the buck fever." There I stood like a fool until the bear decided to leave and started to run another way before I decided to shoot, and then I presume my charge did not endanger Bruin's life much. If I had shot at first sight, I might have wounded if not killed the bear, for I was usually called a good marksman. And then I was not in much danger, as I had another charge, and Wadsworth was near by with his rifle; and a man that lived near by saw me, and supposing there was something that caused me to hurry as I did with gun in hand, grabbed his rifle and started for what it might be. Reader, you may laugh at my weakness as much as you please. I never had much growth of hair on the top of my head since, and I must confess that I never felt more foolish over a little matter than I did over that.

Two days later a Dutch woman in the same neighborhood shot, I presume, the same bear, as one came into the yard in front of her home where her children were at play and she was washing at her tub of clothes. She grabbed a "hand spike," and went so sharp for Bruin that he hustled up a tree just around the corner of the house. Knowing that her husband's rifle was hanging in its place inside ready for use at

any time, she stepped in and grabbed the rifle without calling her husband, who was a little away in the field at work; but the discharge of the gun brought him to his house as quickly as he could get there, and to his surprise he found a dead bear there ready for him to dress.

Bears were quite plenty that season in that part of the country. They had had a frosty season that had killed the nuts and wild fruit, so that the wild animals ventured pretty close to the settlers' homes, and often would venture into gardens and cornfields for green corn, etc. Several were killed while I was in that section of the country.

A settler had moved there in the spring, broke up a little field and planted it to corn, and fenced it round with the crooked limbs of trees. They had a boy about twelve years old. The father usually worked away from home days, charging the boy to watch the cornfield and see that the cattle did not get in. He went to the field one day, and saw something, he did not know what. He ran to the house and told his mother that he wanted the rifle to shoot it. He hurried back into the field. As he looked across the lot between the rows, he saw the thing sticking his head between the fence poles. He dropped on the ground, resting his gun on a low stump, and

let her bang. The animal dropped, and the boy ran for the house and told his mother, "I guess I have shot the devil! Come out and see!"

Another case: A boy went after their cow, found her, and started for home. Before getting home a bear pursued them, and he hustled the cow as fast as he could, and he and the cow had just time to jump the bars into the dooryard, while the bear placed his fore paws upon the bars and looked wistfully at the cow and boy as they reached the door to the shed near the house door. I might relate many a danger that happened in my travels and observations, but must pass them for want of time and room.

XIX

I LEAVE FOR MILTON, WIS.

I TOOK the stage to Portage. Portage is situated between Fox River and the Wisconsin River, where the two rivers elbow up toward each other, so near that the distance across from one to the other is only two miles or so. These rivers were navigable for small steamers; and the people thought it would be convenient to have a canal or channel cut through from one river to the other, so that they could run boats from one to the other. The grades only differed about four to six feet. The channel was cut through at quite a large expense; but when done, the land was so sandy that when the water was let in, the sand would run in and fill the channel faster than they could get it out, and thus it could not be kept in a navigable condition. So it proved to be a dead loss, as it could not be used. That part of Wisconsin and farther north is very sandy, so much so that it is hardly worth cultivation.

I took the stage from here to Madison, the capital of the State. It is a beautiful section of country; and as we went south the land improved.

When we arrived at Madison, we found it a beautifully located city, surrounded with little lakes and a fine farming country. I stopped a little time here and looked up a man that left Allegany County leaving some old debts behind unpaid. My father had an old claim, and wished me to collect it if I could, as the man had met with prosperity and got elected to a paying office of his county. But when I presented the claim, he said that when he left Allegany, he made up his mind that he should never pay his old debts he left behind. He claimed they were now outlawed, although he slipped away in the night-time when he left. How many such men exist in the world! But God's law says: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another;" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." God never ordered a bankrupt law, or outlawed an honest debt, especially when a man was able to pay. Would an honest Christian man claim such a right?

I left by cars for Milton, where I stayed for a time with my old friend, Joseph Goodrich. Making that my headquarters, I visited White Water, Albion, Jonesville, friends on Big Foot Prairie, and attended the State fair at Milwaukee, spending about four weeks about that part of the State, fishing and hunting some. While here

I received a letter from home that Dr. Clark, my cousin and nearest neighbor, was dead, and the family desired me to take the administratorship of his estate. I answered that I might do it on my return if desired, but I had my plans laid to spend a month or two more traveling before I returned. They decided to wait for my return.

I left Wisconsin by way of Chicago, thence into Ohio to Cincinnati; thence into Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia; thence to Washington, D. C., where I stopped about one week. Since journeying so largely in our country, I have often wondered how it was that our nation happened to elect to make our capital in so poor a part of our country as the vicinity of Washington. Of course our country had not developed at that time as it has since. But I must let that be for others to decide, and make the best of it.

XX

I LEAVE WASHINGTON FOR THE EAST

I TOOK the cars by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia. Baltimore was the birthplace of Frederick Douglass, who was owned by his own father, his mother being a slave. He ran away when he was nineteen years of age. His career was wonderful. I harbored him many times while a slave. When he was a boy, he learned to read by getting the white boys to read the inscriptions on grave stones and signs in shipyards. A lady in his family took a liking to Fred for his aptness, and thought she would help him to learn to read; but when his father, or owner, found it out, he forbade her teaching him. He came to the State of New York, and finally went to Massachusetts and found some employment. He chanced to attend an antislavery meeting there, and was called upon to speak on the subject. He showed himself as a young man of talent, and the people manifested an interest in him, and proposed to help him educate himself.

He soon took the lecture field. He finally went over to England as a lecturer, and the people over there learned that he was a slave, and

where he ran away from, and who was his owner. They wrote to his old master to know what he would sell him for, or give him his free papers. The reply was, \$700. They raised the money, and his owner, or father, took the \$700 and sent him a deed of himself. He finished up his education over there and came back to Rochester, N. Y., and commenced editing a paper called *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. He married, and raised a family, and they themselves did the most of the work on the paper. I took his paper until he suspended its publication and enlisted for the war with the intent of liberating his people.

Baltimore was a very strong secession town. The people attacked the soldiers as they were passing through the city on the cars for Washington, and were noted for their hatred toward the Northern people and President Lincoln. When Lincoln had to pass through Baltimore on his way to Washington, to be inaugurated as President of the United States, his life was in danger. He was aided by a friend to board the cars beyond the city, and thus escaped the mob.

I passed on to Philadelphia, where I stopped a short time and visited the old building where our first representatives gathered; I saw many relics, the old national bell, etc. I passed on to Plainfield, N. J., and called on friends; thence

to New York City, where I stopped a few days with friends; thence by Fall River steamer to Fall River, and thence by cars to Boston; thence to Portland, in the State of Maine, the noted Prohibition State at that time, and learned of its workings and benefits to the people, etc.

I returned to Boston, visited Bunker Hill monument, Plymouth Rock, their capitol buildings, and took in the city generally. By the way, let me say that the monument is not located on Bunker Hill, but on a hill some little distance therefrom, I presume for convenience' sake. I climbed to its top for the sake of the lookout. I visited Plymouth Rock, so called, about three miles south from the center of the city. It was told me that Plymouth Rock proper was out in the bay quite a distance, and for convenience a large block was blasted off that rock, which was brought to the shore where it is now. An iron fence was placed around it, and the words "Plymouth Rock" cut thereon. Boston is noted for its narrow and crooked streets, and is an easy city for a stranger (if his head is not level), to get lost or confused. The city has a fine commons or plains for visitors, shows, and parades. I may have more to say about it in another chapter, but I must now leave to make toward home, as I have been away nearly six months.

XXI

HOME AGAIN

I LEFT for Providence. I stopped here a day or so with cousins, and looked about the city, and left for Westerly, my native birthplace. On arriving there I met a friend from New York who had received a dispatch for me from my home, saying that my father was very sick, and to come home quick. He knew that I expected to get back to Westerly for the Sabbath-day, so kindly came on there to meet me with the dispatch. I took the Stonington steamer that night for New York, arriving there Sunday morning; but unfortunate as it seemed, there was no train to leave for Friendship or Nile until Monday morning. It was a long day to wait, I assure you. To pass away the time I went over to Brooklyn and attended H. W Beecher's church and heard him preach. He was in the height of his glory then as a preacher.

The next morning I was early at the train, anxious as to whether I should get through in time to see my father alive. The train arrived at Wellsville, twelve or fourteen miles from my home, between eight and nine o'clock that even-

ing. Friendship was not then an express station. I offered the conductor five dollars if he would let me off at that station; but I could not persuade him to do it. I told him the circumstances, but it made no impression on him. A tavern-keeper stood by, and said, "Jump into my bus and ride up to the hotel, and I will send you for less money than that." He ordered a man, "Hitch up the best team in the stable, and drive this man to Nile as quick as you can drive him there without injuring the horses." "Give me four dollars, and jump in. I will send your trunk to-morrow." I arrived home about half past ten o'clock. I found my father alive. He said he had been waiting for me for some time. He was perfectly rational, and we talked about an hour about his sickness, and he could not tell how it would turn with him. He was then in his seventy-sixth year, and never had been sick much. He said, "You had better go to bed and rest, and we can talk more in the morning." My next older brother was watching with him that night. At about daylight my brother called at my door, and said, "Father seems worse; you had better come down." I dressed as quickly as I could and went to his bed, only to find him dead. When the doctor called in the morning, he said, "I think he

would have died before, only for the hope of seeing you once more. After seeing you, he yielded to the disease, and died right away."

He had made his will. We had many relatives about the country. I had arrived in time to see him alive, and help arrange for the funeral and to notify the friends. The funeral over, a new order of things had to come into being. The will was read. He had not appointed an executor. He had willed his home to his wife, and made provision for her. As I had done some business in that line, the heirs all decided that I should be appointed administrator to settle the estate. I had two estates on my hands then to look after and to close up as soon as the law would allow. I finally consented, and was appointed by the court. His business was in good shape, as he had no debts against him except his doctor's bill and funeral expenses; but some of his claims were in such shape that it took some time to collect them in. As fast as I got in money, I paid it to the heirs according to their demands, *pro rata*, and when I got through, all were satisfied.

My mother's house was not near so nice as mine, so I sold it, and she and her youngest daughter, who was not married yet, moved into mine, and I made it my home with them for a

time. Finally my young sister married, and moved to Wisconsin. This rather broke up my mother's housekeeping. So she sold her house to her oldest daughter's husband, they agreeing to give her a home and support her during her lifetime. He afterward sold the house and bought another place, and moved and took her with them. He was taken suddenly sick and died. She was never happy after that, and was sorry she ever sold her home. After this she made it her practice to go from place to place and live with her children. Before the young sister married, I took my mother and this sister with me on a journey to New York and on to Rhode Island to make a visit, and back to New York, and was there when the Prince of Wales visited that city. We then returned home. But she was never satisfied to think she ever sold her home, and finally died in her eighty-sixth year.

I remained a widower seven years. During that time I settled up all the business on my hands except the one estate of Dr. Clark, which they desired I should hold in my hands until the only son should become of age. During that time I kept up my travels a good deal of the time. I had business in New York and Rhode Island. I had a nephew, the only son of my oldest brother, who died when this boy was young.

He was now in his teens. I told him I was going to New York and Rhode Island. As he had never been away from home, I told him if he would like to go with me I would pay his fare. He gladly accepted the offer. We went to New York and then on east and made a visit among our relatives, and he had a good time. We returned to New York and took in the sights. I then purchased him a ticket, and he returned home.

I took the cars up to Troy, N. Y., stopped overnight, and in the morning took the stage over the mountain to Berlin and Petersburg, Rensselaer County, N. Y., about twenty miles. The scenery was fine, and as we arrived at the top of the mountain, and began to break toward the valley beyond, the grand scenery increased. As we cast our eyes down into the deep valley, and gradually raised our eyes up and down the valley beyond, hill after hill and mountain after mountain soared above each other until the Hoosick Mountains soared beyond, higher than all the rest, so beautiful that no traveler need begrudge the time and cost to make the trip. Many crooks and turns had to be made to land us among our friends in the village of Berlin.

I remained here several days, and when I decided to leave, an uncle of my wife drove me

to Petersburg and left me to take stage early in the morning to the railroad station for Rutland, Vt., on my way to Montreal, Canada. As I had a few hours at Petersburg, I took up my time in climbing one of the mountains east of the valley, where the snow lay in a deep gorge in the mountain the year round. It was rather a tiresome climb, but then I was younger and more vigorous than now. I returned to the hotel at night to be ready for the stage in the morning.

XXII

TRAVELING IN CANADA

I WENT by stage to the station for Rutland and Montreal. Arriving at Rutland before night, I had an opportunity to look over the town. The train was to leave early in the morning, so that I had to hurry to the station before the people got up on the cars. As I was about to enter the cars, the conductor said, "Take a seat in the sleeper until the passengers get up and get regulated." Thanking him, I did so, as there were empty seats in the sleeper. After a little time the sleepers began to get up and have their berths made up. I observed one large and gentlemanly looking man take his seat after his berth was made up. I knew that Joshua R. Giddings was a representative of our government, and stationed at Montreal at this time. I took the liberty to walk to his seat, and I inquired if his name was Joshua R. Giddings. "Yes, sir. But what do you know about Joshua R. Giddings?" "I have known you many years, and have read many of your speeches in Congress, yet never saw you before." "Where do you live, and what is your name?" "I live in

Allegany County, N. Y. My name is E. Lanphear. I am an antislavery and temperance man, and so are you. I have known something of the struggles you have had in Congress in favor of the right, so much so that I almost felt that I knew you before I ever saw you." "Sit down, sit down. Where are you going?" "To Montreal." "That is my home at present, and I am on my way home now. You must stay with me right here through to Montreal." We passed the time together very pleasantly, and talked over the questions at issue in our nation as if we were old friends. I felt it a great privilege to associate with such a man for the knowledge I could gain. It was a pleasant day, and when we were nearing our day's journey we crossed the river through the Grand Trunk bridge into the city. "Now," he said, "you had better go to such a hotel. When I get my office straightened up I shall want you to visit me. I shall call for you." I went to said hotel, engaged my room, etc., and took a little survey of the city. In the evening I heard a rap at my door. I answered the call, and there I found that Mr. Giddings and several of his friends had come to make me a call. He introduced me to his friends, and we had a social chat for the evening, and talked over the

scenery that I would be likely to take an interest in. Mr. Giddings said the eight-mile drive around the mountain and to its summit was fine, and the scenery from the summit was grand. "If I can get time," said he, "I will take you on this drive before you leave. You must visit the cathedral, of course." I stayed there two days. I visited the cathedral. It was a new thing to me, although an old building, built with stone from bottom to highest pinnacles, with a chime of bells high up in the belfry. The center bell was the next largest then in the known world. The custom was to have the sexton or some one else go with visitors to show them through the building, but the doorkeeper handed me a guide and said, "Take your own time, and go where you please." I spent probably three hours in looking the building over. I went to the top of the steeple and among the bells. The scenery from that point up and down the river was fine. The order of worship was new to me, though everything in order. There was a continual going and coming of worshipers: they would drop before the fountain, wet their finger and make a cross on their forehead, then kneel before the Virgin Mary, looking as earnestly at her figure as if they were looking in the face of a god.

I finished my visit at Montreal, and decided to make my way home. I went to the depot, called for a ticket to Kingston, and handed over New York State safety fund money. "We do not take that kind of money here." "Why not? It is our best money, and all that I have." "Can't help it; I am not allowed to take it." "What can I do? I am anxious to be on my way home in western New York." "I would go aboard the train and take my chances," said the ticket agent. I went aboard, and soon the ticket man came around for the tickets. I told him I hadn't any, as the agent at the office would not take my money, so I concluded to come aboard and take my chances. "Where do you wish to stop off?" "At Kingston." "Have you any silver?" "Only a few shillings." "Let me have that, and we will get along some way." He seemed like a gentleman, and now and then would come around and sit down and chat with me. When we were nearing Kingston, he came around, and said, "Let me have one of your bills now, and we will fix your fare." He stepped off the cars at a broker's office and got it changed and brought me my change all right. I stopped off at Kingston and crossed over to Sackett's Harbor on a small steamer through the Wolf Island canal. This cut off saves several

miles' sail from going around the island. This canal runs through a lake on the island; and here on this lake I saw the greatest show of wild ducks I ever saw. The lake was literally covered with a great variety of them. How I wished I had my old shotgun. I crossed by rail to the Erie railroad, and soon found myself safely at home.

XXIII

A TRIP TO WISCONSIN TO ATTEND A GENERAL CONFERENCE

I WAS reared a Sabbath-keeper from childhood, and consequently was associated with the Seventh-day Baptist denomination. I was accustomed to attend their conferences and associations, probably having attended thirty or forty sessions in the different States. I have the names of one hundred and sixty Seventh-day Baptist ministers that I have been personally acquainted with. In my travels I have visited many of their churches. I was a member of the Western Ministerial Conference several years, and was their secretary for a number of years before I left the West for New Jersey. I used to take part in their discussions, and now and then was appointed to write an essay on various subjects.

I had decided to attend a conference at Milton, Wis. Young Clark, the son of Dr. Paul Clark, deceased, learning that I was going to make a trip West, desired to go with me, as he had not been able to see much of our country. I told him if his mother wished him to go, I

would take him along. She said if I would take the charge of him, she would like to have him go. So we arranged to go on to the conference.

After the meetings adjourned, we spent several days visiting friends in that section of the State, then took the cars to the Mississippi River, where we took a steamer up the river. The steamer was so crowded that there was scarcely sleeping room on the deck floors. There was a jolly set on board, and there was not much chance for sleep; but we rested as much as possible through the night.

Wishing to find a cousin of young Clark's, when we arrived at the mouth of St. Croix River at Hastings, we changed to a small steamer, going up this river to Hudson, Wis., bordering on the little lake through which the river passed. There were but few passengers on board, as the steamer ran only up to Hudson. There were plenty of wild geese along the river and on the lake. The officers usually kept shotguns on board the boat for shooting game. The officers said if the passengers were not in a hurry to get through, they would have a little sport by shooting game on our trip. This proposition pleased us, especially young Clark. The geese and ducks were in flocks usually on the water.

The pilot would observe a flock in the distance,

and would head his boat in that direction, put on a full head of steam, and get up a good motion, then throw off the steam, and let the boat run as quietly as possible until arriving in gunshot, when one would shoot at the flock on the water, and the other when the flock arose from the water. They would usually wound one or more geese; but to catch them after wounded was no small task, as they would usually put for shore and into the bushes if they could get there. The boys would jump into a small boat for a chance to catch them. When they would get so near that they thought they could grab them by the neck and pull them into the boat, down the geese would dive under water, and when they appeared again, they might come up ten to fifteen rods away. They are hard to kill in the water, and unless you kill at first shot, you are not sure of your game. The hunt was quite exciting, and occasionally the pilot would run us aground, and we would have to push off. But we got through and found our friend, and the boys had a good time for a day or two. Then we hired a man to row us over the lake, where we took stage across the country some ten miles to the Mississippi River, and crossed over to St. Paul.

XXIV

WE GO UP TO MINNEAPOLIS FALLS

AT that time there were but small towns on each side of the river with the falls between. Only a few sawmills and a gristmill were run from the power of the falls at that time. The river was so low that the few mills used the most of the water of the river, so that we crossed on the dam. But few people then thought it was to be the greatest mill plant in America, and St. Paul had no idea that Minneapolis would ever outdo it in business. We returned to St. Paul and took in the scenery, finally taking stage to Faribault, Minn., and that region.

Here we found a minister and his family of our acquaintance. He formerly lived and preached at Nile. We stopped with them over the Sabbath and a few days. His son and young Clark had quite a good time hunting sand-hill cranes. We paid the preacher a few dollars to drive us several miles to a stage route that would take us to Rochester, Minn. There we bade him good-by, thanking him for his kindness. He returned, and we were soon in the stage for Rochester. We stopped over a

day or two, and found several people there who formerly lived in Allegany County, N. Y. We had a good visit with them. They all felt pleased with their prospects, as they had just completed a railroad from Winona to that place. We took the first train back to Winona, which is located on the Mississippi River. Here also we found old acquaintances from Allegany County.

We crossed the river into Wisconsin, and went by rail north toward Grand Rapids as near as we could go; then by stage to Marquette County, stopping at Cartwright to look up friends; thence by stage to Portage, where we took cars for Milwaukee and Chicago, only stopping a few days; thence by the Lake Shore Railroad to Toledo, Cleveland, Dunkirk, Salamanca, Olean, Friendship, and home. We had a pleasant trip, and found all well, and our friends glad to see us.

XXV

THE POLITICS OF OUR COUNTRY GETTING INTO BAD SHAPE

THE Democratic party had split, the two factions being called Hunkers and Barnburners. One part was proslavery and for the extension of slavery, the other against the extension. The Whigs were divided, one part being called Silver-grays, the other Woolly-heads,— one proslavery, and the other antislavery. Each old party was anxious to keep in power, and thus was ready to compromise over the slavery question for the sake of the Southern vote.

The Southern States were growing jealous of the Northern States. They had asked for a vote representation on their slaves, which was granted by allowing the slaveholders three votes for every five slaves and one for themselves. But this did not satisfy them. Next they asked for the Missouri Compromise line to be repealed, so that they might extend slavery into Kansas and all new territories. This was granted, and then the struggle began in earnest, for the slaveholders began moving their slaves into Kansas, and the free-State men

from the Northern States began to rush into Kansas with a view to make it a free State, helping the slaves on to Canada, where they became free. This maddened the slavery States, and they then demanded a fugitive slave law. The law was granted under Fillmore's administration, and was indorsed by both old parties. This made every man a slave catcher if called upon to help catch runaway slaves, and made every man a criminal that fed, harbored, or in any way aided or abetted a runaway slave, making him liable to fine and imprisonment. This was too great a pill for the Northern people to swallow, and they largely refused to obey the law. The slaves continued to run away by the thousands.

The South began to threaten secession and disunion, and soon the border ruffian war began in Kansas in earnest. President Buchanan sent soldiers there to keep the peace. He also sent three governors there to govern the people; they all turned in favor of the free-State men. Some pretty hard fighting took place, near Ossawatomie, and one of John Brown's sons was killed there, which nearly crazed John Brown himself, and made him more desperate against the whole system of slavery. The soldiers had captured ten of the

free-State men, and held them as prisoners in camp up on the prairie near Lecompton, near where they first decided to build the capitol buildings.

Lawrence seemed to be the headquarters for the free-State men and was the home of Jim Lane and several of my acquaintances. Jim Lane was a dare-devil sort of man. He called for thirty volunteers, and he would have our ten prisoners back. His call was immediately filled, and they were on the move, following up the river. They kept concealed among the bluffs until they neared Lecompton, when they marched up a gulch that led up near in front of the soldiers' camp, where they formed in line, sent a flag of truce to their camp, and demanded our prisoners, as they were prepared to take them by force. The soldiers, thinking they had a large force back in the gulch, delivered the men, and Lane marched his men and prisoners back to Lawrence, leaving the rebel army to meditate over the game Lane had played upon them. Lane was really the leader at the head of danger against all border ruffian interference.

The Missourians all along the border were in favor of the slave power, and made the free-State men a great amount of trouble. They

held great grudges against the people of Lawrence, and were laying plans to capture the town. There was a large cornfield below Lawrence. They planned to cross the river below that field, there organize out of sight, and then move suddenly upon the town and capture it; but Jim and the leaders were on the watch. They placed some thirty or forty men out of sight between the town and the cornfield, and took about the same number and marched up the gulch or little valley that made up back of Mt. Horeb where their school-house building now stands, where they could keep out of sight, and unobserved spy out the situation on the plain below the cornfield. Just as the Missourians were about to move, the signal was given from Mt. Horeb, and the bullets poured down the mountain like hail, and the shots played through the cornfield as if two hailstorms had met, and the Missourians without orders made for the river and across as best they could, and concluded that there was not much hope in their case, for they had too many Yankees on their side.

XXVI

TO KANSAS BY WAY OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WAS interested in the affairs of Kansas. I had helped educate a young man at Alfred, a cousin of my wife. He was graduated from that school, and married a young lady that was graduated also. They decided to go to Kansas Territory to settle. He had means enough to get them there, and to pay for 160 acres at government price. I advanced him \$1,000 to get under way at farming. Of course I was interested in the situation, as to how he was likely to succeed, and as to how the question of slavery was to be decided in the Territory.

I started for that country, arriving at St. Louis Nov. 30, 1859. I took passage on a steamer up the Mississippi River to Hannibal, thence by Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to St. Joseph.

I chanced to form an acquaintance with one Dr. A. S. Fredrick, a slaveholder from Kentucky, and as I speak of him, I speak of him as a gentleman. I had the pleasure of his company from St. Louis to Leavenworth, Kan. He was ready to talk on the slavery question, temper-

ance, and all reformatory matters, without getting excited. When he learned that I kept the seventh-day Sabbath, he seemed to take greater interest in me, and said, "I once had a girl to teach in my family two years, from Allegany County, that kept the Sabbath, by the name of Miss Elvira Kenyon; and she was a fine girl, too. You may have known something of her." "Certainly. Her parents live only one mile from me when I am at home." He said: "As you know my friends and I know yours, now we will be friends. How far are you traveling?" "I am going to Kansas." "That is where I am going. Now we will keep together." He was a very pleasant man to travel with.

We arrived at St. Joseph early in the evening, and put up at the largest hotel. This was the evening of the night before John Brown was to be hanged. Great excitement existed, and the barroom was crowded with border ruffians and the lower class of slaveholders, swearing they could kill more d——d abolitionists than anyone else, and flourishing their dirks and pistols. We worked our way through the crowd to the register's office, and registered our names. The doctor said: "Lanphear, follow me." The sitting room was a long way off at

the end of the barroom. The doctor started through the crowd. As he went he slapped every man in his way, saying, "Get out of the way, you rough trash;" and walked into the sitting-room and sat down. "There, Lanphear, that is the way to go it in the slave States. This rough trash will never touch a gentleman; they know better."

The slave to be hanged the next day was a young colored boy nineteen years old, naturally very smart. He had made up his mind to run away, as they were selling many of the smart slaves to go to the Southern States, where they could not run away so easily. He and another slave were making their arrangements to run away soon, and had managed to get each a pistol for their defense. This boy carried his with him all the time, and had it with him when he was sold and delivered to his new master. His new master took him into his buggy to take him to the place where he collected his slaves. He gave the lines to the slave and told him to drive the horse. The boy took the lines, and they passed on until his master dropped to sleep. The slave thought, now was his time, if ever. He drew his pistol and put a bullet through the head of his master and killed him dead. He left for the woods and secreted him-

self until after dark, and then attempted to follow the north star for freedom. But after a few nights he lost his compass and got confused and wandered about until he was finally arrested and taken back. He once broke jail and ran away again; but was overtaken, taken back, tried, and found guilty of murder, and was to be hanged the day that John Brown was hanged in Virginia for treason against that State government.

Not caring to see the slave hanged, the next morning we took stage for Leavenworth, Kan. Arriving there I found an Allegany young man clerking in an office, and I decided to stop there a few days. The doctor was going another way. So we had a good-by talk. He invited me to come and see him and stay a week if I ever came to Kentucky, and it should not cost me a cent. He said he would like to have me see how his girls and boys (slaves) lived. He said that he had never separated man and wife, or sold a child from his parents, nor he never would. He did not believe in the slave system, but they were entailed to him, and he was under obligation to take care of them. His slaves did not care to run away and leave him. He kept their houses either painted or white-washed, and made them keep them clean.

XXVII

AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

THE war had subsided in Kansas as far as bloodshed was concerned, and now the fight was as to whether the Territory should be admitted as a slave or a free State. Three constitutions had been drawn up,—one for free State, one for slavery, and one conditional, etc.

While I was there, Abraham Lincoln came over from Illinois and lectured two nights in a large temporary hall for the occasion, in favor of making it a free State. This was the first time I ever saw Lincoln, although I felt acquainted with him from reading his lectures when stumping his own State with S. A. Douglas. They were great friends, though differing in politics. The interest among the people caused a large turn-out among the settlers all along the borders.

Lincoln looked like a great, tall greenhorn as he appeared upon the platform. But he walked back and forth on the platform for five or ten minutes as if he was trying to fool the people until he began to warm up; then he let himself out on the enormity of the sin of slav-

ery as he probably had never done before. The pictures he drew were soul searching. Though he did not propose to interfere with slavery where it existed, the idea of making free territory slave States was awfully wicked, and contrary to the spirit of our national Constitution and Declaration of Independence. He was a master hand to tell stories in his lectures. He could almost draw tears from the hardest sinner's eyes, and in the next story might bring cheer after cheer from the saddest heart. The South had already thrown out threats of secession and rebellion; but in regard to that he said there was no more of that than "there was of soup made of a starved-to-death chicken."

He had not then even thought of ever becoming president of the United States. But the war spirit increased, and James Buchanan was then president and an old-bachelor Democrat, and did not claim to know of any law to check or put down a rebellion. But fortunately for our country, while parties were quarreling over supremacy, Lincoln was nominated and elected. This was an awful dissatisfaction to the Southern States, and Lincoln found that he had a bigger chicken soup on his hands than he had dreamed of when he made his speeches in Kansas.

But Kansas was admitted as a free State and settlers rushed into the State. Although it had rather a hard time for a few years from the effects of drought and grasshoppers, yet no new State has ever been prospered more than Kansas, and this past year it has raised a greater crop of corn than ever before, or than any other State in the Union has raised in one year.

I left Leavenworth for Lawrence. I dropped a note to my friend that I expected to arrive at Lawrence by stage the next day, that he might meet me there and take me to his home one and a half miles from Lawrence out on the prairie. He met me with a big sixteen-hands team and a large farm wagon. One of the horses was a large bay that was captured by John Brown from a border ruffian Missourian that came over during the attack against the free-State men. Brown kept the horse as his saddle horse until the Kansas war subsided and the old owner came over and claimed his horse. My friend purchased the horse to match a large one he had, and many a ride did I take about the country after that large team while I remained in Kansas. At that time I ate my first buffalo steak at the first brick hotel at Lawrence. At this time the Indians, male

and female, could be seen galloping over the prairies of Kansas, and many a stamping ground of the buffalo could be found that was stamped so hard that it was next to impossible to break it up with a four-horse team. We were driven up to Lecompton, where Lane captured his ten free-State men from the army.

Previous to this the people had decided to make Lecompton the capital of the State, and quite a quantity of material had been delivered on the ground for buildings; but the settlers began to come into the State so fast that they changed their minds, and moved it to Topeka,—a fine decision for the State. Things had become quiet in the State, although the proslavery men seemed to hold a grudge against the free-State men and abolitionists that aided and abetted the free-State men by furnishing them with guns and ammunition to fight their battles for freedom. It is a question whether they would have succeeded as well as they did had it not been for the help they received from Gerrit Smith and other abolitionists. But I must leave Kansas for the time being.

XXVIII

LEAVE LAWRENCE, KAN., FOR JEFFERSON CITY, MO., THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE

WE took stage to Kansas City and stopped overnight. It was then a city of shanties and tents, scattered among the bluffs between the two rivers, the Kansas and the Missouri. Only one street had then been graded. I staid overnight and took the stage for Independence, Mo.

On that day there was a slave sale. Southern slaveholders came to the more northern slave States to purchase new stocks of slaves, as Northern drovers purchase cattle. The Northern slaveholders would sell off the smartest slaves for fear they would run away, and aid each other in running away. They were accustomed to lock up the smart slaves nights to keep them from getting together to lay plans for running away. The slaves got an idea that John Brown was hanged for their liberty, and they were much harder to manage than before. The place of sale was in front of the courthouse. The negroes were herded in a log hut back of the courthouse, and were brought forward in turn as they were wanted to be sold, and placed upon a goods box.

The sale passed off quietly until the last one for the day, which was a little girl nearly as white as common white children, and only six years old. As the child was brought forward and placed upon the box, the mother was allowed to follow to within twenty or twenty-five feet of the auction block to take the last look of her child. The sale started off at two hundred dollars. The auctioneer went on to give the fine qualities, and what a nice gentleman's lady waiter she would make when she grew up, etc. The price ran up to six hundred dollars, and the hammer dropped. "Gone, gone at six hundred dollars!" And as the hammer dropped the mother dropped in a faint, while the child reached out its hands, with a cry of "One more kiss, mamma." The mother was dragged back into the hut, and the child was taken away.

This was a scene of common occurrence and had often been practiced by and under the laws of the United States, that professed to be a free country. To me it was one of the most awful sins and scenes that had occurred in my travels in the slave States. But I observed that the scene touched the hearts of some, even of the slaveholders. And I must say that it was hard for a man that had a soul of humanity in him, to hold in.

The next day eight of us got into the stage for Boonville,— all Southerners but one, besides myself. It was a cool, clear, December day, but the government furnished fine and comfortable stages. As we got inside, and were about ready to start off, an officer came to the driver and delivered a poor sick slave and papers for delivery to a new owner at Boonville. The poor fellow was ordered to climb up on top of the stage for his journey. Off went our four mule team on the jump for the next ten-mile station. It was a beautiful country of rivulets, with clear water flowing over pebbles as clear as a crystal, with beautiful oaks, and “it was called the blue-grass region.” I said, “This looks as if it might be a fine stock country.” “Yes,” says one, “they raise mules, hogs, and niggers here.” By this time our company became quite sociable. (By the way, the Southerner is inclined to be quite sociable and liberal hearted.) The question of the slave sale of the day before came up. An old Frenchman spoke of the sale of the child that was sold from its mother, and said, “That was too cruel for anything. I don’t own slaves, but if I did, I never would separate parents and children, or husband and wife. But I do not believe in slavery anyway.”

As we passed along, one said, "There, near that tree, a slave was once burned to death at a stake for only what hundreds of slaveholders have done and gone clear." By this time the poor slave on top of the stage had the ague so that he fairly made the stage rattle, and all save one pitied him so that we thought we ought to let him get inside. But "No," said the one, "I will not ride in a stage with a nigger any day." But finally we persuaded him to let him get in. After a time he began to warm up so that he could talk. He was ragged and dirty. One said, "Why don't you wash yourself and put on clean clothes?" "Me can't; I so sick, and I have no clean clothes." "Why don't your master see to it?" "Oh! master don' care for a poor nigger if they do freeze to death." "Where are you going?" "Don't know; master say I go to Boonville and new master take me dare."

We were nearing the last station before Boonville, and we stopped for a change of horses. As we entered for a start, I observed that one of our company brought in a bottle of brandy. He was seated opposite me. After a little he opened his bottle and passed it to me. I said, "You will have to excuse me, as I don't use it." We had talked over matters of reforms North

and South quite freely and pleasantly. He passed the brandy on to the next one, and the next excused himself, and so it passed on around, and all refused, and my friend was mad, concluding that all refused because I did, and said: "Do you think you are a better man than I am, that you should refuse to drink with me?" "Not at all, not at all. I have been brought up differently, probably." Now a discussion followed on the drink question, and everyone took sides with me that I was right, and said: "If we had always let it alone, we might have been well off now in the world." The poor fellow got over his pet, and was ashamed of his bottle, and did not know what to do with it. But before we got to Boonville, he slid the curtain carefully, and dropped it out into the street.

One of my companions said to me, "I will show you one of the most beautiful slaves you ever saw when we get to Boonville." We finally arrived where we were to put up overnight. The poor slave was delivered, and we entered the hotel, which was a good one for the first on this route. Supper was ready, and we partook of a good meal. We returned to the gentleman's room, and my companion said: "Have you seen the slave I spoke of yet?

Have you not noticed the lady that waited on us at the table? She is a slave." "Why, she is whiter than I am. Can it be possible?" "Yes, and she belongs to the landlord, and he has been offered one thousand dollars for her." "Is it not a fair price for a slave?" "Yes, but to be plain about it, he does not like to sell his own daughter. He intends to set her free sometime." "But suppose he should die before he did that, what then?" "Then she would have to be sold with his estate, and if that should be so, nearly all the aristocratic slaveholders would be on hand to bid on her, and possibly would bid her up to five thousand dollars for her beauty."

We passed on to Jefferson City, the capital, and as the Legislature was in session, we stopped a few days.

XXIX

AT JEFFERSON CITY

As the Legislature was in session we concluded to stop a few days. The slavery question was the topic of everyone, as slaves were running away nearly every day, and getting more bold, and some of the whites were afraid they would rise against the whites and against their masters, and really danger was already here. At that time there were five representatives in the Legislature that could neither read nor write; and it was said that thirteen in the Texas Legislature could not do either.

While I was stopping there a bill was introduced to drive every free colored man out of the State, of whom there were many, and some of them were wealthy and highly respected. One I learned of was a slave at St. Joseph previous to this time. About the time they were making up companies to go to California in pursuit of gold, his master asked him if he would like to go with the company and dig gold. "Yes, massa, I go if you want me to; if de company wish me to go with them." He fitted him out, and he went with the company. He was

gone four years, and came back and brought his master one thousand four hundred dollars in gold. For his integrity his master gave him his freedom, and gave him a small plantation near St. Joseph. At the time I was there he was furnishing more produce for the town than any other man. One man that was stopping at the same hotel with me said he would fight for that man as long as he had a drop of blood left before he should be driven out of the State. But the bill passed both houses, and it required every free colored man to leave the State in ten months after the passage of the bill, or he should be sold into slavery again. But it so happened that a young man who lived in Belfast, Allegany Co., N. Y., left there years ago, and went to Missouri, and they had elected him governor of their State, and he vetoed the bill.

I left the capital for Tipton with a view to take the cars from there to St. Louis, as they had a railroad that far West. This was a sort of headquarters for gathering slaves that were sold to be taken South. As the train was starting out, I discovered that they had a car load of slaves attached to the train. We took the liberty to pass through the train to view the condition of the slaves. Some of

them were jolly and making the best of their situation; others were sad, ragged, and in tears; and others were dressed in silks and satins, especially the white and yellow girls, as they were for different markets, and dressed by their owners to make them attractive. I learned of many wicked practices by slaveholders, and other men, with young slaves on the journey.

At St. Louis I took the cars for Cincinnati, Ohio, where I crossed over into Kentucky to look for a friend by the name of Bailey, who edited a paper called the *Free South*. I found my friend, but a few nights before a proslavery mob had raided him, and tumbled his press and type into the Licking River. He never was able to issue his paper again. Some that are now living, will remember that Cassius M. Clay was a victim of the rebel mob, and his press tumbled into the Ohio River. I passed on through several States to Washington. This was during the holidays. It was customary for the slaves to have a week of rest and visiting, and go to the trains to bid good-by to others that had been sold to go to other States where they did not expect to ever see each other again. Wives and husbands were to part; brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, were shaking hands with each other, with a "God

bless you," and as the trains would pass out from the station, rows would stand along the line waving good-bye with their hands, while tears could be seen trickling down their cheeks. All this was in our so-called Christian country.

Well, we have improved some on what I have described since our war; but other evils exist that have taken the place of slavery, and we old men are asking ourselves, Will the country and the professed Christian church ever dispossess our country of political corruption at such an expense as it cost us to rid ourselves of the curse of slavery? Certainly it is a greater curse than slavery ever was; for it destroys both souls and bodies of men.

I arrived at Washington and stopped over one week, as Congress was then in session, and the war spirit was running high; but I could not tarry long, as I was wanted at home. I went by way of New York, and soon was at home again.

XXX

AT HOME AGAIN

OUR country had ere this time been splitting up politically both North and South, and good men were discussing the question as to the need of a new party upon which all Union men might work together for reform and the maintaining of the Union. One A. N. Cole, of Allegany County, N. Y., the county in which I resided, called a convention of all Union men to meet at Friendship to consider this question of a new party upon which all Union men could agree. He was the editor of the *Free Press* of that county. The convention was not a large one; but of the best men of our county. They came together in the Baptist church in that town. They organized, and discussed the situation, passed resolutions of principles that they all could indorse. But they had no name for the party. It was suggested that we draft our principles, send them down to Horace Greeley, and tell him that we had indorsed them as principles for a new party, but had no name for it. He said, "Call it Republican," and it was so ordered. He indorsed the same, and advertised

it in the *Tribune*. Here is where the Republican party started. It was antislavery in sentiment, but did not propose to interfere with slavery where it then existed, but utterly opposed its extension; it was also for maintaining the union of the States.

Freemont was its first nominee for president, but was defeated by Buchanan, the Democratic candidate; but the Republican vote was so large that the South saw plainly that the trend of the people was toward sustaining the Union, and against the threatened rebellion. Buchanan showed weakness, and rather favored Southern democracy, and his cabinet plainly showed their favoritism, and they and the president seemed to be in sympathy that way, and rather aided the Southern States in getting in possession of our Southern forts and the power of the nation's defense. South Carolina declared herself independent of the national government, and one State after another seceded, declaring themselves independent. The Republicans fortunately nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. The Democrats were divided, and put two candidates in the field. Thus Lincoln was elected. Secession was declared, and the South organized as independent States under a president and congress of their own make. Bu-

chanan made no special effort to put down the rebellion, and in his weakness said he knew of no "law" to put down a rebellion.

The siege of war was begun. Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the possessors were not able to defend it, and were compelled to surrender it. Before Lincoln could get seated in Washington as president, the rebels were in readiness to capture the capital and take possession of the capitol. The situation was unfavorable for Lincoln, but he issued a call for seventy-five thousand men as volunteers. He was ill prepared to use the men when called, but the excitement was wonderful, both North and South. Volunteers were in readiness all over the North.

I had occasion to go to Boston, and was there when the Fourth Artillery and Seventh Regiment organized, and started out for Washington. They had a drill on the commons, and a sham fight with great enthusiasm, and than a rest for an hour, when hundreds of women and young wives came to the commons to see their husbands and friends off to the war. The scene was a sad one, when young wives appeared on the green, with plates of food, and spread their little spreads on the ground and placed their cakes and pies there, and set

the baby down by their side; and when the order was given to rest, men leaped like deer to their sides, and there ate and wept together until the bugle blast came, "To arms, to arms." Every man to his feet, a kiss to the wife and the baby, and a good-by, and like wild deer they leaped for their places, when they were soon in the ranks and on their way for the battlefield, casting a backward look, not knowing whether they should meet again on earth. Two long trains of cars were in readiness to take them on to Washington to defend their country.

The Bull Run battles followed with defeat to our forces; and every friend of his country seemed sad, and many a cowardly man said : "We can never conquer the rebels and put down the rebellion." I left Boston on the train with the soldiers as far as Albany, and then took another train to Geneva, N. Y., to visit my sister and family for a week or so. They were getting up a regiment of volunteers there at that time. As the news of defeats came, groups of men were gathered to talk over the probabilities, and you could tell the politics of men by their faces, and whether they favored the rebels or the Union army. While listening to the conversation, a smart-looking

colored man stood by listening, and said, "Do you suppose that God is going to let this rebellion end yet? Why, they have not reached the cause of the war yet, and he will not end this war until my people are reached. Even the Republican party does not propose to liberate the slaves, neither are they willing to receive a colored man as a volunteer yet, and many a man says he will not fight by the side of a nigger." But the war continued, and thousands were shot down, and were dying in the swamps with malaria and other diseases.

I returned home; great excitement prevailed everywhere, and calls for volunteers were being made all about me.

XXXI

VOLUNTEERING OF MY NEIGHBORS

My brother and nephew, and some twenty or more of my neighbors, volunteered in the Eighty-fifth New York Volunteers. Afterward my boy, that I had brought up from three years of age, became old enough to volunteer, and went on and joined the regiment. The boys decided that I ought to remain at home and look after their families. My brother had a wife and four children to leave behind. I decided to do so, and many soldiers made arrangements to send their money to me and have me look after their families, and deal out their money to them, and make it hold out as best I could to keep them comfortable if possible. Most of the women were imprudent, and some would use it up foolishly if all were paid over at once.

Quite a number of the Eighty-fifth regiment were killed or wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks. My brother was wounded by the bursting of a shell, a piece striking him on the side of his head, while two of his comrades were killed by his side; but as it was in the nighttime, he did not realize that he was wounded until

daylight came, and all the scattered men of the Eighty-fifth were ordered to gather at a certain point in the morning. Then he was asked what was the matter with his head, as they saw the blood had been running down his back from his head. He took off his cap only to find a hole cut in his cap and quite a gash cut in his scalp. He had been so excited in the battle that he did not know he was wounded.

Some of our boys were picked up by the rebels, and lay for two months, helpless, without medical attendance. One lay there with a broken limb until the flies laid their eggs and hatched them. He was alive with worms, and yet he was able to write to his mother his condition. She sent another son to the rebel lines with her last gold dollar to offer to the rebels to allow him to go for her suffering son that was within their lines. He was permitted to take him away, and after he got him home, had his leg amputated and saved his life. I think the man is living now, a merchant in Pennsylvania, getting about on a wooden leg.

I made a trip to Washington with a view to get a permit to go across their lines to bring or aid some of our boys to our lines, and if possible to bring them home; but it was of no avail; they would not allow me to do it. I was at

Washington when the permit was given to wounded and sick that were not able to do service to come home to vote. I was permitted to come on the train with them. It was a sad sight. Nearly every wound that could be thought of could be seen. One could be seen on a stretcher with his spine broken with a bullet. Another officer said that on going to the war he thought of being wounded in nearly every way; but the way he was finally wounded did not occur to him. A ball struck him on the side of his head and passed through his head just back of his eyes, knocking out both eyes from his head. His daughter had been on to care for him until he was able to be taken home. I might go on and mention the various wounds we had to care for; but this is enough to satisfy me that war is a cruel business, even in a professed Christian land.

We went by the way of Harrisburg, Pa., through to Elmira, and stopped there to change the soldiers on the various roads to their homes. They were taken into the depot there, some able to walk, some on stretchers, who were placed on the floor here and there, and one man able to walk about with both arms gone. Men would come in and look on the various victims of the war, and break down in tears, and some

would go around and hand the poor fellows a few dollars, or shillings, as they chanced to have on hand. The poor fellows would receive it thankfully, with a "God bless you." But the poor man without arms and hands could not pocket a dime without help, and had to have a friend along to wait upon him and receive for him and feed him.

But I here left the poor victims, and went on to my home. While I am writing up these notes of things that have transpired in a man's lifetime of eighty-two years, I think of the wars that have been going on for the last two years, and are still going on, and the hand our nation has taken and is taking in this death-dealing business. We ought to be ashamed to call ourselves a Christian nation.

XXXII

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH ALL TAKEN PRISONERS

AFTER the Eighty-fifth had fought nearly three years, their term of enlistment had nearly expired, the rebels surrounded them at Newbern, and the rebel ram, so-called, came down the river and completely cornered them in where there was no chance of escape. They were compelled to surrender or be cut to pieces with bullets. They surrendered, and were all marched to Andersonville prison. There were at one time thirty-four thousand prisoners in the stockade, without shelter or a shade tree to protect them from storm or the hot sun, and without the necessities of life. Only seven out of the twenty-three of my neighbors and relatives that enlisted early in the war, that I referred to in a former chapter, ever lived to return home again. They were really starved to death. My brother and adopted son and a widow's son were among those that lived to return. They were all rather small eaters at home, and consequently could live on smaller rations. These boys had hard stories to relate after their return. Their regiment divided up

into squads of about fifteen, and cooked their rations as best they could. The small eaters would divide up with the heartier eaters in order to help them along. There were usually two boys detailed from their regiment to go outside and into the woodland and cut wood and bring it back into the stockade for them to whittle up into shavings to cook their food. They were under restrictions not to talk with any outsider or the slaves.

This is the story of the widow's son: "We had to go half to three fourths of a mile for our wood. We would usually cut a chunk about as large as each could carry, and take it on our shoulders, and march to and inside the stockade. We went to the woods one day and found a young creature feeding around in the bushes. We caught the creature and killed it, and we carried that whole creature to the boys and did not get caught at it. We cut the creature up into pieces. We would cut off the butt of a tree, split it into halves, chop out the inside in shape of a trough, put the meat inside, and then put the log together with grape vines, to keep it together. Then we shouldered it and marched into the stockade as honestly as starving boys could consistently be under the circumstances."

Another time when out, they came across a colored man with a bag of peanuts on his shoulder. They inquired of him as to what he had in his bag, and learned that he had peanuts. They proposed to purchase them, and offered him some little notions they had in their pockets; and he decided to let them have the peanuts. But the next thing was to get them to the boys and not get caught at it. But necessity is the mother of invention. They cut down a hollow tree, cut off a chunk at the butt, turned in the peanuts, stuffed in some rotten wood on top, muddled over the wood, shouldered the chunk of log, and marched in as usual without suspicion. While the meat and nuts lasted, the boys fared pretty well.

The stockade got so crowded that they decided to remove some of the prisoners to Charleston prison, and a notice was given that all prisoners of the Eighty-fifth that were able to move would be taken. Some had died, and some were too feeble. My nephew had the scurvy so badly that he could not walk; but he did not wish to be left, so my brother dragged him into the open cars and took him along. At the Charleston prison the women were allowed to visit the soldiers, and by their nursing he improved and got upon his feet again. But soon the order

came that they were to be moved to Florence prison, South Carolina. Here he ran down and soon died, and hundreds died there, and I never knew where my friends' bones were laid. The living were kept in prison nearly eleven months before they were exchanged, and when that was done they were taken to Charleston to be shipped to Washington. They were nearly starved to death, and some had to be dragged into the boat. They were so starved that it was not thought best to give them but little to eat at first, for fear they would kill themselves eating. So they gave nothing but raw pork at first, as that would satisfy them very quickly. Many of them ate themselves to death when they got to Washington and got their money. I remember well how the poor boys looked when they arrived at their homes,—not much but skin and bones. Their hands looked more like birds' claws than human hands.

XXXIII¹

THE REBEL PRISON AT ANDERSONVILLE

THE prison consists of a lot containing about fifteen acres, inclosed by a stockade made of hewn timbers, set in the ground close together, of sufficient depth to make them firm, and reaching about fifteen feet above the ground. Near the top of these timbers once in eight or ten rods, is erected a scaffold for a sentinel post. The entrances to this paradise are two massive double gates, at two different points. On the inside there is a dead line, consisting of strips of boards nailed to posts about three feet high all the way around, twenty feet from the stockades. The penalty for crossing the line is death, if the sentinel is a good marksman. Their orders are to shoot all who cross without challenging them. Four were shot dead, to my knowledge, and many others fired at and wounded. Near the center of the prison from north to south is a small stream of water, running from west to east, which divides the camp nearly in the middle, making two distinct camps. This stream is from three to six feet wide, and

¹ This chapter was written on scraps of paper by my brother while in prison, and sent home to me at his first opportunity.



NATHAN LANPHEAR

runs quite rapidly. On the margin of the stream, the ground is soft and swampy for a number of rods on each side, and in many places it is impassable for man or beast. From the borders of the swamp, the ground commences to rise quite abruptly, making the camping grounds steep hillsides; so much so that considerable digging is required for a man to get into a horizontal position.

About the condition of the men in this inclosure: soon after my arrival with the other Plymouth (N. C.) prisoners, I ascertained that there were about twelve thousand men confined here. Those who had been lucky enough to save a blanket, could erect a kind of shelter to protect them somewhat from the sun and storms; those who had them not, had to do without, as the rebels furnished nothing in the line of shelter, except for hospitals, which were very limited, as in the order of things inside. The men were counted off into detachments of two hundred and seventy each, and these were divided into three messes of ninety each, under the command or supervision of a sergeant, who drew their rations, and got them out to roll call in the morning, when the rebel sergeant came around to see if any were missing. As to regulations there were none; brute strength was king, and

consequently a great deal of fighting was going on to see who was governor. Robbing, stealing, etc., were everyday occurrences. Gambling of many kinds could be seen at any time or any place in the camp. There were regularly organized gangs of raiders, who made it a business to prowl about nights, and take by force things they could find; but occasionally they were caught, and handled pretty roughly. The water in the stream mentioned was used for drinking, cooking, washing clothes, and everything that water is needed for; and at any hour of the day, from one hundred to five hundred men could be seen crowded around the stream, striving to get a little of one of the free elements of nature. In consequence of the difficulty of getting water, and lack of perseverance, many gave up washing at all. Such could hardly be distinguished from colored men (of which there were a few here). The camps were not properly policed. Sinks were not prepared, every place was a nuisance, and the swamp was a pest hole not to be described by the English language. The average deaths per day, while the hospitals were kept inside, was about twenty, mostly old prisoners, who wintered in Richmond.

I entered this place on the 30th day of April, 1864. The first week our rations consisted of a

large pint of coarse unsifted corn meal, a quarter of a pound of raw bacon, and a teaspoonful of salt per day, for each man. No dishes or wood was furnished us to cook these. But the most of us had a tin cup, so that by paying five cents for a small armful of wood, we managed to live. After about one week the rebels had prepared a cook house outside, so that we got cooked rations about half of the time. When we drew cooked rations, we got about a pound and a half of corn bread made of half-ground meal, and the husks thrown in, and about the same amount of bacon as before. A portion of the time we got mush in lieu of bread, and once each week beans or rice, which were very filthy looking. I never ate any of them, and saw but few that did, who had money to buy anything else with. Twice a month, the first month only, we drew a substance called soap, which no one would suspect from its looks. Three men drew enough to wash one shirt. About the 20th day of May, the number of prisoners had increased to sixteen or seventeen thousand, making it very crowded. The hospitals were moved outside. The bread rations were reduced nearly one half, making it a pretty close thing to live. There was a class of old prisoners who had established a trade with the guards and outsid-

ers, by which some necessaries were brought in for sale. I will give the prices of a few of them, as sold by one prisoner to another, for greenbacks: Eggs, \$3 to \$4 per dozen; onions, fair size, \$1 each; salt, two spoonfuls for 25 cents; flour, 75 cents per pint; ginger cakes, not weighing a quarter of a pound, 50 cents; molasses, \$1.50 a pint, and an inferior article of soap, \$2 to \$5 per bar, etc. In Confederate money the cost was five times the amount mentioned. By the 8th of June, the number of prisoners had increased to twenty thousand, I think. It seemed as if every available foot of ground was occupied. It was almost impossible to get through the camp on account of the crowd, and to make things much worse, it rained every day during the first twenty-three days of June, and the camp was flooded the most of the time. Thousands had to lie down in mud and water to sleep, when they were exhausted, which in all probability cost hundreds of lives.

About this time some improvements were made. Our rulers opened their hearts, and offered men (prisoners) double rations if they would ditch the swamp, prepare sinks, and do other police duty, the filthiest of all work. But there were hungry men enough to do it, and the condition of things in some respects im-

proved. Several prisoners made their escape while we were confined there,— some by tunneling under the stockade; some, with the aid of the guards, were drawn over the stockade by ropes; and still others were carried out on stretchers as dead. This the rebels think the worst Yankee trick of all. The captain in command threatened to put a ball and chain on every man that died, until he found out whether he was dead or “playing possum.” The most of these men were recaptured. The moment that a man is missed, a lot of bloodhounds are let loose on the track, and all the men in the neighborhood — not soldiers (which were not plenty), but old men — shoulder their shot-guns, mount their horses, and away to the chase. Such are the chances, that few get away. I saw some who were badly mangled by the hounds after being caught. They were surrounded, and the dogs of war set on them to gladden the heart of the Southern chivalry.

The last of June found over twenty-six thousand men in the pen, and the condition of things can be imagined, but can not be told; for it was impossible for a man to get about the camp to see. The crowd was so great that the rebels did not pretend to come in to call the roll, and only came to the gates with rations. I learned

from men who were in the hospitals that the average of deaths for the month of June was over thirty per day. The largest number in one day was sixty-four. In the month of June there was a sutler's shop established by the rebels on their side, near one of the gates, in which flour, vegetables, soap, tobacco, etc., were sold. The prices did not vary much from those before mentioned.

On the first of July, about one half of the prisoners were moved into a new stockade of about ten acres adjoining the old one on the north end. The first night the boys cut nearly all the divisions down, and carried them off for wood. The captain commanding the prisoners was very wrathy, and said that we should not have any more rations until the timber was carried back. But no one carried any back. We got rations only about half the time for a few days; but I think the reason was that they had none to give us, for what we did get seemed to be the sweepings of the cook-house, and not fit for a dog to eat.

About this time, the raiders, or robbers and murderers, had became so bad that they would kill a man in broad daylight for his money. A man was nearly cut to pieces, and was just alive when carried out. The case was reported

to the captain, who took the matter in hand, and said, "The raiders must be cleaned out, and no rations or anything else will be issued until they are delivered at the gate." He sent in the guards to protect the men in hunting and capturing them. There were enough men of principle to go into the thing, when they found that they would be protected by the authorities outside. They soon armed themselves with clubs, and went in; and a lively time we had, for about two days, drumming them out. I think nearly one hundred were caught and delivered over. The leaders were put in stocks outside, and a jury of twelve men (sergeants) was taken from among the prisoners to try them; and what they said should be done with them, should be carried out, so said the captain. It was reported that they were hanged, but the truth I do not know. Under the tents of some of them large amounts of money, watches, clothes, blankets, and two dead bodies of men that they had murdered, were found. After this it was quiet times, and the usual night cries of raiders were hardly heard.

After writing the foregoing in regard to the leaders of the gang spoken of, I am prepared to give their destiny. On the 11th of July, a scaffold was built on the inside of the stockade,

and at 5 p. m. six of them were brought into the gates by the captain under guard. He told the prisoners that the men had had a fair trial by their own men, and had been sentenced to be hanged. He would now deliver them over to the prisoners, and they could do as they saw fit with them; he would have no more to do with the matter. Accordingly they were delivered over to the regulators, marched to the scaffold, and there before an audience of twenty-five thousand men, were all launched into eternity at one time. Two incidents occurred during the execution: one of the men refused to have his hands tied, broke away, and ran across the swamp; but he found willing hands to bring him back. He begged for his life, but found no mercy, and was hanged with the rest. The other incident was the breaking of one of the ropes, which let one man fall to the ground. He was soon swung up again. Thus six young men were launched into eternity, I think justly. They were allowed the benefit of the clergy, but had but very little to say.

The first of August found nearly thirty-five thousand men here. The mortality for July and the first days of August was nearly one hundred per day. About the fifteenth of August the rebels seemed to be alarmed about an attack

on the place; accordingly, about one hundred negroes were sent here to fortify it. Since then they have made it quite a stronghold, well supplied with artillery.

On the ninth of August occurred the heaviest thunderstorm that I ever witnessed. It washed out the stockade in a number of places; the valley was full of water: sinks, wells, and everything washed out. It was an awful time; gutters four feet deep were cut through the camp, so that in places it was impossible to get around. Much suffering was caused, and a good deal of trouble to the rebels to watch the breaks and fix them up. When they found that the stockade was giving way, they commenced firing their artillery; and we had warning before, that if any attempt was made to break out, they would fire into the camp indiscriminately with grape and canister. No attempt to escape was made.

The first of September finds some of us here still; but I think that over eight thousand have died during the month of August. The loss by deaths has not been made good by captures, so that there are less prisoners here than one month ago. About the first of August they commenced issuing fresh bread to us, of a poor quality, — about half rations, — but soon reduced

it, so that our rations consisted of a quarter of a pound of raw beef, an ounce of bacon, and half a pint of meal. To cook these, we had, for a week's rations, one stick of wood, four feet long and eight inches thick, not enough to cook one day.

On the eleventh day of September, in company with the most of our regiment, I left the prison at Andersonville, and went to Charleston, S. C. During our stay at Andersonville, out of four hundred and forty-two men one hundred and thirty died, and about fifty were left sick in the hospital, the most of whom, I doubt not, are dead ere this. Who is to answer for this great sin? The most of these men were actually murdered, or starved to death. Medicine was not to be had nor proper food. I have heard men in their last agonies cry for something to eat. I have sometimes thought that if it was in the power of some of our orthodox ministers to portray to their congregations the horror of this place as approximating that of hell, or a future place of punishment, the comparison would result in immediate repentance on the part of their hearers. In conclusion, I will say, if there is a worse hell, may God in his mercy keep me from it. Of my further imprisonment, I will say no more at present, hop-

ing that my government will do something soon
to relieve us.

N. LANPHEAR,

Co. Sergt. Eighty-fifth N. Y. V.
Charleston, S. C., Sept. 20, 1864.

A separate letter of his says, "I think the
most of the boys left are dead before now. Of
the boys from Nile, all are dead but two. Silas
Clark died October 28, and O. E. Lanphear,
October 29. Two were left at Florence, S. C."

XXXIV

MY SECOND MARRIAGE

"It is not good that the man should be alone."
Gen. 2:18.

I HAD now been a widower nearly seven years, and had traveled much alone about our country. I had many friends and relatives, and enjoyed visiting them; but when I got weary, I had no place or family to call my own, or my home. I was lonesome sometimes, and longed for some one to share my secrets.

Mrs. Clark, the widow of my cousin, Dr. Paul Clark, had been living a widow some six years, and was now living alone, her son having gone away. I had always looked after her, her husband's estate, and the boy and his interest. I stated to her that I was getting rather lonesome of living a single life, and hinted the question as to how it was with her. She said it did sometimes seem rather lonely. It did not take long to arrange for a wedding. We decided to have it take place Aug. 23, 1865, at her home at Nile. At that time Rev. Thomas B. Brown, of Little Genesee, came over and tied the knot.

Our arrangements were made to take a trip east. So that afternoon we took the cars to



ETHAN LANPHEAR AND PRESENT WIFE

Thirty-five years ago.

Elmira, N. Y. The next day we went to New York and stopped a few days; thence by steamer down the Sound to Stonington, Conn., thence by cars to Westerly, and by team to Potter's Hill, my birthplace. Here we attended the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference held at the First Hopkinton church near that place.

We visited among our friends and relatives several days, and returned to New York. Going to Plainfield, N. J., we visited friends there for a week or more. Plainfield then was only a small town; but the country was beautiful.

We returned home at Nile not as lonesome as we were, and we began to lay plans somewhat for travels after arranging our business.

XXXV

A SAD JOURNEY FOR ME

My brother older than myself had become a Seventh-day Adventist, and had withdrawn from the Seventh-day Baptist church. He had become an Elder in the Adventist church, and was an active member, usually attending the conference to which he belonged. His health had rather failed. Desiring to attend a conference that was to be held in the northern part of the State of New York, he decided to drive his horse and sulky, thinking it might be for his health.

All went well until he was about eight miles from Canandaigua, N. Y. As his horse was trotting along on a fair pace, the harness broke, and let the thills drop, which caused my brother to pitch forward over the dashboard. The horse being scared, kicked him, and fractured one of his limbs, and otherwise hurt him, probably inwardly. The people living near by took him in and sent for a physician. The doctor thought he would be able to return home in a few days on the cars. He sold his horse to pay his expenses. Expecting to go home soon, he thought better not to write, as that would worry his

family and friends. He was soon out of his head, however, and died suddenly. He had not told them his name or where he lived.

The neighbors came in with a minister and the doctor. They talked over the situation, to see what was best to be done. It was decided to get a coffin for him, and keep him a few days, to see if anything should come to light about him. It was suggested that they look over his clothes and papers in his traveling bag, and see if they could find his name and where he was from. Fortunately, they found his name and address. They immediately telegraphed to his family. I was at church when the dispatch came. I hurried to the first train that left in the afternoon, and telegraphed to the man where he died that I was on my way. I went to Elmira, thence to Canandaigua by cars, and hired a team to take me to that place early in the evening. It was a sad time for me.

The people were very kind, and ready to do all they could for me. I settled up all bills, and they took me and the corpse to Canandaigua, where I had the corpse put in the morgue until morning for the first train to Elmira, in readiness for the early express for Friendship and Nile. I telegraphed at Elmira to Friendship that I would be there on the express. On

arriving at Friendship, the people of Nile, with teams, and the undertaker were on hand to meet me, and escort me and friends to take the remains to his family and to his former home. The reception was a sad one to us all. The people turned out by hundreds to his funeral, as he was an old resident, and I don't think he had an enemy in the world.

The funeral over, it was decided that I should settle his estate, and look after the interest of the family, as I was in that kind of business. He left a widow, three daughters, and a little son. I had difficulty with only one man, Elder Fuller. He had furnished my brother with many books, and brought in his bill of quite a large amount, stating that he had only charged the same as they charged him at the office at Battle Creek. He made affidavit to his bill, and I paid it; but I was satisfied in my mind that his bill was extravagant, so I copied the bill, and sent it to the office at Battle Creek, and they compared it with the original bill on their books. They saw readily that he had charged extravagantly, and made a false report. They immediately sent me a draft for the amount, and I think he was soon dismissed from their church. I always have had confidence in them for doing it.

XXXVI

A CHAPTER FROM MY SCRAPBOOK

WE left Allegany County by way of rail to Hornellsville, October, 1867. Here we changed our course, taking the first train to Portage, and so on to Buffalo. Not having much spare time, we only made short sketches and observations in that city. However, we learned that Buffalo was quite a grain market, and that much was done in the cattle business from the West, and we should judge that Buffalo had few equals in the use of "lager beer."

We left Buffalo by way of the Central Railroad to Albany. Here we put up at Stanwix Hall. Having a little leisure, the convention being in session, we visited that body at the capitol buildings. They seemed quite busy in writing, reading, and making short speeches, and one might think they were working for some great object; yet in accomplishments we could not see it. Feeling that we had no power to control such a body, we took passage on the Hudson River Railroad for New York.

One of the most distinguished persons on our train was Horace Greeley. I speak of him more particularly because he occupied a seat

directly before me; and every time he raised his right hand, I could but think of it as signing the bail bond for Jeff Davis. He, however, left us at Poughkeepsie, the city of Eastman's humbug school, or business college. I say humbug because we see so many boys and young men who are graduated at that school, coming out into the country, representing themselves as college graduates; putting on a good amount of style, when, in reality, they are not as well prepared for business as graduates from log schoolhouses in Allegany forty years ago.

But an iron horse hurried us along, and we were soon thinking of something else, and viewing the scenery as we passed along. As we chanced to raise our eyes in the direction of the southwest, our vision caught a glimpse of an apparent thunder cloud arising in that direction. As we neared it, point after point loomed up higher and higher, and then just beyond, through the dim, smoky atmosphere, we could see the outlines of another point still higher; a little nearer, the sight became truly grand and sublime; and we were gazing with wonder, when a whitish cloud passed in the sunshine between, for a moment, and then appeared a clear view, and we were looking at one of the grandest scenes of earth,—the Catskill Moun-

tains,— at about forty miles' distance. Our train seemed almost possessed of wings, it flew along in such a hurry; and this grand scene passed out of sight in the distance, and we had only a few moments for reflection.

We were passing at a rapid rate, going from one point of land to another, cutting this bend and that in the river, so much so that one could scarcely tell whether running by land or water; we cast our eyes ahead, when another beautiful scene appeared in the distance. There loomed up another range of mountains. There shot up a point resembling the dome of some State capitol, and just over beyond another in imitation of some church steeple, soaring as it were up to heaven. There seemed to be one running off in another direction trying to imitate a hog's back. Over a little beyond stood two more seemingly tied together by a slight ridge between. These mountains being dotted with evergreens and different kinds of shrubbery, casting forth each its different colored foliage, with here and there a crag of rocks projecting forth, made this scene grand beyond description.

As we passed along to the nearest point, there came up one point before us, high, craggy, and yet beautiful, as if determined to tip over and dam up the river. We were not allowed to stop

here to philosophize; so we took another glance, saw that they were based on a rocky foundation, and concluded that they would stand yet a while; for they are the everlasting hills to be seen by a trip up or down the Hudson River in the day-time. A whistle from the engine, and a toot! toot! and we were landed in the great city of New York, at the Hudson River depot.

We took the first horse car for the Astor House, and then we walked down Broadway to Cortland Street and put up at the Western Hotel. This house being a rendezvous for Western men we met several of our Allegany merchants and other friends from the West.

Our business done in the city, we stepped aboard the ferry boat for the New Jersey Central Railroad. We made a call at Plainfield, twenty-four miles from the city. The town is one of the pleasantest in New Jersey, but not a city yet. Our visit made here, we took the cars back to New York, thence by N. Y. & Erie R. R. home to Allegany, thanking our stars for the invention of railroads, especially when there are no accidents.

XXXVII

A SHORT EXCURSION IN THE FALL OF 1860

WE took cars at Friendship, and straightway started for Elmira. The following day we went on our way to Geneva. After tarrying a few days there with our friends, we took passage by railroad to Albany, and finding a boat bound for Staten Island, we went aboard and set sail. Now when we discovered Jersey City on the right, we sailed to the left, and landed in New York, for there the boat was to unload her burthen. Finding friends there, we tarried one day; visited the home of the friendless, and other benevolent institutions, and when we had accomplished the day, we went aboard the boat which brought us on our way to Stonington, and soon thereafter landed at Pawtucket, R. I. Now, finding ourselves in the land of rocks, and good people, we spent a few days visiting, until it was time for the Seventh-day Baptist societies to come together to hold their annual conference.

When the multitude had come together, there were found among them four and twenty elders, besides a multitude of deacons and laymen. Allegany was well represented. There were

Nathan, the son of Richard; Jonathan, the Star of the West, and son of Abraham; Darwin E., the son of a blind man, who was renowned for the radical speeches he made in the counsels of state; Nathan, the son of a Baptist deacon, who had been on a mission to China; Thomas B., the son of a prophet; and Joel F., who was a renowned singer. There were many others from other tribes, of whom I will briefly make mention: There were James, the son of Eli; George B., the son of a deacon, and renowned as an editor and financier; William B., the aged, who gave instruction to all; also Alfred, Joshua, Walter, Halsey, and Sherman, who was renowned for his attacks upon old-school orthodoxy and the Star of the West. After much business was done, Nathan, the son of Richard, preached, setting forth the principles of love, showing clearly that "love worketh no ill to his neighbor." The next day, business was resumed and completed. The meetings were very pleasant, excepting the continual boring of two or three individuals with bigger stomachs than heads, who seemed to think themselves blessed with great business faculties.

The next day after the meeting closed, an excursion was had to Watch Hill beach. At the time appointed the people commenced col-

lecting together, until they numbered between two and three hundred, and set sail down Pawtucket River. Many timid ones took passage by land. We sailed joyfully down the river till we hove in sight of Stonington on the right, Watch Hill on the left, and Sandy Point in front, when we came into a dead calm. And now it came to pass, that much labor came by the oars, and Halsey, a preacher, renowned for invention, discovering our condition, boarded a boat with a few strong men, came to our assistance, and soon towed us into port. Our company were soon on the march over the sand banks and hills to the bathing-houses, prepared for the accommodation of visitors. Very soon we found ourselves in a jollification meeting in the ocean. In fifteen minutes, some fifty to one hundred men, women, and children, dressed in garments prepared for bathing, were kicking, splashing, and thrashing in the surf. A system of ducking was adopted by some of the strong ones, in which most were compelled to engage by influences which they had little power to control. Chief among the duckers were Jonathan, the Star of the West; James, the son of Eli, and Stephen, the young preacher. Great was the laughter and enjoyment of the company looking on from the shore. After the

bathing was over, the company repaired to the large hotel, kept by Captain Nash, where a dinner was served up to about three hundred, after which the company strolled wherever each one's curiosity seemed to direct. The day was a very pleasant one, and passed off without accident. Now when all hands returned to Pawtucket, many took leave of their friends, and that evening departed for Troas (which being interpreted is New York), and some remained with friends to depart on the morrow. This is not one of the excursions we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, but one long to be remembered.

XXXVIII

CUSTOMS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

WHILE I attempt to give a short sketch of the customs and habits of the Southern people, I am aware of the fact that people went South from the Northern States, and returned telling different stories as to the condition of the people, slaves, etc. This is not strange, or to be wondered at. Society differs very materially as we pass from one neighborhood to another, and from one State to another. A person could learn but very little of the workings of slavery by merely traveling through the borders of the slave States. I found the aspect materially changed as I passed into the interior of the States. However, mankind by nature is about the same the world over. Education, of course, or customs regulate their actions. Men in the slave States treated their slaves much as Northern men do their cattle or horses. We have some farmers who take pride in keeping their stock looking sleek and healthy, and their out-houses clean and comfortable, while others seem to care but little about those matters; their stock go half starved, and suffer intensely for want

of proper care and comfortable outbuildings to keep off cold storms and bleak winds of winter. So with the slaveholders of the South in relation to their slaves. Neighborhoods, counties, and States differed there as well as here. We find, in passing through the Northern States, that some towns, counties, and States, have far excelled others in improvement and the appearance of their stock. So it was in the slave States in reference to the slaves. I am inclined to the opinion, however, that the Southern people were not for improvement in regard to the comfort of the slaves, which the Northern people are for their cattle.

There were three kinds, or classes, of slaveholders, that came under my observation while traveling in the slave States. First, the gentleman, in the common acceptation of the term. He was usually free and social in conversation, liberal as to his gifts, and treated his friends well, and with courtesy. He treated his slaves quite well (to say nothing of his restraining them of their liberties). He saw to it that their shanties were kept in a clean and comfortable condition, and that they had proper food and clothing, and sometimes gave them the use of a small piece of land to raise melons, vegetables, etc., to add to their comfort. The slave

had his task to perform; after that he was allowed the privilege of working in the garden, or working on the plantation, and having pay for it. Many of the slaves earned from one to four shillings per day after their task was done. They usually paid out their money for extra clothing, jewelry, and saved a little to pay the fiddler for a dance, or regular "shove down," as they called it. Some of them paid theirs for whisky. This depended upon the custom of their masters. If the master used whisky, his slaves were very apt to do the same.

These first-class slaveholders were in the habit of giving their slaves occasionally a day for recreation or amusement. The slave looked forward to those days of recreation with great pleasure, which they seemed to enjoy much. The slaves aimed just as high as their masters, and usually no higher. If the slaveholders got together and held meetings, the slaves would do the same. If they had drinking sprees, or dances, the slaves would try to imitate; by the way, they could do well at imitation. I am of the opinion that there is no class of people that enjoys a dance better than did the slaves. They were sometimes permitted to go ten or fifteen miles to hire them a fiddler; sometimes he was a white man. When they got a white

man to play for them, they seemed to think they were about equal to white folks. It was rather amusing to see them in the dance, they seemed to enjoy it so well. I never saw a white person, in the Northern States, who could turn on his heel, throw down a quarter, and cry out, "Go it, fiddler!" with more ease than a slave. The slaves who enjoyed these privileges, I noticed, seemed much more contented than those that did not have them; besides, they were much more faithful to the interest of their masters.

The second class of slaveholders has been so well represented by Mrs. Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the character of Lagree, that it will not be necessary for me to say much about them. They usually did their business on the regular knockdown system. They knocked and kicked their slaves about, very much as some farmers do their cattle, etc., giving them just food enough to keep soul and body together, and then, as the saying is, browsed them through the winter, thick and thin, all kinds of weather, leaving their shanties to be repaired only as the slaves had time to do it after their tasks were done. Some of their shanties were so open that windows were unnecessary to let in light; and it would not have

been a very difficult task to throw a cat through between the logs. The slaves owned by such masters did not seem to have any regard for truth or honesty. If they could steal a young pig, turkey, or goose, and have a good time over it through the night, and lie themselves out of a flogging in the morning, they thought they had done well; and if they got a flogging in the morning, they did not mind it much, as they became accustomed to it. These second-class slaveholders usually had but very little education. Many of them could not so much as write their names, or even read their names. Yet they owned large plantations stocked with slaves. They knew but little about what was going on in the world except on their own and neighboring plantations. Some of them lived old bachelors all their lifetime, dwelling in the shanties with their negroes, and seemed to be contented to live in that heathenish way. It was rather difficult, sometimes, to tell which was master or slave, unless you saw their faces, for some of the slaves were about as white as the masters.

The master, thus associated with the slaves, became fashioned much like them, as to actions and manner of expression. As for intelligence, the difference is not worth mentioning. They

and the poor class of whites had some curious notions about the Northern States. They had an idea that there was no country equal to their own, and that the Northern States were all Alleghany Mountains, and that the snow remained on the ground nearly the year round. They thought also that the people here were in a starving condition, the most of them, the year round, and were it not for what little they got from the South now and then, they would have starved to death. One of them, in a conversation, asked me this question: "What do you do, when you are at home, in order to get money enough together to pay your expenses to come to this country?" When I told him there was more money and wealth in the North than in the South, he thought I was trying to humbug him. They were taught to believe that the people of the North were worse off than the people of the South, and even worse off than the slaves of the South.

The third class of slaveholders compared well with our Northern loafing jockeys. They loitered about the groggeries, drinking whisky and trading mules, horses, and old broken-down negroes. They did not usually own lands, but hired a nook or corner on some plantation, containing an old log hut for their families to live

in. Their capital stock was usually an old broken-down negro, or blind mule. They seemed to appear about as aristocratic as any you find. They usually got little jobs of the large planters, and traded mule and negro for their livelihood, ran to do errands, etc. They traded mule for negro, and negro for mule without much distinction as to value. While we stopped to change horses at a station at one time, we found a lot of this class that had come together for trade, and to have a good time. Two men would propose a trade of negro or mule. The referees got together. The old mules were hitched around to fence posts and the old negroes were seated around on logs in place of stools, etc. One man led out his old horse and switched him around to make him appear to be a valuable animal, and the next man called out his old negro, and said, "Come, Jo, slap around, and show how smart you are." The trade was closed. The referees decided that the man that got the mule must furnish one gallon of whisky for the crowd as boot-money. The property was exchanged, and the trade went on. But we were off on the stage. To listen to such dealings and conduct, it was hard to tell whether one were in a civilized or in a heathen country.

XXXIX

A CONTINUATION OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE SLAVE STATES

SLAVES seldom complained of their condition in the presence of their masters. They would usually say they did not wish to be free. They almost always said "good master" in their presence. Really, if they wished to be free ever so bad, they would be watched, and possibly might be locked up nights. If a slave is to be whipped (that is, what is called a regular breaking in), he is taken inside some old building, out of sight, especially if strangers are about. I heard the crack of the whip, and the shrieks of the slave, some time before I arrived at the old building. I never knew what he was whipped for; but to hear was enough to make one's blood run cold. It was not customary for slaveholders to build near the highways. They usually built one or two miles away, in order to keep the slaves away from the traveling public. Some plantations were quite large, perhaps from one thousand to fifteen hundred acres. Many of the planters' dwellings looked far better at a distance than near by.

I chanced at one time to be traveling on foot

from one plantation to another. I got a little hungry, and as I saw a fine-looking white house in the distance, I decided to call that way. As I neared I readily saw things were not kept up in Yankee style. But I had started for a lunch, and I was bound to get it. As I neared the house I observed that the cow yard, hog pen, and the mule yard was all combined in one, and that all was a sort of annex to the kitchen door, and reminded one of the stamping grounds of the buffalo on some of our large prairies in earlier days. But I worked my way to the door, and was admitted. I stated that I had called to see if I could get a lunch, as I was journeying through the country. The lady was quite pleasant, and said she could accommodate me in fifteen or twenty minutes. I took a seat, and while waiting, I had an opportunity to spy out the situation. It was quite a large house without a single partition, with shelves around the walls, and a row of barrels along one side, and a bed or two off in one corner. She hoisted a leaf to the table, placed a sort of bake pan over the fire, and went to one of the barrels and pulled up a large chunk of pork, and cut two slices and placed them in the frying pan. She brought forward a loaf of hoecake, or sort of Indian bread. She set a chair to the table and

said, "Sit along and help yourself." I sat along, of course. Those two large slices of pork were floating around in a large platter of grease. I thought I was hungry when I started for the house, but I found I was not as hungry as I thought I was; but I paid my bill, and said good day, with thanks.

These are part of the travels and observations of a man's lifetime of eighty-two years. It was in a fine section of Missouri. While I thus speak of Missouri, I will not leave them with bad impressions compared with southern Illinois; for some of the Hoosiers, so called in her early days, can match Missouri or most any of the southwestern States as to habits of living. The early settlers of much of our country started rather coarse in the way of living; and yet we have a wonderful country. We were not much ahead of the Cubans or of the Filipinos. Our people made a great mistake by tolerating slavery so many years against the laws of God, our own Declaration of Independence, and the principles set forth therein. What a great mistake! That mistake cost our nation millions of dollars, and thousands upon thousands of our best men. And now we are tolerating a greater curse than that, the saloon and drink traffic, only for the sake of a little revenue. What a shame!

XL

A SHORT CHAPTER FOR THE GAMBLER

IN a once flourishing town, in Allegany County, N. Y., not a great distance from the State line of Pennsylvania, a certain class of men acquired a foolish habit of assembling themselves together in a certain grocery, or store, in the village, for a little diversion in the way of playing cards, and occasionally taking a little of the "Oh, be joyful." The habit seemed to grow upon them; so much so that they would often spend half, and sometimes nearly all, of the night in gambling and drinking at this place of resort, until some of their wives concluded that such neglect on the part of their husbands was intolerable, and they would stand it no longer. They concluded they would make a visit to the place of resort, and see what was the cause of attraction.

On arriving at the spot (it being in the dead of the night), one of the ladies rapped at the door, demanding admittance. This being denied, she stepped back into the street a few steps, set her child down on the ground, then taking an ax in hand, walked up to the door

and repeated in good earnest her demand for admittance. The inmates were pretty drunk, but not so much so but that they could in a measure realize their danger. They blowed out their lights, thinking to hide themselves from their pursuers. Some of them hid themselves under the counters, and some scampered up stairs, running their heads into rag sacks and under buffalo robes, like young partridges,—got their heads out of sight, and thought they were safely hidden. Admittance was soon gained by those outside. They soon struck a light for a hunt. The captain (the one using the ax) made her way up stairs, commenced hauling over boxes, sacks, and buffalo robes, hauling out one man after another, until she got hold of a pair of boots, and cried out, "I have found my husband's boots, and I guess he is here." She pulled him out by the hair of his head; she cuffed his ears, dragged him down stairs and into the street, giving him to understand that she had better business for him at home, and had been waiting for him for a long time. I think the women all found their husbands, and got them home; but the rumpus had called out some of the neighbors to see how the matter would end. I would not vouch for all of this report, but there might be much more of it

if all were written. Reports do not yet say whether the men had the women arrested for assault and battery or not. The question of women's rights has been well discussed of late.

XLI

A LITTLE JOURNEY EAST

IN the fall of 1867, we made a trip to New York, and Plainfield, N. J. Plainfield was then a pleasant little village. We had friends and relatives residing there, and on account of the beauty of the place people were coming there and purchasing village lots, with a view to making it their home. It was twenty-four miles from New York City, and city people were coming there to build themselves homes, and the prospect looked good for building up a nice town. We decided to purchase a lot or two, also. I had purchased a lot the year before for my wife's son, then a minor, on the outskirts of the town, three fourths of an acre, and paid six-hundred dollars for it, thinking it would gain in value for him when he became of age.

Now we decided to purchase a half square between Central Avenue and a new street bordering on Fifth Street. This lot was fenced with a rail fence, quite ragged with bushes and briars. I paid one thousand dollars for it, and set men at work to build a house and clear up the lot. We returned home. I sold some

property, left family there, and returned to Plainfield, and worked with my men until the house was nearly finished. I returned and arranged my business to move to Plainfield. I had an auction, and sold off the goods we did not desire to take with us, packed our goods and shipped them to Plainfield. When we arrived there, our house was ready to move into, and we did so; and before we had remained in it three weeks, we were offered \$8,000 for it, and also pay for the fruit trees we had put out on the place. I thought it a fair profit, so let it go, and moved out.

I then hired two good carpenters to work with me, and commenced the house that we now live in. We boarded that summer until we got a part of the house finished so that we moved in in the fall. I continued work until the house was finished the next spring. And here we are, now writing without glasses, over four-score years of age, and with beautiful surroundings in the central part of the beautiful city of Plainfield, N. J.

I entered the commission business, or continued that business for several years, and made it a paying business, until I felt that I was getting too old to handle produce, and so gave it up. I built the third house on the lot, after a

few years, which I rented until it paid for itself, then sold it for what it cost, as I did not care to have the trouble to look after it; since that time we have traveled considerably, as this book will show.



LUCY P. LANPHEAR MAXSON

Wife of E. R. Maxson, M. D., Ph. D., of Syracuse, N. Y.

XLII

AN EXCURSION TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ETC.

WE leave home by the way of the Delaware Gap, over the Pennsylvania Mountains, by Scranton to Binghamton, thence to Syracuse, N. Y., where we stop over a few days to visit my sister, Dr. E. R. Maxson's wife, and family. On Sunday the doctor hitches up and we drive up the Onondaga Valley Indian Reservation. The remnant of this tribe still owns three miles square of land in this beautiful valley. They, as a people, have become largely civilized, and have adopted the customs of the whites, and farm their lands much after the fashion of their white neighbors. They live in nice houses, and have mostly adopted the manner of the whites in dress. Their modes of living and farming are so near like the whites that one can scarcely tell when he crosses the line into their territory; and really, some of the people have become so whitened out, that it is somewhat difficult to tell on which side of the line they belong. Religiously, they are about half and half Christian and pagan, so called. There is one Presbyte-

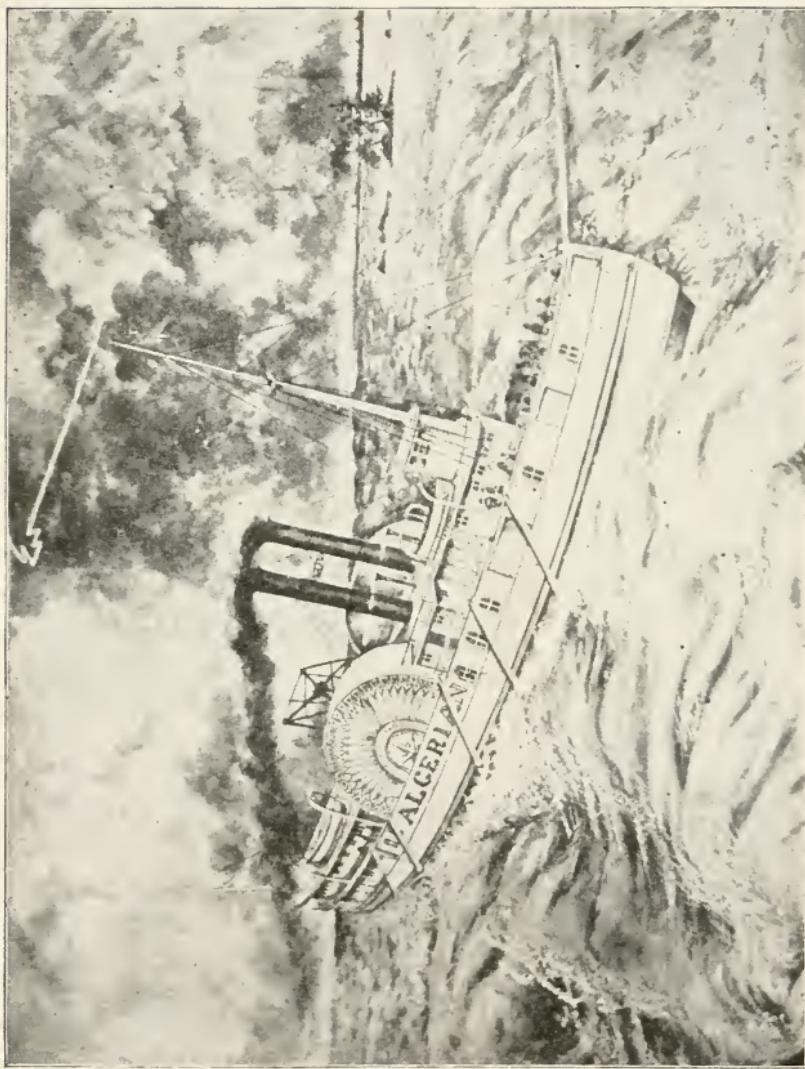
rian and one Methodist Episcopal church. These embrace about half of the tribe. Each of these churches has rather small, but fine, church edifices, the Methodist having a fine parsonage for a white minister. We attended services at the Methodist church. The person who usually preaches being away to the Thousand Islands, one of the Indians preached. He preached in their own language. Although we could understand but little of his language, yet his earnestness, good rhetoric, and elocution were so fine and complete that one could but be interested, and catch the spirit or inspiration.

These two churches hold their regular services at the same time — at eleven o'clock A. M. The pagans hold their regular services at two o'clock P. M. in their Council Hall. These seem to hold the controlling of the tribe, being possessed of the greater wealth. Some, both males and females, are quite wealthy. On inquiry of an intelligent Indian as to their methods of worship and doctrines of faith, he replied that he thought, if properly interpreted, it would be nearer like the Roman Catholic worship of this country. They are rather polite and courteous in their manners, and many of them speak good English. They are quite zealous in their religion, though sometimes loose in their morals.

It is said that as a rule, the pagans are the most reliable. They still hold on to many early traditions, and have a desire to worship the Great Spirit. They all seem to have a liking for strong drink, and were it not kept from them by prohibition, they might soon come to ruin. They keep up their old custom of the war dance and performance over the white dog. Among them are some fine singers and musicians, and they have a fine brass band, and but few whites can compete with them. Upon the whole, they seem like an intelligent people. We returned to the city after spending the day with these friendly Indians. The doctor was well acquainted with the most of the leaders.

Now for the Thousand Islands. My sister and son, the young doctor, decide to take the trip as far as Quebec with us, and arrange accordingly. We go by the way of Watertown, and by boat to the Thousand Islands. The weather is delightful. We put up at the Thousand Island Hotel. The sails by the little steamer among and around the Islands are fine and delightful. The small steamer makes two trips each day of some fourteen to twenty miles amid the Islands, and to Alexandria Bay, and stopping off on the Canada side one trip each day. The visitors at the Islands were many.

And now we are ready to depart for Montreal. No traveler should make up his mind that he has seen the greatest beauties of land and water until he has visited the Thousand Islands (so called, although, in fact, there are over one thousand six hundred scattered up and down the St. Lawrence). The variety is very marked. The Thousand Island Park can scarcely be excelled in beauty by any watering place on our eastern coast. One should spend a few days and take a trip on the "Mayflower" among the Islands before undertaking to describe their beauty.



LACLINE RAPIDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

At the time of my trip, Baptiste, the Indian pilot, had run the rapids for forty years without an accident.

XLIII

ON OUR WAY TO MONTREAL

AUG. 14, 1885.—We left the Park about ten A. M., our boat being about two hours behind her regular time; but our sail was grand. Soon passing Ogdensburg, we entered the first rapids, and soon thereafter others. These rapids are rough enough to exhilarate and prepare one for the larger ones that follow. It is difficult to express one's feelings while running the rapids. Our boat being behind, she had to anchor several miles above Montreal, as no attempt is made to run the rapids below this point in the night-time, or in a fog.

But all was fair the next morning, and at half-past four we were in motion. The first rapids were rough, and the water white with foam, but all had become somewhat accustomed to them the day before. It was so exhilarating that nearly every one desired a place on deck.

Our boat rocks and reels and pitches about in mud and seething torrent, but we go safely through, and surge on in the boiling torrent below. Within a few minutes it became calm again, and so on until we reached the Lachine

rapids. These are the roughest in the great river, and it requires a skillful hand at the wheel to run a boat safely through. Indian City is now on the right, and Lachine on the left. Our boat comes to a standstill. A little boat pushes out from the Indian shore. "There he comes! There he comes!" passed around among the passengers, as the Indian pilot approaches, and climbs on board. He has run these rapids for over forty years, and now all feel safe. But as the vessel rushes on, no steam is needed. The current takes her along at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and as she moves down, down, amid rocks and foam, one thinks of Niagara, and the whirlpool below. Women turn pale, and no man can afford to leave the scene for the sake of breakfast. This is the most exciting time of the whole trip.

All things are lovely, and we are soon swung around the rapids under the Grand Trunk bridge and landed at Montreal about eight a. m. We breakfast, and next roam over Mt. Royal and the stone built city, the best of all Canada's towns. The lookout from the top of Mt. Royal is grand. It is over five hundred feet above the city and country below, and outdoes our Plainfield Washington Rock in grandeur beyond description.



BAPTISTE, THE INDIAN PILOT.

As we start off for Quebec, we observe that we are getting awfully mixed up with French, Indian, and Canadian names. Our nephew, the young doctor, has studied French, so we have to use him as our interpreter. But when we came in contact with the intermixture of French and Indian, he was stuck, for neither he nor anyone else could understand them, as they have a distinct language of their own.

We are now on the steamer "Quebec," bound for the old walled city. The country from Montreal to Quebec is not so attractive nor the scenery so beautiful as from the islands to Montreal; but as we journey we have to take the variety as it comes.

The Quebec steamer lands us here on the fifteenth, and it being the Sabbath (Saturday), we rested from our journeyings, putting up at the St. Louis hotel on the mountain in the inclosed walls of the city. I think this is the only walled city on the American continent. The city is divided, and is called Upper and Lower Quebec. The walls surround Upper Quebec, and are some two hundred feet above the river. Lower Quebec includes all below bordering on the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers. All of the landings are outside the walls, and the markets and business are largely outside also.

The streets are narrow and the buildings nearly all come snug up to the walks. The streets leading to the upper and walled part are very steep and crooked, and many of them so narrow that the sun's rays scarcely ever reach them. This is a wonderful city in history. War, fire, and pestilence have marked it in days past. The struggles of war have left many a soldier buried in her soil.

We have spent the day visiting the places of interest to the world. Tourists visit the place by hundreds and thousands. Place d'Armes, Durham and Dufferin Terrace, one thousand four hundred feet long, and Governor's Garden are among the places visited to-day. There is Quebec's joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. The inscription thereon is in French. My nephew, the young doctor accompanying us thus far from Syracuse, N. Y., being pretty good in French, deciphered the inscription to us. We went to the Ursuline Convent, and called at the house where Montgomery was laid out, a very ancient old building, built by the French; thence to the esplanade, citadel, Parliament building, Mastello Towers, Thistle L'rosse grounds, and the Wolfe monument on Abraham's Plains, so called by reason of a man of that name who made the first settlement;

thence we got to where Wolfe fell in battle; next to the Grand Battery, Laval University, French Cathedral, Seminary Chapel, where are paintings by Champagne, etc.: thence we proceed to the English Cathedral, Montcalm's headquarters, opposite St. Louis hotel, where we are stopping.

We took a ride of eight miles through the country to the Falls of Montmorency. This was a grand ride among the ancient farm and town dwellings. These are mostly one story, and built of stone. Many of them have been in the same families for several generations, and many of the farms have been divided among children, and children's children, until the farms are in appearance like a lot of long lanes; for where they divide, they divide the whole length of the farm. This land is usually well cultivated, and nearly every nook and corner is used for something. The crops look well, healthy, and heavy.

At last the Falls are reached. They are majestic and beautiful. A trip to this place will well repay the tourist for the expense and trouble. To this place is the most popular drive from Quebec for town's people and visitors.

We visited several of the large churches and cathedrals. I think the French cathedral rather excels in beauty, though none of them equal,

Notre Dame and other churches in Montreal. The lookout from the fortification and upper walls of the city is grand. Many other places we have visited, such as prisons, hospitals, colleges, etc., too numerous to mention. Montreal is a larger place or city, but the history of Quebec makes her more interesting, and we are loth to leave her walls. Every visitor should visit the citadel and the places where the soldiers live. Their houses are built in the walls that surround the citadel. When they are at liberty, they like to show visitors about the departments, and will take you to the top of the walls where the cannons are set, pointing in every direction up and down the river.

Much might be said about the Falls, but time and space will not allow. Montmorency River pours off the mountain several hundred feet into the St. Lawrence eight miles down the river toward the Gulf, and is a beautiful scene.

But time is hurrying us, and we must leave her walls, the great St. Lawrence River, and its beautiful scenery, and get ready to depart for the White Mountains to-morrow. The weather is cool, and a sheet and two blankets is not burdensome at night. Our sister and son have decided to leave us and return to Montreal by boat to-night, and thence to their home in

Syracuse, N. Y. We see them off with a good-by, and their steamer puffs away up the river. We cross the river to Point Levi in order to take the early train on our journey. We visited the asylum for the poor children and the homeless. This institution is conducted wholly by women. We found some four hundred children well cared for here. August 18 we left on the South Shore Grand Trunk Railroad.

XLIV

ON OUR JOURNEY TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

OUR train takes us through a country of rocks, swamps, and marshes in Canada, until we reach the Connecticut River Valley, when we enter one of the finest dairy and stock-raising countries. We were delayed somewhat so that we did not arrive at Newport, Vt., until nearly ten o'clock. We put up at the Memphremagog Hotel, the mammoth hotel of the place. It borders on Memphremagog Lake, and its promenades give guests a fine view of the lake, mountains, and surroundings. It is a summer resort, and its life ends with the hot season. This is across the line into Vermont, and we are delighted to find ourselves in our own land, after many days in the Queen's dominion, the Canadian colonies.

We leave Canada with no regrets that we have visited her cities, rivers, and scenery. We have always been treated with politeness by both French and English. We leave this afternoon for Portland, Me., by way of St. Johnsbury, where we cross into New Hampshire. As the

engine pushes along up the valley, we soon observe hills gathering on each side, and then the White Mountain range appears in the distance as clouds in the heavens. We distinguish one peak soaring up beyond another, and by this time all tourists became interested. Windows and doors are opened, and all are gazing to pick out Mt. Washington, the highest of all. The conductor is a pleasant and obliging man, and seems interested to make everything pleasant to all on board. On the train rushes, up, up, toward the summit of the mountains.

These mountains are located in Coos County, New Hampshire, and consist of a number of peaks from four to six thousand feet high. The most elevated is Mt. Washington, which rises to an altitude of six thousand two hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea, and not very far from the sea at that. This is the center of attraction for tourists in this region, and around it are clustered many points of interest, each having its peculiar charm.

The notch at the summit is a narrow gorge, the entrance being only twenty feet wide, as two enormous cliffs extend for a distance of two miles, abounding in cascades and precipices. Wonderful curiosities excite and attract visitors. One of these is the Flume, a waterfall of two hun-

dred and fifty feet. At a height of a thousand feet is a peculiar combination of five massive blocks of granite, which represents the form of a man's face. This is called the "old man of the mountain," because of the profile of a human face. The conductor is on hand with the names of the scenes as we came to them, thus making them more interesting. Tucker's Ravine, Oak's Gulf, The Devil's Den, Gibbs's Falls, Falls of the Ammonoosuc, and other attractions are pointed out, and we became nearly as much enthused as when running through the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

We step out on the platform and cast our eyes upward at the cliffs perpendicular at our right, but the tops are beyond the stretch of our vision. We turn our eyes to the left, and downward into the abyss below hundreds of feet. We see trees in vain trying to push their tops to the sight of daylight above. Just across, the mountains rise in steep, majestic form, as if trying to outdo everything around. The train is thundering along on its rocky bed without steam, moving by gravitation like a hand sled running down a hill. It is wild in the extreme, and as wicked as the company might have been, no one cried for the rocks and hills to fall upon us to hide us from Him who created us; or that we

might be cast into the pit or abyss below. We come out safe and sound, though severely jolted as we sped along the crooked, rock-bound track.

Most magnificent hotels are located at or near all the most interesting points through the mountains. Some of these hotels are cut into the mountains. Mt. Washington had a peculiar railroad to transport up and down. It produces a peculiar sensation, it is said, but my better half was too tired to attempt the excursion, so we did not experience the enthusiasm desired.

There is a house on the top of this mountain, built for the pleasure-seeker. From this point the view of the mountain peaks and landscape is grand, extending for many miles away into Vermont, Canada, and to the ocean; but of this I can not tell from experience. The train is rushing on, meeting excursion train after train, with people by the thousands, interested in seeing nature's work. The scenery here is the extreme opposite to that viewed from the walls of old Quebec, though each place brings most glorious recollections to the tourist.

But we pass on to Portland, in which there is not a single licensed grog-shop or distillery. We are very tired, so in sweet slumber we rest until the morning, and are ready for the next day's scenes on the Atlantic Coast.

XLV

IN PORTLAND, MAINE

WE stop in Portland, as we have ever been interested in the State of Maine, from the fact that her people had common sense enough to banish the traffic in strong drink by a vote of the people, and from the fact that that State has been lied about as much as any State in the Union. Many church people, as well as drinking men, brewers, and distillers, have said that prohibition did not prohibit in Maine, and have said the same of every prohibition State in the Union. Yet these very classes continue to fight prohibition at every opportunity in the United States. I am satisfied that no righteous law was ever passed but what the devil would find some persons among these classes mean enough to break it in some way. We have no good law on our statute books but that there is some man or woman to be found to break it. But would it be consistent with the people to abolish such laws, because somebody will break them? As I have traveled in most of the prohibition States, I have taken pains to make inquiries as to the effect of such laws.

The devil is ready to suggest to wicked men and women. A woman can be used by the devil as well as a man, and in Maine I learned of one game played by a woman, that outwitted all officers of the law for a long time. Men visited her house often, and would be seen coming away drunk. Officers were set to watch, and finally the house was searched and no liquor found. But men came away from there drunk. The landlady was a large and portly woman. The neighbors had observed that she passed from her house to an old building on the back of the lot quite often. The officers made up their minds to arrest and search the old lady; and what do you think they found? They found that she had a rubber bag or bottle that she wore under her outside garments that she kept filled with liquor that she could draw from at any time liquor was wanted. She could step into a pantry or any side room and turn the faucet to her rubber bag or bottle without being observed by any stranger. This was kept up for a long time, until the people began to make inquiry as to what she went to the old outbuilding so often for. But the devil did out after a while, and the public turned the faucet on the old woman.

I remember the first time I visited Maine after the Maine liquor law was passed. It was won-

derful how many ways were resorted to by the liquor men in order to get or have their liquors concealed. They went into the most ridiculous methods to keep up the sale of liquors. Why did they go into all their fraudulent tricks if the law did not prohibit? Some of you readers may possibly remember the Maine member of Congress that died at Washington. If the statement was true, he told them he desired no liquor used at his funeral. But for all that, it was said that the representatives that went on the special train with his remains to Maine filled their canteens or other storage with liquor to drink on their journey, and that they stopped on the way before getting into the State of Maine and had them refilled, so as to have their liquor on hand when they arrived in that prohibition State.

I remember that at one time when I was in Washington in time of the session of Congress, it was said there were but three members who were not in the habit of taking their strong drinks every day. Why, it is said at the present time that there are more men in the county of Union, the county in which I reside in New Jersey, arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, than are in all the jails in the State of Kansas, and yet it is said that prohibition "does

not prohibit." I know that Maine liquor people went to the potteries and had bottles made in the shape of Bibles and Testaments to carry in their pockets so that they could fool honest people and make them think they were honest church-going people, and at the same time take their liquor secretly along with them. We have too many such members in our churches of to-day, especially church politicians.

But I must leave for Boston, working on up the coast. It is a splendid trip for a tourist, but as I have been over these grounds before, I will not spend more time here now. So we push on to Providence and Westerly, my birthplace, and rest a little with friends; thence by boat from Stonington to New York, and home. Any person fond of travel can not but enjoy such a trip. At home again.

XLVI

NOW FOR A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

WE left Plainfield on the evening of the 25th of April, 1886. We entered our palace car at Elizabeth at 7:43 o'clock, and were off for the southwest, but darkness closed in upon us and the scenes for the evening, as we took our berths for the night. Our trip was by the way of Philadelphia. The following day dawned upon us, and we found ourselves in Harrisburg, and we were soon at the brink of the Allegany Mountains, climbing around the horseshoe and winding our way up the mountain, when a dense fog settled around us, almost shutting our vision from the deep chasms and gorges below and above; but our train pushed on up near the top, when we were reminded of the fiery furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast; for here is one of the iron furnaces or smelting establishments, with its seething, hot flame to be seen through the doors, and the real sheet of flame of apparent madness lapping up the dark fog from its many chimneys. But we rush on, and our train glides into the tunnel into the inner darkness; but in a short time day-

light appears and we are on the other side of the Alleganies. And now we are making hooks and crooks down, and on our way toward Pittsburg, the scenery being grand and exhilarating to the observer. We are reminded in a small degree of what we may see ere our journey is ended amid the Rocky Mountains. The fog is lifting, and we are turned down the mountain and deep valley in the direction of Pittsburg, and behold the smoke from the soft coal used in manufacturing, ascending and hanging over the city, reminding us of the "Valley of Hinnom," or the place we read of where "their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

But our train pushes on and arrives at the station, where a stop of thirty minutes for breakfast is made. We are now over the Allegany Mountains, and not one in ten on board has thought or known of the grand scenery and the awful chasms that surround us, and did not know what we had passed over and through until we landed in Pittsburg. Pittsburg is situated on the point where the Allegany and Monongahela Rivers come together, thus forming the Ohio. A hearty breakfast is partaken of, and our train moves on out from under the cloud of smoke and fog. But soon we emerge from the mountains, and are pushing on through the beautiful

State of Ohio toward Columbus, and thus on into Indiana to Indianapolis. Now darkness covers the earth, but our train rushes on and out of Indiana into Illinois and through the lowlands of what used to be called the Southern Egypt of Illinois, on account of its lowlands, and the heathen darkness of its early settlers.

On the next morning we found ourselves in East St. Louis, where the late strike made such havoc of life and business; but all is now quiet. The soldiers in their tents were still remaining here to protect the bridge, etc. Our train now moves over the bridge, through the tunnel under the city, and we are at the depot in St. Louis, where we take a bus to the great and commodious Southern Hotel, where we drop off for a season, and then pass on to Kansas. We stop off in this old city of conservatism a day or two, and visit a young doctor of our acquaintance. He took time to show us about the city, and we bid him good-by. His wife was the first white child born in Kansas.

XLVII

ON OUR JOURNEY TO KANSAS

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago there were but a few thousand white people settled along the border towns. The Indians on their trails rode their ponies into the border towns in long trains, and buffaloes, elks, and deer roved over the vast prairies and woodlands. On my first trip to Kansas I remember eating my first buffalo steak, and I would not mind if I had a cut for breakfast nowadays. Kansas now has a population of over one hundred thousand, and no State has ever made a greater progress than bleeding Kansas (so-called). No State in the Union has ever raised so great a crop of corn as Kansas the past year. She was largely settled by people from the Eastern States in the first settlements. They are well educated people, with good morals, so that our free institutions and religious ideas have kept the lead, and she has ever proved herself an example for other States in our nation and for the world. Her prohibition laws are proving a wonderful success. No rum shops have I been able to find in the interior of the State.

We are on our way through the State from Jefferson City, Mo., to Leavenworth, Lawrence, and so on to Atchison, where we take a train for Nortonville to visit my sister who married O. W. Babcock, and settled there when the Santa Fé Railroad was first opened. At that time I think only one house and a little depot was in existence where the city of Nortonville is located now. He is now the president of the National Bank in that city.

I stop here several days, leave my wife with my sister, and go to Topeka, Hartford, and other towns to visit special relatives and friends, and to see what improvements have been made since I first visited Kansas. I stop at Emporia a little time, and then return to Nortonville, and finish up my visit preparatory for our journey on toward the Pacific Coast. We finally bade our friends good-by, take our train back to Atchison, thence north until we reach the Missouri Pacific Railroad, where we change for Denver, Colo., by way of Lincoln, Neb. We travel through Nebraska mostly in the night, but daylight finds us still on the prairies and plains of that State.

Colorado is quite new as to settlements, and we saw probably thousands of carcasses of dead cattle on this line. The winter before had been

a cold, hard one, and thousands of Texas cattle had been driven up here to winter. These cattle had not been educated to pick their living in deep snow, and there came a hard blizzard, driving these cattle over the bluffs down by the railroad where they were drifted under, and there died. Many of these cattle had been skinned to save their hides, and there they lay along the line for miles, their flesh dried to their bones. It seems that the atmosphere of that region is such that the flesh dried to that extent that we did not suffer from any bad smell therefrom.

But our train is now on the plains of Colorado, and as we cast our eyes southward we see an object reaching heavenward, and we are led to make inquiry, and we are told that it is Pike's Peak, one hundred miles away. As we pass on, the range of the Rocky Mountains begin to appear in the distance, and we all begin to become more and more interested.

As our train shoots ahead, it almost feels as if we are being shot through the heavens. Now the snow-capped Rockies appear for hundreds of miles away, and we feel almost as if we were in a new world. We cast our eyes south, and Pike's Peak seems to be drawing near us. The foothills of the Rockies begin to appear, and

the glitter of the sun begins to shine upon the white-capped mountains of snow one hundred miles away. We drop our eyes lower down on the plains; we can see flocks of wild animals feeding on the plains, but our train is rushing along at lightning speed, as if it might bunt against the Rocky Mountains. However, the road is smooth and the country level, and we think we will take our chances with the rest. We look ahead, and the city of Denver appears. Soon we arrive at the Denver depot, and are in the new city of the West.

XLVIII

IN DENVER, COLORADO

DENVER is called the “Athens of America.” We have just returned from a ride about the city, visiting the capitol buildings, the noted opera house, the cathedral, the smelting works, the principal business streets, and most popular yards and dwellings of the city, and its highest point. Stop and imagine the landscape in view and cry out, “Hallelujah in the highest!” We cast our eyes to the southward, and there looms up Pike’s Peak some fifty to seventy-five miles away; thence swing around northward, passing us on the west, following the snow-capped mountains perhaps one hundred miles, or as far as the eye can distinguish light from darkness, or white snow and the naked mountains bordering on the plains, and you have the landscape of the world, outstripping the White Mountains of the East, the Catskill or Allegany, that we have heretofore looked upon with delight. Here we feel that we are almost in a new world.

Denver is situated on the plain, some fourteen miles, or possibly more, from the foothills or

brink of the range of the mountains. Its elevation is 5,196 feet above the sea level. It is the queen city of the West. It is the capital of the State and county seat of Arapaho County, with a population of about 75,000 at that time. Its streets are broad and kept clean, with pure water flowing in nearly every street gutter in the city, from which all yards and gardens can be irrigated by ditch or fountains.

The water is forced from artesian wells into canals or fountains, and these can be forced eighty feet higher than the streets at the highest point. The buildings are largely of stone and brick, substantial and beautiful, with large stores and business buildings, well supplied with stocks of the best qualities. The hotels are magnificent, and nearly equal our Eastern hotels. Seven railroads center here, and it is estimated that seven hundred people arrive here daily. It is a wonderful city for one of only twenty years' growth. The soil of the surrounding country will not compare with Kansas and Nebraska; though by irrigation it produces good crops of wheat, oats, and other small grains, but can not be depended upon for corn.

The Rocky Mountains at the nearest point to the city are fourteen miles distant. Long's Peak, James Peak, Gray Peak, and Pike's Peak

are in plain view, connected by the gleaming serrated line of the snowy range. The day is clear and brilliant, and the sun upon the white-capped mountains forms variegated shades beyond description.

I must draw this chapter to a close, as we are out in the marvels of the world, and our pen can not tell of all there is to be seen. We must leave the beauties of Denver and her surroundings, for we are bound for the Rockies, Salt Lake, the desert, the Sierra Nevadas, and the Pacific Ocean, and we have a great amount of work for our pen to do, and we must be off with the next train.

XLIX

FROM DENVER TO SALT LAKE

MAY 19, 1886.—We left Denver in the morning on the Denver & Rio Grande Narrow Gauge Railroad; at twelve o'clock we reached Lake Divide. This is a most beautiful lake, being supplied with water through pipes from the mountains six miles away. A neat cottage has been erected here, making a fine watering place, and a resort for picnics, excursions, etc. At 12:30 p. m. we landed at Pueblo.

The country along the route is rather poor, although fine crops are raised where irrigation can be obtained; but where this can not be done, but little use is made of the land.

Lines of canals can be seen extending for miles along the brink of the mountains, supplied from melting snow, and many rivers flow through the valleys. These are tapped by small canals and small channels that distribute through the plowed lands, meadows, and pastures. There are many cattle ranches along the line, and some of them extend high up in the mountains.

There does not seem to be as much fodder on one thousand acres as there is on a five-acre

lot in the East. There are thousands of cattle to be seen, and most of them appear half-starved; but the people say, "the cattle fatten very quickly when grass comes; the grass cures without cutting, having no rain to bleach it." They do well through the winter, the past year being exceptional, as they pretend; but I am a little inclined to think there is a little humbug about this ranch business in some of the mountains.

We push on until we reach the Arkansas; and well up the river, we enter the Arkansas cañon, the wonder of the world. This is called the Royal Gorge, and is a wonder of the age, as its grandeur still remains. After its depths, the train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas River and around the projecting shoulders of the dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the earth. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foaming along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure of light through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep blue arch of light; but in the gorge below hang dark and somber shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on each side. Here the cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by

tree or shrub; and here and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice the distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate into the deep solitude. The river, somber and swift, breaks the awful stillness by its roar. Soon the cañon becomes more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, and the river closely confined, and where a long iron bridge hangs suspended from the smooth walls, the grandest portion of the cañon is reached.

Man becomes dwarfed in the sublime scene, and nature is exalted in the power she possesses. To describe it is beyond our scope of description. One must pass through and experience for himself; but then he can not tell it. This cañon is the work of ages, doubtless from the time of the flood.

Emerging from the gorge, the narrow valley of the Upper Arkansas is covered with high snow-capped peaks, but we can not mention their names. As we proceed, we begin to scale the heights of Marshall Pass, the wonderful pathway over the continental divide; and as we cast our eyes upward, we see that we are coming into a snowstorm, and begin to draw our wraps around us. Our train is divided. One engine takes two cars and goes ahead as a feeler, to ascertain whether all is right along the track.

Two engines are attached to the balance of the train, and are pushing us up the mountain, twining and worming on a grade of twenty-five feet to the mile, through snowdrifts and snowsheds, in the midst of a severe snowstorm. We stopped for tea at Summit Pass under the iron snowshed, in which people live who are engaged in looking after the road and feeding the people. While we were waiting, news came that there was a washout ahead, but that men were busy repairing the bed, and that we would soon be able to pass.

Our small train started out slowly, "feeling its way," and soon news came back that we had passed over the washout safely. Our train then moved on slowly, and as we were in the rear car, we, as everyone else, were somewhat exercised in the matter. But the train passed over safely, though I thought I felt the track settling as we went over. It was a dangerous season of the year on account of the melting snow that formed rapid streams and snowslides, and caused boulders to loosen from their former positions, and fall upon the track. But we succeeded in getting down the mountain safely. The next day brought us news by dispatch that soon after we passed over the washout, the track had been washed away, and down some two or

three hundred feet, and that our train was the last over. We passed through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison in the night by moonlight, so that we can not give the grandeur in detail, and so pass on, for nature has created everything on a grand scale; detail is supplemented by magnificence, and appeals to one's deepest feelings.

Emerging from the deep cañon, the railroad climbs Cedar Divide, and on we travel and open out upon the desert for about one hundred miles. This desert is a desert indeed. For a greater part of the way not a green thing appears, save now and then a bunch of wild sage, and a beautiful flower or wild cactus. The inhabitants consist mostly of French and Chinese, and the prairie dog, living in the ground. The houses are built in the ground in shape of a potato hole. But we soon pass through Marshall Pass and Cattle Gate. This is a wonder; two columns stand out in bold relief, one on one side of the river and the other on the opposite, fairly projecting over our heads, one four hundred feet, and the other five hundred feet high.

We now begin to climb the second mountain, and up we go through stone gorge to the height of seven thousand feet. Now we begin to descend the mountain, and finally open out into

the Utah valley, where we find ourselves amid fruit-tree blossoms and in a most fertile country. Everything looks fresh and green, though the surrounding mountains are decked with snow, and bring a chill over us when leaving the cars and entering the bus for our hotel in the noted city of Mormons, Salt Lake City. We feel the need of rest, for we have exerted ourselves in watching the wonders of nature along our journey. And we were glad that the Sabbath day followed, that we might get rest.

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from Denver to this place is a fine specimen of architectural beauty, combined with nature; and its route surveys a wonder of man's perseverance and American genius. The road doubtless runs through the deepest cañons and gorges of the earth, and rises heavenward as it passes over the Rocky Mountains. It is a beautifully equipped road; all that is possible is done by the company to make the traveler comfortable and happy. But I will close this chapter, as I have written at great length; but it is a long way from Denver to Salt Lake by so many ups and downs. Forgive me, and possibly I may do better after I stop over and attend the Mormon church.

L . IN SALT LAKE CITY

SALT LAKE CITY reads larger on paper perhaps than it really is, when we look face to face at things as they are. The city is located about fourteen miles from the lake. The lake is about sixty miles in length, and to all appearance is like other lakes, save the salt on its shores. There are some curiosities about it for the reader to solve for himself, if he can.

There are numerous large rivers that empty into this lake. There is no appearance of an outlet, and it is said that the water is receding year by year. The city is the most noted place for Mormons in the world, the population being about two thirds Mormon. They are usually industrious in habits. We attended Sunday service in their commodious building. It will seat about twelve thousand persons. I should judge there were present that day between five thousand and six thousand people, and over one thousand of these were other than Saints. It was sacrificial day, and the communion was offered to all present—men, women, and children. They use bread and water in place of wine.

It took about two hours to go through the ceremony. During this ceremony the speaker dwelt upon the persecutions, there being twenty-seven of the leaders now imprisoned for polygamy and treason against the government. This was in the year 1886. The governor has proposed their pardon if they will renounce the plurality of wives and submit to the laws of the government; but they will not do this. The speaker endeavored to prove from their standpoint that it was appointed by God, and that under our Constitution they had the right to practice it, and if need be, they should fight for it as part of their religion. Their temple proper is not completed, and it is a question whether it ever will be. It has been some forty years in progress, with the opposition they are meeting at present. Their public buildings are inclosed in a high wall with four gates, and show that an immense amount of money has been expended here. But we conclude that it is a wicked city, and accept the warning that was given to Lot and his family to flee to the mountains from Sodom, and straightway we took the cars for Ogden and arrived safely.

The next day we took a trip by carriage up the Ogden River Cañon to the boiling springs, and saw the scores of beautiful springs and

streams that gush forth from the cliffs of the cañon. Our driver told interesting stories of the capture of the black, yellow, and grizzly bears in this cañon. At 7 o'clock P. M. we took our departure, passing northward around the end of the lake, and the next morning opened upon the great desert and a long tedious day was ours. For three or four hundred miles scarcely a green thing was to be seen to cheer our vision, save where the railroad company had by irrigation supplied nature by setting a few trees and starting vegetation. Near every station the Indians appeared, begging for money, and sometimes would have a papoose covered that they would offer to show for a nickel. They afforded much amusement to the weary tourist. But we traveled on, passing Golconda and Wadsworth, and took tea at Keno; then came to Turkey River and retired for the night, while our cars climbed the mountains. But slumber was disturbed a little after midnight by a sudden stop, for we had bunted against a snow-and land-slide in the dreary snowshed of the mountains some five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The high atmosphere and dampness of the snowsheds from melting snow, choked our breathing apparatus, and we felt as if our breath

went out through a goose-quill, and was not inclined to come back again. But we did the best we could, for we had to remain in this torment for nearly six hours, until morning, for the slide to be cleared away; and then a dreary gloom was over our whole train, for we had yet to pass through about fifty miles of snowsheds, shut out from daylight, only as we peeped through ventilation cracks and holes. But we finally opened out into a new world, and were on the down grade toward the Sacramento Valley. When at nine o'clock we breakfasted amid the roses and flowers, and in hope of better things to come, we were a happy set of tourists again.

We now come to the old gold fields where thousands of acres of mountain had been dug over until gold had ceased to be profitable to mine, and abandoned for that purpose; but streams that have been raised for washing gold were turned to account for irrigation, and now the mountains and valleys blossom as the rose, with vineyards and fruit gardens that make us all smile and give glory that we are again in a primitive world. We pass Cape Horn as we descend, at our left, and take a glance at the sleek and fat cattle upon the thousand hills, and we are glad of our delay, as otherwise we should have passed these scenes in the night-

time. At noon we arrived at Sacramento City, and dine in the beautiful Sacramento Valley—the glory of the Western world. Some of our company leave us here, and invite us to stop over also and rest up with them a few days; but we decide to go on with the train, so we push on amid fields of grain and newly made hay, and herds of cattle and horses are seen all along the way, while we breathe the wholesome air of California. We cross over to Oakland, and thence by ferry, and land in the wonderful city of San Francisco, where we put up at that notable structure of the world, the Pacific Hotel. It is now May 19.

LI

IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

FRIDAY, MAY 21.—Yesterday we spent in sight seeing. The facilities for getting around are easy and convenient, for cable cars, horse cars, and dummy engines run in every direction, giving transfer tickets to any point you wish to visit at a cost of five cents, whether it be one or ten miles. Yesterday we visited Sea Cliff, the native home of the seals, where hundreds could be seen on the high rocks near the shore, rolling, roaring, and tumbling in their native glory; and the black whale now and then shows his back to the thousand and one visitors. The Cliffs, just outside of Golden Gate, is the great resort of the West, the same as Watch Hill or Newport is to the East on the Atlantic Ocean. We took a drive through the Menlo Park, out to the Soldier's Home and to the Gate, returning by the Celestial City, or the part occupied by the Chinese. They own and occupy quite a large section of the city, and their markets and trade are truly a wonder to behold. Their places of worship are many, and for a fee of twenty-five cents to one dollar they will go through their

method of worship, burning incense, and smoking pipes to your satisfaction; and it pays the tourist to visit their quarters. They are all quiet and attentive to their business. Their great aim is to save, and they live on about ten cents' worth per day. Some are rich, but many are poor, and live in disgraceful places, some of them in the mountain caves back of their business places. They have their joss houses, so-called, in various locations, and make all the money they can out of them.

San Francisco is a place worth a visit from all tourists. We have now crossed the continent from one ocean to the other; have entered the caverns and cañons of the earth to the depth of thousands of feet, ascended the Rocky Mountains to the highest heights that any engine ever soared, — 10,000 to 12,000 feet. We have descended into the valley of the desert and landed in San Francisco, and have visited and viewed the Pacific Ocean and her coast. Our friends that have traveled with us so far are stopping near us at our hotel or those near by. But the Sabbath is drawing on; this is Friday, and we decide to go over to Oakland and spend Sabbath over there, and attend Sabbath service with the Seventh-day Adventists at their church. Oakland is a beautiful city, very much to San

Francisco as Brooklyn is to New York. Many live over there and do business over in the city. It is nearly three miles over the bay from one city to the other. They have the finest ferry boats I ever rode upon, and pass every half hour. We crossed over and put up at a hotel near the Adventist church. I called on some of them that I was acquainted with. They have a large church there, and a large publishing house, where the *Signs of the Times* is published and much other printing and publishing is done. We attended church on Sabbath. Elder E. J. Waggoner, whose father, Elder J. H. Waggoner, had stopped with us in Plainfield, N. J., when attending the Seventh-day Baptist conference in that place, preached. He called on us before we left, and brought us some reading matter to take with us when we left for Portland, Ore.

We crossed back over to the city to finish up our visit preparatory to leaving in a few days. We looked up some of our friends, and made another survey of the city, and went over to the cliffs, etc., and had a good time. They have fine hotels, and take much pains to please their guests. Nearly every evening we went out, and on return would find a nice bouquet or a fine show of fruit in our room. This city is

nearly surrounded by water, and has a fine harbor. From the front of the city on the bay or harbor, it is about eight miles over across the city to the cliffs or ocean. The Golden Gate is out and around the northern part of the city to the ocean, where all steamers and other crafts pass out and in to the harbor.

We have now spent all the time we can really afford to in this city and section, and we had made up our minds that we would like to visit Portland, Ore., before we returned East. But there is no railroad yet from this place to that, so we decide to take an ocean steamer to get there.

LII

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND, ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED MILES, BY WATER

We left San Francisco on the ocean steamer "Columbia." She is a fine steamer, well equipped for the safety and comfort of the traveler, and the voyage on the ocean for two days and nights was delightful; the waters were calm and smooth, though the fog shut down upon us the first night, which caused a little delay; and the fog horn kept up her music of toot, toot, to the annoyance of some of the sleepers, though we were not especially disturbed. We slept well, and lost not a meal while on board; neither I nor my wife were seasick on the journey. The fog disappeared in the morning, and the sun put in appearance in its beauty and glory, as the waves rolled around us. We were out of sight of land as our steamer cut the waves, and as we looked out upon old Pacific, we could now and then see a whale rise and spout, while the gulls followed in the wake of our steamer to pick up their living from the refuse that was dropped overboard by the waiters from the sumptuous tables. On the third morning we crossed the

bar and landed at Astoria, in the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Oregon side. The ocean trip was fine, and the officers seemed to take delight and pride in looking after the comfort of the traveling public. Only one thing seemed unpleasant. There were some twenty or thirty merchant drummers on board,—men who pretended to know about all that is worth knowing in the world; and in fact many of them did know considerable, but they did not always know what was good manners, for a lot of them would gather around the piano in the parlor, and play and sing bacchanalian songs, and keep it right up to the discomfort and displeasure of nearly all on board, until the late hours of the night. A temperance worker by the name of Miss White was on board, and many would have been glad to hear an address from her; but she had no desire to make a speech, so long as this set of loafers occupied the parlor. They were a regular bore to the respectable part of the passengers. There are hundreds of such in the world. There are, however, among drummers some real gentlemen.

The mouth of the Columbia River is about nine miles wide, and the same steamer takes us up the river one hundred miles, and thence up the Willamette, ten miles to Portland, Ore.

The Columbia is a beautiful stream, and divides between Oregon and Washington, and is the great salmon fishery of the world, where the most of our canned salmon is put up. The canning establishments can be seen on each side of the river all along the shore, besides some floating establishments that float up and down the river. Many of the people along the shore make fishing their livelihood. The cannery pay five to six cents per pound for fish delivered, and it is no small show to see the large fish hauled from the boats up into the cannery establishments. The valley up the Columbia is rather narrow, and the hills are heavily timbered with red and spruce pine, mixed with other hard and soft timber, and the lumber business is quite extensive for home and the European markets. The banks of the river are usually full from the melting snow from the mountains, at this season,—the last of May and in June. The scenery on each side is usually fine and wild, the different shades of evergreen mixed with hard-wood and shrub, putting forth their varied foliage, adding much to the beauty; and now and then the white-capped mountains put in their appearance fifty to one hundred miles away, adding much interest to the tourist as he glides up this beautiful river. The high-

est mountains in Washington Territory are, Tacoma, which is 14,444 feet above the level of the sea; Mount Hood, 11,325 feet; Baker, 10,800 feet; St. Helena, 11,750 feet; and Adams, 9,570 feet. These are usually white with snow the year round. We land at Portland at 4:30 o'clock, after a beautiful sail of the day from Astoria, and put up at the Hotel Holton for a rest. Portland is situated on the west side of the Willamette River, some ten miles from its mouth where it empties into the Columbia. It is an enterprising town with an estimated population of 34,000. We decide to stop over Sabbath for a rest, etc. We find a church of Seventh-day Adventists located here on the east side of the river.

LIII

IN PORTLAND, OREGON

THIS is an enterprising town. It has one of the finest public school buildings in the West, and, perhaps, can not be excelled in our country. Their report shows total expenditures to be \$214,362.20. The building is located on an elevation in the western part of the city near the mountains, and from its tower nearly every building in the city can be seen, and the view up and down the river is fine. The school population numbers 7,158 at this time of our visit, two hundred and fifty-two of these being Chinese children. Their school is free to all classes between the ages of six and twenty-one. One part of the city is largely occupied by Chinamen. They have their stores, theaters, joss-houses, and markets, and do business much in the same order as in San Francisco. They are industrious, saving, and usually sober and quiet.

The Baptists have a mission among them, and we attended service with them one evening. There were no white people but the missionary and wife and ourselves in the congregation. They sang the Moody and Sankey songs, talked

and prayed, using the English language quite well, and seemed quite devoted and understanding. The speaker gave Bible readings mostly that evening. They seem quite as reliable as the Americans or other people, and are largely depended upon for house work as well as outdoor help. They are ready to work cheap for cash. One came to our room to solicit washing, and we left twenty-two pieces with him. We left for Salem, the capital of the State, to be gone a few days. There is a railroad fifty-two miles in length, running through the Willamette River valley between Portland and Salem. This valley is heavily timbered.

I remembered a friend of mine left the East forty years before, traveling overland to Oregon, it taking him over six months to make the journey. He went to Salem. I knew he must be an old man if living; but I made up my mind to find him if he was living. He was a brother to a man that married my mother's sister, and a very fine man.

Salem is beautifully situated in the plain of the broad valley, finely laid out, but is no comparison to Portland in trade, population, and commerce.

In coming to this place, we stopped at the hotel, and inquired if they knew of a man

named Paul Crandall. First we did not find anyone that seemed to know him. Finally one said, "Go to the bank where he used to do business, and you may get track of him." I did so, and learned that he had given up business in the city and gone nine miles into the country up in the mountains to live with his wife's people, and that he had a farm up there in the mountains.

I returned to the hotel and inquired at the stable what they would charge to drive us up there and let us stay a few hours, and then bring us back. He said that would depend on how many times he had to pay toll to cross the river. One of his young men spoke up and said, "We do not have to cross the river at all to go there. I worked for the old gentleman one season up there, and I would like to drive them up there." Then he said, "I will send you up there for three dollars." I said, "Get your team ready, and we will be ready as soon as we eat dinner." Soon the young man came around with a fine turnout, and we were off in good shape. Our driver was a nice, gentlemanly fellow, well posted about the country. The day was delightful and roads good, though quite hilly, but our team was master of the situation, and made the nine miles in a little over one hour. Much of

the country was hilly. It seemed to be a great wheat country. The young man knew just where to go, and we were soon landed at the front door. The young man inquired for Uncle Paul, and was told that he had gone with his stepson-in-law down to the river after a load of sand, about one and one-half miles. The young man said, "These people are friends of Uncle Paul from the East, and have called up to see him a little while." His wife, a second wife that he had married since he lived in that country, after losing his first wife, said, "Come in, come in, he will be glad to see you." "Yes," says the young man, "and I will drive down and fetch him home," and off he drove, and very soon drove into the back yard. The old gentleman got out, and I met him, and gave him my hand, and said, "I don't suppose you know me." "No, I do not," said he. "Do you remember Uncle Samuel Lanphear back East in Rhode Island, and afterward in Allegany Co., N. Y.?" "Yes, yes, but that was many years ago." "Do you remember that he had a son, Ethan?" "Yes, very well." "Well, I am that son," said I. The old man grabbed me, and gave me a good shaking.

"O, how glad I am to see you! I have not seen a man before from the East that knew my

friends there for the forty years I have lived here since leaving that country. How did you happen to come to see me?" "Well, we were on a tour in the western world, and came to Portland, and knowing that you came to Salem, Ore., I thought we would try and find you, and when we got to Salem, we learned where you were. We thought we would drive up and see you for two or three hours."

"You are not going to leave here this day." "I suppose our man will have to take us back when he goes." He turned to the young man, and said, "Put your horses in the stable and feed them all you please, then you can go home; but you are not going to take these people away this day. When it is necessary for them to leave, my wife and I keep horses and a carriage, and we will attend to that."

So we decided to stay over with them until the next day. We were not acquainted with his wife and family; but they all seemed very glad to see us, and that we took the pains to come and look up the old gentleman, and now you may guess that we had some tall visiting. The old lady and the young folks were for doing everything to please us. We did not desire anything extra got up on our account; but such meals as they gave for us were good enough

for a king; and my wife said they had five kinds of sauce, and pies and cakes enough to feed a small camp-meeting. I had made arrangements to take the cars at Salem the next day at one o'clock for Portland.

Be assured we visited nearly all night. They wished us to remain a few days so they could take us around to see the country. Where they lived was up on the highlands, and from their back yard we could look up and down the Willamette valley and see parts of three counties; and the whole valley and the hills around seemed to look like one vast wheat field of thousands of acres. About ten o'clock the next day I said, "I guess we had better be off for Salem soon." The old gentleman said, "When you say you must go, I will order up the carriage." "I guess we had better be off so as not to have to hurry." The old man ordered the best team hitched up and drove to the door, and we were notified that the team was ready. We went out to get in, and the old gentleman and his wife followed and got into the carriage. He said, "Wife and I are going to drive you to town so that we can visit as long as we can." We had a pleasant time, and a great many questions were asked, I assure you. The old gentleman said, "I shall think of a great many things

to inquire about after you are gone." We drove up at the hotel, and we got out. I said to them, "Now get out, have the horses put in the stable, and you stop and take dinner with us. The old man broke down, and said, "I can not do it," picked up the lines, shook hands, said good-by, and drove away to their home; and at one o'clock we took our train back to Portland, where we stopped at our hotel for the rest of the day and night.

Reader, such visits as these can never be forgotten. We strolled about town in the evening, and walked down around the Chinese theater. They are a singular people in their performance. One act is kept up for a month before they are through with it.

We returned to our hotel, when a gentleman called, and brought me a beautiful large painting of their school building as a present, as I had spoken so well of the building. I folded it and placed it in our valise, and I have it now hanging in a frame at my home, for friends to see what Western people do in the school line.

This is a great wheat country, but the wheat is usually mortgaged before it is grown. The most of it is shipped to Europe. Morning comes and we go next to the Great National Park.

LIV

NOW OFF FOR THE NATIONAL PARK

WE leave Portland, Ore., crossing the Willamette River by ferry, and board the cars easterly bound, and my better half begins to talk of home as we head that way. We examine our guidebook and map, and find ourselves 3,232 miles from home. People talk about going west to Kansas and the Mississippi States; but west is not far away until one goes beyond the Rocky Mountains, and to the Pacific Coast. We have now traveled more than 4,000 miles on our journey, and we are tired and weary of seeing. My wife says, "I wish I were home; I have looked and admired until it seems as if I could look no more." But our train is rushing on, we come to the Columbia River, and our route is up by its side two hundred and forty miles. The river divides between Washington and Oregon. The snow-capped mountains put in their appearance in the distance, the highest some 1,400 feet high. The country is mountainous, and usually high, the railroad track being at their brink, and for long distances cuts in the rocky ledges thousands of

feet above our heads. The river rushes by our side at times, and then it widens and is more placid and calm, the scenery wild and new.

When we have passed some thirty miles up the river, the conductor passes through the train and announces that the train will stop fifteen minutes for the people to get out and view the falls. The train halts; everybody gets out, and as tired as we may have been, everybody's neck is stretched upward, and do you wonder? for here was a stream pouring over mountains 816 feet high, and only striking once in the whole distance, only a little distance from our train, and then passes under the track into the main river. It is of such beauty and wildness that for a moment one forgets all weariness of seeing. The distance of fall is such that the whole stream breaks into a perfect spray, and spreads out as it extends; so much so that it takes the name of Horsetail Falls, it so resembles the tail of a white horse. The fifteen minutes' time expires too soon, the bell rings, but our pleasant conductor waits till he sees the last passenger aboard before he orders train to move. Then on we go, everyone chatting about the beautiful scene.

The scenery continues wild, and the river spreads out like little lakes, while rocks stand out from the shore hundreds of feet high, like pyramids, looking as if they might topple over by a rush of wind; but they are on a solid foundation, and the probabilities are that they have had the dash of waters from the time of the flood. Beyond, on the border of the river loom up monster trees, four to eight feet in diameter, and soaring upward 200 to 250 feet high, and some of them 100 to 175 feet to the first limbs, the body being straight as an arrow. Washington is noted for her large trees and tall timber. As we pass on, we come to the dalles, so called. We enter a narrow gorge in the rocky cliffs, thousands of feet above our heads, and the river in seeming madness beneath our feet, roaring and tumbling amidst the points of rocks that seem determined not to yield to the torrents that have been fighting her right of way for thousands of years, and the fight still goes on to excite the thousands of travelers who pass through her exciting warfare. The valley is most of the way, thus far, so narrow, and the mountains so high, that we are shut out of the sight of the world beyond.

A few fishermen are settled along the river, and now and then a few Chinamen are settled

along to look after the railroad track. Some of them have fine gardens in the nooks and corners among the rocks around their houses. There is not much room for farming for a long distance; but now and then appears a plot of cultivated land amid the foothills, the water being pumped from the river for irrigation by force pumps driven by a large water-wheel set in the channel near the bank of the river and extending out into the stream. These were curiosities at first, as there were no buildings or persons near them. Necessity is the mother of invention, and thus the land is fed with water without clouds, and made to bring forth fruit for the world. But darkness sets in, and trusting ourselves in the hands of our faithful officers and the strength of the iron horse, we retire.

Morning dawns, and we review our chart and find we have passed dangers seen and unseen. We have crossed the gulch bridge and many a wild way, and find ourselves south of the great bend of the Columbia River; we halt at Coleville Lake, Sprague, and other towns, crossing rivers and dales, and scenery wild, to Spokane Falls, and find ourselves crossing the north part of Idaho, amid rocks and hills rough and smooth, with settlers here and there

in tents and huts, and some living in their wagons, and endeavoring to put in crops and make a start for a future home and happiness; and sure here is quiet, and real frontier life. We passed a little northwest of Walla Walla, where the Adventists now have a large school or college. We stopped at a little town a short time, and afterward found we had passed our niece and her husband, Elder D. T. Fero, who had just arrived there as missionaries sent by the Seventh-day Adventists. If we had known it, how glad we would have been to stop off and make them a short visit. They are now stationed at Seattle.

The country looks rather barren yet; the cattle of the ranches are to be seen upon and amid the thousand hills, and all goes to show that the earth was made for man. Our train pushes on, and we are left to consider the inventions of the age, and to think of what the next generation will bring to light in our land. But our train does not stop for us to think, and we soon find ourselves in Montana Territory, but bordering on the Cœur d' Alene Mountains, the Bitter Root, and enter the northern end of the Rockies. Up and on we go, across prairie, into the valleys amid mountains and through tunnels into the depths of the earth. We are

on the up grade for the summit and mountain pass. We are tired of seeing, and yet everything is new and wild; we are in a new world to us, and out to see, and see we must, and the thousands of cattle, horses, and mules of the ranchers are enough to astonish the natives, and especially an Eastern man. We cast our eyes north, south, east, and west, and think of where we have been, and of the old saying that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." We have passed through the rich valley of Idaho, where the big potatoes grew that took the premium at the great Philadelphia show. Being compelled to sleep one night in Montana we lost much of the scenery along the road. We crossed the big gulch bridge 226 feet high and 8,685 feet long, and did not know it at the time; but our eyes were resting for the scenes of the morning. Morning comes and we are nearing the summit pass. The mountains are high, as we follow up the stream, our passageway being cut in the side of the rocky cliffs which extend hundreds of feet above our heads, while deep below are the dalles, where spray and mists ascend from her fighting stream forever and ever. But our faithful engines, like the donkeys of the tourists, hug tight to the pathway, and we are brought safely to

the summit pass, 5,555 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point made on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Our engines plunge into a tunnel, and next we find ourselves on the eastern slope pushing toward the Yellowstone valley. We halt at a little town of some 1,500 inhabitants, built upon the grounds of the once famous gold diggings, where the hills had been made low and level in pursuit of the precious metal. Some of the surrounding hills are yet mined. The name of this town has slipped our mind, as many others have along the line. One of our engines is loosed from the train, as one can manage our train on the down grade. The way is rough and mountainous, the clear-water brooks made from the snow-capped mountains rushed down amid the hills, and I thought of speckled trout, and if I were a boy again I would like to try my luck. But our train was not on a fishing excursion, and did not stop for fish or game. The grass looked more fresh and green, and the cattle and herds looked in better condition than on the other side of the mountains, as we neared the Yellowstone valley.

We arrived at Livingston at 2:30 o'clock p. m. This is the junction to change for the Yellowstone National Park, and we stop off with a view to visit that place. This is our only op-

portunity for ever visiting her curiosities, as we are getting to be old folks. It is now the first day of June, and we learn that the regular opening season is not usually until the 15th, and the trains did not run for Cinnabar, the nearest point by rail to the Park, only once a day, and it had gone for that day. So we made up our minds to lay over, and pass the time as best we could. The morning came and a train left early in the day. The railroad is a narrow gauge. It is fifty-two miles to Cinnabar, and then eight miles to the only cottage yet regularly opened, and we had to be taken that distance by big teams, as it was up hill and hard to climb. The route is up the Little Yellowstone valley. This valley is quite broad as we leave the Big Yellowstone valley, and is beautiful and fertile. The cattle herds and donkeys looked sleek and fine, the bunchgrass being abundant, and said to be the best for stock. The mountains are high on each side, and as we follow up the stream they seem to draw together nearer and nearer. We come to Devil's Slide (so called by the Indians). This strange freak of nature is peculiar. The mountain is high at our right, and looks as if it had sometime slid out for a long distance, leaving two solid walls at even distance from each other from top to bot-

tom of the mountain, standing out in bold relief, as if made by hands, of the best material and masonry, like a walled street 20 to 50 feet high on each side.

We pass on and enter a deep gorge and cañon where we are shut in from daylight, only as we look upward thousands of feet through the narrow channel over our heads. Then we open out into broader space, and Electric Peak is before us, so called from its being largely stocked with iron ore and other metals that attract lightning in time of storms, and can be seen flickering around its peak thousands of feet in the heavens. Our train comes to a stop, the mountains have headed her off. She is at Cinnabar, and can go no farther. Here we find a big stage and four-horse teams to take freight and passengers and everything that is needed for all uses in the Park and to live upon. They take us the eight miles, and we are landed at the big hotel and cottage. It has been an up-hill business; but we are here in the great National Park all the same. The road is up and down; but Uncle Sam owns the Park, and has made the roads as smooth as possible.

LV

AT THE GREAT NATIONAL PARK

WE had read of the National Park before we left home, and in our minds we compared it to Eastern parks. But when we arrive here, it is altogether beyond our comprehension. My pen is not able to tell it. We are told it is fifty miles wide and seventy-five miles long, and located in as wild part of the Rocky Mountains as could be selected; bounded on the west by Idaho, on the north by Montana, and on the east by Wyoming.

It is now the 3d day of June, and we have had a good rest. The sun has risen, and stretches its rays of light over the heavens and mountain peaks into my window as we arise. The heavens are clear as a sunbeam, our eyes are dazzled; for before us for miles up and down the valley, the great mammoth springs appear up and down the mountain, with trellis after trellis hundreds of feet above each other, extending across the valley, glistening in the sun like mountains of marble of the finest white; and others tinged with streaks and spots of red and purple, yellow and blue,

according to color of formation emanating from the various springs that have been sending forth their sediment from the earth for thousands of years, with her boiling water of hot, hotter, and hottest, up and down the mountains above and below us, with hot steam ascending into the clear sky, as if emanating from the bottomless pit. We are awe-struck; we have never read of or seen such sights before. We are in the great National Park! We would be glad to describe, but it is impossible — one must see for himself in order to appreciate. It is doubtless the greatest curiosity of nature in our nation or perhaps in the world, and it was wisdom in the nation to set it apart to ever remain in its natural state as the great show of the nation and for the world.

I will give the altitude of some of the highest mountains in the Park, some of which are covered with snow at all seasons of the year. Sphinx, 10,880; Emigrant Peak, 10,620; Electric Peak, 11,121; Mount Everts 7,600; Bunsen's Peak, 9,500; Quadrant Mountain, 10,127; Mount Washington, 10,340; Danraven Peak, 8,868; Grand Teton, Idaho, 13,691; the highest just outside the Park, as I understand. Other mountains are intermixed, and amid and on top are geysers and hot and cold springs

constantly pouring forth, some shooting constant streams high up into the heavens, in forms of beauty and rainbow in the sunlight, while others spout by intervals, as if shot up by explosives below, or as a wounded whale might spout. These have piled up formations of various and variegated colors in trellis or mounds of great beauty. Many locations are to be found where the geyser or spring has dried up or sunk away, leaving caves seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet deep, and some of them are provided with ladders to descend. We entered one of these with a cowboy pilot, but the damp smell and darkness discouraged us long before we reached bottom; but my pilot proceeded and brought up a specimen of the formation one hundred feet below. These formations are very hard in and about the old dry geysers or springs, though open, somewhat resembling the open fresh burr stone (mill-stone). The water from the Mammoth Springs seem clear as it boils up, yet there is a sediment that settles as it spreads out and settles much resembling slack lime or magnesia. This forms in basin form, and hardens, the water cooling and disappearing. Thus the trellises are formed from mountain to mountain referred to.

The big Mammoth Spring is nearly three

miles up the mountain from the river, and it flows each way, covering acres, and produces coral-like formations of great beauty as the water evaporates and passes away. Springs exist all the way down the distance to the river, and the valley is nearly filled with their formations, at a depth that no one knows, and not a drop of water from all these springs ever reaches the river below; all disappear in this porous formation.

The great hotel is built upon this formation, and near the basin holes of several old dry geysers or hot springs, large and deep, and all underneath seems like a shell. While excavating preparatory for the foundation for the hotel, a man fell into the abyss below, and from the poisonous atmosphere nearly suffocated before he could be got out. We visited one cave that we could look down into, where the atmosphere was so poisonous that birds and animals that chanced to enter fell dead at the bottom. Trees can be found imbedded in this formation, and only now and then a limb is seen outside. A horse shoe or a wire basket hung where this water can drip on it a few days will become covered, and look like coral, or sea-willow that grows on the rocks in the bottom of the ocean. The boys make it a business to make them for sale

to visitors. Northwest of this valley of springs, another valley of springs and formations appears. From this valley comes a stream of pure cold water running into this valley of formations that would naturally disappear; but to save it for use, a large flume, or spout, is built that brings this pure water over this formation down in front of the big hotel; that supplies the hotels, dwellings, cattle, horses and every want, and empties into one of the great geyser holes and forever disappears.

The sights as we are driven from Cinnabar are wild, and the streams rush along down the mountains pure as crystal, foaming as it fights its way amid the rocks; and now and then a man or boy may be seen sitting on the point of some rock fishing. He throws his line down among the rocks and foaming water, and we watch him, and soon you will see him pulling hand over hand, and then comes a fine large fish, flopping, and it is made fast and out goes his line again. This takes our attention, and we forget the roughness and crookedness of the road. The roads at places are steep, and the teams have to scratch as if life were at stake to pull us up. There are some three hundred or four hundred miles of drives or streets among these mountains for carriages, and as many

miles of narrow tracks up and around the mountains for horseback riding, and for packed mules whereby provisions are taken to visitors that camp up high in the mountains. Besides this, there are footpaths cut up and around the mountains for pedestrians to climb as high as their strength will allow. All this is done at the expense of Uncle Sam.

These streets are laid out and named as accurately as they are in any of our cities. Thousands of people visit the park from home and abroad, some spending the whole warm season, tenting out in rented tents, and have their provisions brought to them on pack mules or donkeys. I have met Europeans that say, "I wonder how it is that Americans come to Europe for scenery, when they do not know what they have in their own country."

The laws are as strict in and about the park as they are in our cities. No person is allowed to cut a tree, disfigure any natural formation, or to kill any bird, squirrel, or other wild animal (unless it be in self defense). Everything was presumed to be protected in its natural state, and to violate willfully makes a person liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment. Thus squirrels and other small animals, the quail, the partridge, and other birds become as domesti-

cated, and will cross your path or run among the people without fear.

It is said a few buffalo, bears, and other large animals live in some of the wild and highest parts of the park, and that if chased outside the park return to the park for protection. I did not visit in their domain. There is no law against catching fish, as the fish follow up the streams in abundance.

Persons are allowed to save specimens of the formations through which they cut roads or streets, or to get specimens from the dry geyser holes. Visitors that wish to tent and shun the warm season here must get a license to pitch a tent on such a street or mountain, and if they desire to move to some other locality, must have a permit. Some localities are heavily timbered, and deer as well as other animals roam unmolested. We could not see all the fine scenery, as it was early in the season and the roads had not become settled. But a person to take in all needs to spend a month or two. For me to think of writing up all that we saw in the time we remained there would make a book of itself, so I shall have to leave that for others to write up or others to go to see for themselves. There are lots of cowboys about the park ready to inform you all about it, and the country, and

the ranches, etc. Some of them own fifty to one hundred donkeys, mules, or horses all equipped with saddles and bridles for renting to visitors, to ride or carry provisions. One of these young men was at liberty most of the time, and was ready to do all he could for our accommodation. He was an Eastern boy, and had been in the ranch and cattle country for eight years, and now owned about seventy-five horses and donkeys, and seemed to be well off. He said he intended to go East and get him a wife sometime. When we took the stage to leave, he mounted one of his ponies and followed us to Cinnabar, eight miles, where we took the cars.

When we arrived in the Park, we were ignorant of the laws, as they had not yet put up the warning notices for the season about the hotels, etc. I got up one morning, ate my breakfast, and decided to climb the mountain to the great mammoth spring, where I could take a broad view of the mountain scenery. I of course was looking for specimens of curiosity. I wound my way up and around bluffs and mountains until I arrived at the mammoth spring, which was the highest of all. This spring covers an acre or two on the top of the mountain. The spring boils up and flows outward, forming a rim around, and now and then

overflows, forming basins, and this overflow brings with it this sediment that flows out, the water evaporating, leaving this sediment in formations most beautiful in the shape of fern-leaves, and sometimes in the shape of a lady's hand and as white as marble when hardened.

While strolling around this spring, I observed one of these beautiful formations, and thought to myself I would like to break this loose as a beautiful specimen to take down to our hotel for a show. I found a piece of wood that I could use, and set myself at work to break around it, and save it in its beauty. I finally succeeded. Across another mountain about one mile away some of the officers live. They could look across the valley and see me at work at my specimen. I was violating the law, all this time, but did not know it, and as I came down the mountain, I was carrying it on my hand showing it to everyone I met, all admiring its beauty. The officers talked it over, and an under officer said to a higher officer, "What shall we do with that man? I think he does not understand the law; if he did, he would keep it out of sight, and not be showing it to everyone."

This under officer was boarding where I was stopping.

"Well, you talk with him; and if you find him innocent, tell him to go and 'sin no more.'" said the other officer.

When I arrived at the hotel, I had it in my hand; and showing it to the cowboys and others, said if I had that at my home just as perfect as now, I would not take five dollars for it. One of the boys spoke up, and said, "If the officers should catch you with it, it might cost you \$500. It is against the law to break any formation of any kind. The people would not allow it in the house lest they should be accused of violating the law."

The officer came down for his dinner, and we sat at the same table as usual. After I had finished, I got up and walked into the sitting room, and sat down; and soon the officer came in and sat down by me, and said, "You were up at the mammoth spring this forenoon, were you not?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You broke off a specimen up there, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not know you were violating the laws of the park?"

"No, sir."

"We saw you all the time from where we

were, and concluded you were innocent, or you would keep it out of sight, and not be showing it to everybody. I asked the head officer what was best to do with you. He said, talk with him, and if you find him innocent, tell him 'to go and sin no more.' "

They were gentlemen, and I could readily see that the law was just, for if there were no law, the thousands of people that go there might disfigure every beauty of the park. But now the week is passing away, and our time is about up to be on the move again. Let everybody go and see the beauties of nature in the great National Yellowstone Park. We must be off for Minneapolis and St. Paul.

LVI

OFF FOR MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

THIS is now Friday afternoon. We take the stage to Cinnabar, where we take the car for Livingston, and change on to the Northern Pacific road and run to Billings, about one hundred miles, and stop over until Sunday. We are now in the Big Yellowstone valley, one of the finest valleys of the Northwest. It is a broad valley. The mountains are far away, but we can see the herds of cattle, horses, mules, and sheep by the thousands away on the hills and mountains far and near. One must learn to measure distances by his eyes, somewhat. This can be done by a little practice and observation. If the cattle look very small, you may know that they are miles away. It is deceiving as to distances until we learn. A stranger stopped off at Livingston overnight to wait for the cars the next day, about eight or nine o'clock. He got up in the morning, and said to the landlord that he guessed he would take a walk up on the mountain while waiting for breakfast and the cars.

"Well," said the landlord, "if you are going

up there you had better take along your dinner!"

"Why, how far is it?"

"Only about fourteen miles." He did not go.

I am now at Billings. This is a great cattle market. The cattle from north for one hundred to two hundred miles clear up to British Columbia possessions are driven here for market. Here we meet cowboys from that northern country, from whom we are able to learn much about that country and the manner of doing business. We learn that in that section the winters are very severe and changeable; mercury drops to fifty degrees below zero; yet the cattle get their own living. They are acclimated to the country, and learn to watch the weather and guard against storms, and from instinct seem to judge of coming storms better than men themselves. In that region the hills are not very high, and the valleys are usually narrow. The changes are very sudden; mercury may drop down to fifty degrees, and in an hour a western breeze may strike the mountains, and the snow be melting on the hills, and before the men would think of a change they would see the cattle flocking from the valleys to the hills. On the hills the blizzards blow

the snow off the ground, and as soon as the warm breeze strikes them, it is good picking for the cattle. They graze here until there are indications of a blizzard coming. Then they seem to understand it, and rush into the valleys, and there remain, rooting around in the snow, picking the high grass as best they can, until another change comes, when they rush to the hills again.

The cowboys live in dugouts (so called) built up inside with logs to keep it from caving, covered with poles, then brush, then with almost two feet of earth, which makes a warm hut of it. Every ranch has a house of this kind, and the boys have jolly times in getting together. All have their bronchos to ride back and forth, and to look after the herds. This whole country is divided up into ranches. Sometimes two or three men will herd together, and occupy eight or ten thousand acres. Every herdsman has a special mark for his cattle. They have strict laws among themselves, and if any owner of cattle should disfigure the mark on any other man's cattle, they drive him from the country. In the spring they hire a man that goes through the herds and marks every calf after the mark of its mother. That calf may grow up and its owner never see it.

When the cattle get fat, ready for market, the ranchmen get together and appoint one or two men to go to Billings, and contract the cattle for that whole section of country. The drovers go to Billings, where they meet these salesmen. The drovers inquire of them as to how many cattle they can furnish from their section of country that will average so and so. They answer from one to four thousand, as they think or know. A bargain is closed, and the salesmen return and send word to all the owners of cattle to select all their cattle that will average so and so, and drive them to such a ranch. All the cattle are got together, and the salesmen and a few cowboys with their dogs drive this big herd to Billings. This saves great expense to what it would be for each herdsman to deliver his own cattle. These cattle are weighed and entered on a book to the credit of the man that the mark indicates. The whole account is figured up together, and the salesman takes the money and goes home, and calls all the stock owners together, and every man is paid his money according to the weight of cattle that is placed to his credit. Each man pays his proportion of costs to the market. The business is done as accurately as a banking house does its business.

We left Billings in the evening, and thus lost much of the beauty of the Yellowstone valley. The morning brought us to Glendive Mountain, and at 8:30 we crossed the line into Dakota. We stopped at Medora, the great beefpacking town, on the little Missouri River. While stopping at this point the passengers were amused by a cowboy attempting to break a wild pony to the saddle. Some of their ponies are very wild and high tempered, but when one is conquered, it makes the best and most durable animal for ranch use. The pony was lassoed and brought into a straw stable, saddled and bridled, with lasso on the horn of the saddle; another boy astride his pony came out of the stable to lead or follow in the strides, as the case might develop. The wild pony was let loose, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept still enough for the boy to get into his saddle. But he finally succeeded. No sooner done than the animal was bounding to get him off. Of all the kicking, jumping in the air, side-wise and every way, down on the ground and up again; and sometimes it would seem that every foot was in the air at the same time. The scene became terrible and terrific, and everyone seemed breathless as they looked upon it, when suddenly the animal threw himself,

rolled over, rolling his rider off, jumped up so quickly that the boy could not gain his saddle. The pony was off quick as a jiff; the boy grabbed the end of the rope that uncoiled from the horn of the saddle, was dragged a short distance, but was compelled to let loose to save his life. Now for the chase. The boy on the pony let loose his steed at the best of his speed, with lasso in hand, and was away with lightning speed to lasso and bring back the wild pony. They crossed the plain around the bluff out of sight, in the mountains, and our conductor cried out, "All aboard," and our train was off. However anxious, we never knew any more about the fracas.

I forgot to tell you about the herds of sheep of Montana, as we came through. They were to be seen by the thousands along the plains and foot hills of the mountains, and what attracted us most was to see a woman on her pony, and her shepherd dog, galloping along the mountains above and beyond the sheep, back and forth, to protect the sheep from wild animals, and the prairie wolf from stealing away the young lambs. It was an interesting sight. How would our Eastern girls like the shepherd girl's life?

We are on the move again. We make short

stops at Tuckerton, Bismarck, and other small towns that have sprung up like mushrooms of a night, in Dakota. We are in a land of beautiful lakes and prairies, and amid the remarkable wheat fields of the Northwest; crossing one said to be fourteen miles across. Talk about wheat fields in the East—nonsense! Go to Dakota if you want to see how business is done on a large scale. The elevators along the railroad are a sight to behold. It was told me that one man could weigh ten thousand bushels of wheat into one of the enormous storehouses in two hours. The wheat is taken up by elevators to the top of the building, and emptied into a hopper or bin that holds one thousand bushels at a time. This is set on scales. The wheat is weighed, the bottom drops out, and the grain falls below, when the bottom closes, and it is ready for the next thousand, and so on until the storehouse is filled, and there remains until the market calls for it.

But we pass on overnight, and the morning finds us amid the woodlands and lakes of Minnesota, and next at Anoka, where we strike the Mississippi River in the lumber region and amid the mammoth sawmills of our nation. The river is filled with saw-logs and timbers. But we pass on and soon arrive at Minneapolis, the

great city of "new process flour" of the world, and we stop to rest, and visit our friend, T. E. Brown, who visited us at the time of the Centennial show at Philadelphia, Pa., and who used to be our neighbor in Nile, Allegany County, N. Y.

LVII

IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WE feel now we are near home, though some eleven hundred miles away. We are on ground we have trod upon before, some twenty-five years ago when the population was only about two thousand. Now it has about one hundred and fifty thousand, and is the leading town of the northwest. At my first visit St. Paul was in the lead by several thousand inhabitants; but now Minneapolis is in the lead some five thousand. The towns started nine miles apart; now the north line of St. Paul is the south line of Minneapolis. The water power of the falls at Minneapolis has given it the advantage. The great wheat country and lumber give them the stock and opportunity to excel in manufacturing more flour and lumber than any other city on our continent, if not in the world. Each of these cities has spread out so that their street lamps meet each other, and practically they are one city, though they hate each other with a hatred that makes the devil's animosity to holy water seem the tenderest affection. Minneapolis, it is said, has the facili-

ties for putting up seven thousand barrels of flour per day, and all the mills combined can put up thirty thousand in twenty-four hours. The saw mills do business upon about the same scale. It is a marvel to see them handle everything by machinery. They utilize even every slab into lath or kindling wood. Their public buildings are becoming enormous.

We stop to reflect. We have now crossed the continent by way of Denver, Colo., over the Rocky Mountains by the Rio Grande Railroad to Utah and Salt Lake City; across the desert, over the Sierra Nevadas to Sacramento, Cal., and San Francisco; up the Pacific Ocean six hundred miles; thence up the Columbia River to Portland, Ore.; to Salem, the capital, by rail; thence by the Northern Pacific Railroad to Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., and now as we move eastward, we cross the Mississippi River and find ourselves in Wisconsin, on territory that I traversed or visited beyond the lakes, as long ago as 1844. We make a short stop at Milwaukee and a short time at Chicago, and now what do I see compared to what we saw then? Then a city of only about eleven thousand or twelve thousand inhabitants. What a change!

But we are off now for home, and our train

lands us in New York, and we arrive at our home after making a journey of about 8,000 miles without accident or sickness to lay us up during the whole round and distance. Found all things in order at home, and were very thankful that we had had so pleasant a journey all around.

LVIII

SARATOGA, LAKE CHAMPLAIN, MONTREAL, AND THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

THIS trip is a pleasant one for the warm season. We left New York by the New York Central Railroad to Troy; thence to Saratoga Springs, where we stop over for a few days. This is a beautiful little town, and a great place of resort for pleasure and public gatherings; for politicians, picnics, and social gatherings. The springs and the shady groves and fine drives make it very entertaining, and thousands resort here for pleasure and comfort. Lake George and the Adirondacks are conveniently near, and Lake Champlain near by makes a pleasant resort for sailing, fishing, etc.

We stopped a few days at the Springs, and then at the lake, and on to Rouse's Point, where we cross the line into Canada, thence by cars to a town called Prairie, thence through the little narrow farms that have been cut up by parents for their children until the land looks like narrow fenced roads for miles. This seemed strange to me until I learned the cause, and then it seemed to me that if all were good neighbors

they might dispense with the crooked rail fences and save expense, and could cultivate the land much better. The population seemed to be a mixture of Indians, French, and Canadians; but I could not understand a word from any of them, so passed on to the Grand Trunk Railroad bridge, which is nearly two miles long, over to Montreal. Montreal is not a new place to visit for us, yet it is a rather delightful city to stop in, in warm weather. A drive around the mountain, eight miles, is fine almost any time, and the churches and cathedrals, stores, and public drives near the river are cool and bracing, and altogether a traveler can spend a few days quite comfortably.

But we, of our make-up, like to see, and pass on to see something new. So we take the cars on the Canadian side up the river through the farming lands, cattle-raising and cheese-making country to the Thousand Islands, and stop overnight in a rather dull town of plenty of saloons. But we kept sober, and early the next morning we took the first boat over through the Islands, and landed at Round Isle, where we found in waiting for us, my sister, Lucy Maxson, who married Dr. E. R. Maxson, who owns a cottage on that island for a place of resort in the hot season. The hot season was drawing to a close,

and many of the visitors were leaving the Islands; but we stopped a few days and enjoyed our stay, while our sister gathered up things for removal for the season to her home in Syracuse, N. Y. All things ready, we all board the train by way of Watertown to Adams Center, and we stop over with a friend, while sister continues on her journey home to prepare for our reception to make her family a visit for a few days.

We leave Adams Center by cars for Syracuse, and arrive in good season and find all well. The old doctor and son practice together, and so arrange their business that we have a chance at visiting and sight-seeing. Our visit closes and we are off for home by way of Binghamton and on to New York, and thence home. And now the heat of the season is over, and we settle down for our business and for the winter. Try the trip, and see how you like it.

LIX

A CHAPTER FROM OUR NOTE BOOK

WE left Plainfield by the Central Railroad to the Junction, changed cars to the Delaware & Lackawana, when we soon crossed the Delaware River, passing the beautiful scenery through the gap, and on beyond into the mountains of Pennsylvania. Our engine puffed and tugged up this and that gorge, around this curve and that, across deep gulches, through a country which for miles was made seemingly for no other purpose than to hold the earth together, as it is so poor that man can not raise anything to subsist upon; consequently human beings are scarce in this region. Yet it is a romantic route, and after traveling nearly forty miles by the railroad one can look distinctly down through the gap from the mountain top, a scene most beautiful to behold.

As we rush on, peak after peak looms up to the right and to the left, and the small brooks ripple among the rocks, making the scenery grand to behold; and I thought if I were a boy again I would like to turn angler, and try my luck at fishing for the beautiful speckled

trout as of yore. But I can an old boy now, and no time to fish; and we push on up, up, and now we begin to see what this part of the world was made for; for here we are in the coal and iron mines, and lumber region of Pennsylvania, and soon we arrive at Scranton. And sure, this is a city set on a hill; but had it not been for the coal and iron in that region the world would never have received any benefit or light therefrom. But as it is, it proves of great value to the world, and the wealth thereof is unbounded.

But we pass on down the mountains, amid crags and rocks, brooks and turns, as if the breeching on the engine was broken, and we find ourselves steaming up the beautiful and fertile valley of the Susquehanna River, and stop at the pleasant town of Binghamton. There we cross the Erie Railroad, and pass on northerly through a most beautiful country toward Syracuse, the city noted for catching slaves during the time of the fugitive slave law. We lived in the State of New York at that time, and no w of what we write, and know that some of the slave catchers came pretty near smelling gunpowder, and did not get many negroes there, either.

But we stopped short of that city, and put

up for the night at Cortland. The weather was beautiful, and in the morning we took cars on the Oswego branch of the Midland Railroad through the beautiful dairy country to Deruyter. This place is beautifully situated in Madison County. The good people long ago reared a large stone edifice for an academy, and for years kept it alive; but a large proportion of the inhabitants about this place were fond of whisky and horse racing, and now the academy is dead, and two or three licensed taverns are in full blast there.

Near this place the S. D. Baptist denomination held their annual conference the week we were there. Delegates were there from many of the churches in the United States, and over one thousand of this persuasion were together there. On leaving the place, we went for the cars, it being the next day after the close of the conference. The road not being informed, they were not prepared with coaches to take such a crowd, so baggage and flat cars were arranged with seats from the depot as best could be done, and on to Norwich we did go. We took seats with the dominies on the platform car, where we had a chance to view the beautiful landscape, and we greatly enjoyed it, the weather being beautiful. Our engine puffed

and blowed, as the grade to the mile sometimes was eighty-four feet.

At Norwich the party divided, some for the west, north, and south, but we took the Midland road to the east, and on we went over hill and dale, sometimes apparently on stilts of iron one hundred feet high, and then on solid mountains made of stone, mortar, and clay by the great Jehovah. As we passed along on the highlands, we could look down in the deep valleys and on the hillsides beyond, and see mapped out the beautiful dairy farms, with flocks of cows of ten to one hundred or so, for the hills in this section are cultivated as well as the valleys below. In these valleys are made the big cheeses found in our cities, some of which also go to Europe. But our engine does n't wait for us to sketch landscape, for on it must go, as a hard road is before us before we reach the cities by the seashore. On we go, up, up, and a big mountain appears before. We come to a standstill, as if this was the end, and we were never to go ahead any more. But a switch is turned behind us, and we are backing up the hill on the other side.

We arrive at the summit, and a switch is turned ahead of the engine, and soon on the plain of the mountains we were going lightning

speed; but we soon came to a halt, for we were too high up for the plain below, so we were switched down as before, and now we find ourselves in a more desolate-looking place or country, apparently new and wild. But the engine does n't wait; it is down grade, and it goes on with thundering strides. She plunges into mountains of darkness, but always fetches us out safe on the other side. And now we find ourselves on the east branch of the Delaware, in a wild wilderness world. We look up, and it is rocks and crags over our heads, and beneath is the river bottom, with her rocks and eelpots as set by some wild man. But we don't stop here to lament or mourn, for it is some of God's creating, and his foundation is strong. But up we go out of this valley, and down we come on to the beautiful farm lands near Middleton, where we strike the Erie road. Here we change cars into Erie, when we are jerked through to New York, mostly after dark, without observation, and we skedaddle for our humble home in Plainfield, the beautiful city of the plains.



A. JUDSON HALL AND FAMILY

MR. HALL

EDNA HALL

MRS. HALL

DUDLEY HALL

A. Judson Hall came to me at three years of age, a fatherless boy. I brought him up, and he was a faithful and trusty boy. At nineteen years of age he enlisted in the Eighty-fifth New York Volunteers. Was taken prisoner, and was eleven months in Southern prisons, where he came near to his death.

LX

OVER THE HILLS IN THE OIL REGIONS

WE left our beautiful city of Plainfield July 1, 1878, for a mountainous and cooler clime. We passed over the mountains by Wilkesbarre, thence on to Elmira and Hornellsville, and thence into Allegany County among the hills of my boyhood. Here is the tip-top summit of the Erie Railroad. We remain a few days, and find the mountain breezes refreshing, and the nights so cool as to require two blankets to make one comfortable. And didn't we sleep sweetly after leaving New Jersey's heat of 95°?

But we are out for a strike, and pass on to Olean, Cattaraugus County; and here is the Allegany River, and a busy town; for here is a receiving basin for the pipes from the oil region. But not being satisfied, we take passage on the narrow gauge railroad, and for two hours we worm ourselves over the mountains, through cities of oil derricks, of which it is said, there are nearly five thousand in this region, and we arrive at the town of Bradford, eighteen miles from Olean. This is a wonderfully rough and good-for-nothing country, save for the oil stored

away in the rocks thousands of feet below the surface. But Providence made nothing in vain, and so thousands of people find employment here, while they must subsist upon the products of a more fertile country.

Here we find ourselves in the midst of a lively city of about ten thousand inhabitants. It is a city made up of representatives from all nations, and a poor place for one of unsettled or unsteady habits; for grog-shops are more plentiful, if possible, than in Plainfield. Oil is so plenty and prices so low that the storage will not hold the flood. Oil is wasting by the thousands of gallons. At Tarport, I saw quite a river of oil running down the mountain, and the small streams are covered. Were oil worth \$1.50 per barrel, men could make fortunes in dipping it from the streams. It is said there are pools of oil in places ten feet deep. There is a network of pipes in every direction, and it seems as if the earth is becoming saturated for a great conflagration all through this region. Oil is worth here to-day about sixty-eight cents per barrel.

But I must prepare to worm myself out of this region over the Allegany River and up to its head waters for a rest, for we are after the cool breezes of the highlands, and we intend to

cross over to the head waters of the Genesee River before we return to Plainfield. The country on our trip thus far has been beautiful. The hills and woodlands are of a lovely green, and the late rains have given a wonderfully healthy growth to the crops on the fertile hillsides and in the rich valleys which we have passed over in our journey. The apple crop, which was thought to be nearly destroyed by the late frost, does not seem to be affected on the highlands, where there is a prospect of an abundant crop. The dairy country seems to flow abundantly with milk, cheese, and butter; but the farmers grieve awfully at selling cheese for five or five and a half cents per pound, and butter at one shilling.

We stop off in Little Genesee, N. Y. We are still among the mountain breezes. This town is situated among the head waters of the Allegany and Genesee Rivers, and it is bordering on the north line of Pennsylvania, and was once one of the heaviest-timbered sections in western New York; but now since the lumber is nearly cut away, it has become one of the most fertile towns in this section. The farmers are largely in the dairy business and stock raising, and go in for the best of stock in cattle and horses. I was shown a one-year-old colt that

weighed 1,100 pounds. I have not seen so heavy crops in any township since leaving New Jersey. There is one remarkable thing about this town: It has been settled nearly seventy years, and has never granted a license to sell ardent spirits, and never has furnished a pauper for the poorhouse. The early settlers of this town were largely New Englanders, and quite largely S. D. Baptists, and for a time it was called Little Rhode Island. The putting down of oil wells has largely spread over the southern part of Allegany Co. They have come to a scientific method in putting down wells, and working them. They bore down until they strike the right kind of sand rock and oil, if they have to go down 2,000 feet. They then sink a torpedo box, or nitroglycerine blast to the bottom, connected with a wire that ignites the torpedo. This shatters and shakes up the sand rock, and if a good well, the oil will immediately begin to flow. The rock in which the oil is found is of a porous and sandy nature, and the oil flows out much like molasses draining from a sugar cask, until it becomes dry, leaving no vacuum or hole in the rock or earth from which the oil is taken. The excitement follows wherever oil is struck, much as it does where gold is discovered in the gold regions. Owners of land, good or poor, if

oil is struck on or near, immediately begin to count on their wealth, and at such times the men that sell out while the excitement is kept up make the most money. On the whole, I am inclined to think there is more money lost than made out of the oil speculation. But it is time I returned home to look after business matters, and home I go.

LXI

OUR SECOND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

WE left the city of Plainfield April 28, 1889, making our first stop at Washington, D. C., thence on to Richmond, a place familiar during the Civil war. We cross the Potomac near Georgetown, and the various battlefields are revived in our memory, and also the many hardships which the boys in blue had to pass through to save our Union from dismemberment and death. The country is usually poor, having been worn out by poor cultivation and slave labor, though occasionally a fine mansion and plantation appear. Richmond is situated on the James River, and has a population of nearly 100,000. To us it did not seem a very enterprising city, though considerable manufacturing seemed to be carried on. When we crossed the river, it was rather grand, as it was very high from recent heavy rains. I was told that there were some fine farming lands up the river a few miles. If so, I think it must be an exception to the general rule.

We passed on through light timbered land dotted with negro huts, and crossed into North

Carolina and South Carolina by way of Wilmington and Charleston. The former has a population of about 21,000; the latter some 60,000; both are rather dull towns. These States, especially near the coast, are of a sandy soil, or swampy, with considerable pine. The negroes occupy largely, many of them being engaged in the manufacturing of tar, resin, and turpentine, the manufacturing establishments being of the modest kind. This business is said to be very hard on the timber, the tapping killing the trees in a few years. Northern men have come to this pine country and are making the lumber business a success, and some of them have become quite wealthy, and prove a great blessing to the poor people, as they find employment for them. The method of farming is rather novel to the Northerner; one sees colored men and women, also poor whites, plowing with a cow, steer, or poor mule harnessed to a wooden plow running through the sand. To us it did not look as if anything could grow, but it was said that melons, especially, flourished finely in this sand. Their market is a journeying one, and includes a harnessed steer, cow, or mule, very lean, hitched to a two-wheeled cart. The dwelling places are quite novel; some of them are constructed

with logs or poles, others of crotched timber with poles overhead covered with bark of trees, slabs, or brush, open all round, often situated on a small island in the swamps, or near the borders of the swamp. The people seem happy, and as we passed along in the early morn we often saw the men sitting in front with a flock of children, while the women were busy apparently preparing their morning meal.

As we pass into Georgia there was, to a certain extent, a sameness; pine timber and saw-mills were common. The scenery changes somewhat as we near Savannah. This city manifests considerable enterprise, and has a population of nearly 50,000. The country possesses plenty of sand, resembling the soil along the Jersey shore. From Savannah we went to Jacksonville, Fla., of which we may have more to say in another chapter.

LXII

AT JACKSONVILLE

FROM Savannah to Jacksonville we found it rather dull; but we found some old slaveholders and a sheriff of Georgia County on board, who were quite sociable. The late war was talked over, and its results. All agreed that good to the whole country had come of it. Said one of the old slaveholders: "It was the best thing that could have happened to our young men of the South, as they were coming up in idleness, with no idea of ever doing anything for themselves; they made no calculation of earning their own living. Now they are compelled to do something or starve, as they can not now look for a living from slave labor." The sheriff said, "The greatest curse to the country now is the politicians, as they corrupt the common people both black and white." The ladies chatter about the beautiful lilies and other flowers in and along the swamps, until we reach Jacksonville.

Jacksonville is a sort of central place for Northern people to visit, especially in the winter and spring seasons. The town has not

entirely recovered the setback from the late fevers. Many people shy around the place, but we had no cause to shun the old town. We stopped at the Delavan House, off and on, for about one week. This town reports 20,000 population, which are largely of the colored race, and of rather intelligent people. We crossed the St. Johns and visited the Mitchell garden and orange grove, and others along the beautiful banks, and called on a friend that once lived in Plainfield. The Mitchell grove and garden are among the finest along the St. Johns. We find ripe fruit yet on the trees, while the new fruit has set thickly.

By railroad we go southerly to St. Augustine. This is one of the oldest towns of the State, beautifully situated on the coast. The old French or Hessian forts still remain standing, and there, with other buildings, represent the town to be nearly three hundred years old. The place was once walled, but the walls have been mostly removed, and the material has been used for other purposes. The walls of the east gate yet stand as a landmark. The streets of the old part of the town are very narrow, some only seven to fourteen feet wide. The place is distinctly marked where the Indians, Hessians, and soldiers of the early wars

were buried. This town is destined to be in ages to come, one of the most interesting towns and resorts of the South. One northern man has already invested some \$4,000,000 here, and intends to spend some \$2,000,000 more to make the town attractive. He has already built three hotels, one of which is called the "Ponce de Leon." It was closed for the season at this time, but we were permitted to enter its courts and the dining-room, and lower floor. Its magnitude and beauty we shall not attempt to describe. We have visited the Palace hotel of San Francisco, the best hotels in Chicago, New York, and other cities of the United States, and have not seen its equal. St. Augustine reports at present but about three thousand inhabitants, but is probably filling up faster than any other town in the State.

We pass on southerly to Halifax River and on to a town called Daytona. The country is flat and swampy, and much of the way is covered with tall, slim, sap pine, with a low palmetto called the cabbage palmetto, and the magnolia. But little grass grows through this region. Now and then we see small herds of cattle, very scrawny looking. The native cows are about as large as a fair-sized one-year-old calf in the North, and give from one to two

quarts of milk per day. As we near the Halifax River the timber changes largely to tall palmetto and live oak, the oak being spread out with broad and huge limbs beautifully draped with long, swinging moss in clusters from ten to twenty feet long. This moss is gathered in many places and manipulated until the outside ceases to cling to the inside, which resembles horse-hair, and which is used for upholstering. The palmetto grows tall and straight, from ten to fifty feet high without a limb, with broad leaves flowing from the top somewhat in the shape of an umbrella. Its growth is different from that of any other tree; it grows from the inside, or heart, instead of next to the bark like other trees. It drinks in its life largely from the atmosphere, instead of the earth. The body is so full of fiber that it can not be split, neither can it be utilized for anything save to be driven into the ground for piles. One may trim the outside or girdle the bark without affecting the growth, so long as he does not interfere with the heart. The moss spoken of seems to live on the atmosphere, as it has no roots. It merely wraps itself around the trees or whatever it touches. Sometimes the wind breaks it loose, and it lodges on the orange trees, or other fruit trees, and it is claimed that if it is left

there it saps the atmosphere and hinders the growth of the tree and fruit.

The town of Daytona fronts on the Halifax River. The river empties into the ocean several miles to the north, and it is full of fish, of various kinds, and the town is well supplied with a great variety caught with nets. The fish are sold at five cents a pound. The town is beautifully laid out in native groves, with orange groves intermixed, which make the drives pleasant and beautiful. A descendant of John Smith, who owns some fine orange groves, offered his services to take us on a drive, one day, and we were taken to the finest groves miles away. In this region we saw some of the finest groves in the State, especially those in what is called the hummock lands. The hummock lands are the lower lands or hollows between the sand ridges, the ridges not being so fertile. The oranges and other native fruits of Florida require much care, cultivation, and feeding in order to be a success. Neglect will quickly show itself by the leaves' turning yellow, and by poor fruitage. I should judge that not over one seventh part of Florida can be made to pay for cultivation. Indeed, the State is probably as poor a State as any in the United States; yet its climate is balmy, and it is a pleasant resort for Northern people to

spend the winters and their money, without which the people of the State would have to emigrate or starve.

We return to Jacksonville, and the next morning we leave on our journey by way of Tallahassee, Pensacola, and Mobile. The route is rather a pleasant one. We pass through the sand hills amid the multitude of little cottages where the subjects of the plague of yellow fever were cared for. The country is strewn with sandhills, swamps, and some plantations well cultivated, that seemed quite productive. Tallahassee is a fine town set on a hill, and surrounded with trees, shrubs, and flowers, with a population of nearly 4,000, and is the capital of the State. Pensacola is a larger town, and has a population of some 12,000. The country has a sort of sameness through Florida. Native trees, shrubs, and flowers attract the eye, and the colored people in their rude huts and with their methods of living, make the journey one of interest.

As we enter Alabama night overtakes us, and we lose much of the sight-seeing as we enter Mobile. This city is quite large for a Southern coast city, and has a population of nearly 50,000. It is rather a beautiful city. Morning finds us nearly across the southern part of Mississippi,

and we enter Louisiana. We are crossing the lowlands as we near New Orleans. We enter the room for a chat with the conductor, who puts us on our watch for alligators as we pass bayous and canals along the road and the marshes. We did not have to wait long before seeing them by the dozen and score, floundering about in mud and water. Eight o'clock brings us into New Orleans, where we put up at the St. Charles Hotel for rest.

LXIII

IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WE had formed rather an unfavorable opinion of this city; but people sometimes change their minds by visiting a country or city. We hire a polite coachman, and tell him to take us through the best sight-seeing part of the town, and especially to their burying grounds, the levees, and the Horticultural Gardens. His first stop is before the mansion that General B. F. Butler confiscated for his headquarters while in command at New Orleans during the Civil war. Our guide gave us full details of the General, and said that the people thought him a hard old tyrant at the time, but now as they look back, they decide that he was the instrument of greater reforms to the city, in morals and sanitary measures, than any man who has entered it before or since. The monument of General Lee is conspicuously situated at the head of the most beautiful streets and drives. To the lovers of nature and art the Horticultural Building is one of decided interest. The old French part of the town, its streets and merchants, seem somewhat odd and ancient; but the old city is

becoming Americanized; things have wonderfully changed since the war. Some of the streets are broad, with horse railroads in the center, with drives on each side, and a row of trees with lawn between the drives. The lawns are covered with most beautiful white clover, which seems natural to the soil about the city and surrounding country. The city proper lies in a horseshoe shape made by a circle of the river, and from sailing crafts one may look down through the streets of the city. The drainage or outlet of the water in the city is quite convenient to the Gulf Stream, so that stagnant waters pass out more readily than one would suppose. The water lies near the surface of the ground all over the city, consequently the people can have no wells or cellars. The city depends wholly on cistern water for family use, nearly every house having a cistern above ground, reaching nearly to the roof. The dead are buried above ground in graves arranged one above the other in stone or brick cemented walls, the mouth of each vault being cemented to air tightness. The St. Charles Hotel is conducted by gentlemen. Guests are treated with politeness, and are well fed at reasonable prices.

It is now Friday, and we take a short trip up

the Illinois Central Railroad to a settlement among the pines, called Hammond, near the northern border of the State, where some Northern and Eastern people of our acquaintance have settled on account of the "healthfulness of the climate," they say. The route is level, and for a time the crops and herds of stock look fine. White and red clover grow most luxuriantly, but we soon run into swamps and lakes, while now and then a dry spot appears. On these more eligible sites negro huts of the rudest kind are seen. The negroes settle here because the land is cheap, and by laboring on the road, or fishing, they eke out a scanty livelihood. Alligators are a common sight in this region. We pass on up to the pine lands, where Northern people have started a settlement, and here are several families of my acquaintance. Quite a hotel for winter resort has been built here, but was closed so far as feeding the public was concerned. It would only rent rooms for long or short terms; but that did not suit our habits of life, as we had been accustomed to eating as well as sleeping. However, we soon found reception in a private family, and spent a few days of rest quite comfortably. The people claimed to have come here largely for health. This they may possibly

obtain, but I fear they will not gain much else. From appearances I should judge that this section was once a large swamp, and had been cleared up for occupation by the French or Hessians two or three hundred years ago, but had been deserted and left to grow up to pine again. It is very flat, and heavy rains are apt to flood the lands, consequently they can have no cellars. They are commencing to cultivate fruit, especially strawberries, with apparent success, and find a ready market by shipping to New Orleans or to Chicago.

We witnessed a scene of rather a novel character near the hotel. The owner had builded an iron fence, making a yard or pen around a large shade tree. In this inclosure a black bear and an alligator lived together in harmony, kept for a show and a curiosity. A large pen of alligators are kept in New Orleans on one of the main streets, and men from abroad take delight in visiting them.

Figs grow wild in the woodland in this section of country, and the people take up the fig trees, or bushes, and set them in yards and gardens, and cultivate them with success. This town is located on the New Orleans & Chicago Railroad some fifty miles from New Orleans. The people are cultivating sweet potatoes here,

and I saw Irish potatoes, but they looked rather sickly. The people seemed happy here, and we attended church with them on Sabbath day, and they seemed as devoted as most of the Northern churches, and brotherly love seemed to prevail.

But we return to New Orleans. The colored men seemed rather lazy in this country, and I judge that they had rather fish and hunt while the women do the work. The average population to each shanty--I judge from outside appearances—may be from eight to fifteen. I think it better for my health to settle where wheat, corn, and other grains would grow, than to depend upon a few native fruits for a living, and for health. We bid adieu to our friends, and return to New Orleans, and find our way to our hotel, where we rest after our journey. It seems strange that people should build a city on such low grounds. Really, the surface of the land is lower than the natural river flow of the Mississippi River, so that they are compelled to fortify by a heavy embankment for thirty or forty miles up the river to protect the city from an overflow in times of flood. Morning comes and we are rested, and we are off for El Paso, Texas.

LXIV

ON OUR WAY TO EL PASO

IT is said that El Paso is just half-way between New Orleans and San Francisco, about 1,200 miles. But we are off. The sun shines brilliantly, and we cross the widespread Mississippi River, and are on the beautiful plains and plantations of Louisiana. The country is level, the soil tolerably rich, and under good cultivation, as far as the eye can see. The cultivation of corn, cane, and the fruitage of the land is being conducted by blacks and whites intermixed, as well as by horses, mules, and ox teams.

We cross the Sabine River into the State of Texas. Texas is a large State, nearly one thousand miles long; it has, indeed, been said that if it were divided up into half-acre lots, and all the people of the globe were divided up into families of five, each family could be supplied with a half-acre lot by Texas alone. We find ourselves now in one of the richest sections in our country. We pass Houston, rather an old town of some 17,000 inhabitants. Our route takes us south of Austin, the State capital, to

San Antonio. Austin is said to be a most beautiful city of 25,000 inhabitants. Our route passes through a wonderfully rich country; level, with a soil black and equal to any we have ever seen in our country. It is now the 14th of May, and we see corn to the top of the horses' backs as they are working in it, with sugar cane and other tropical crops in proportion. San Antonio is a large government post, and is an interesting town of over 30,000 inhabitants.

As we continue our journey, the country changes, and we find our route brings us through the great cattle ranches of Texas. The lands are level, with small lakes and swamps interspersed with several varieties of timber, with grasses quite abundant, with large heads of the large-leaved cactus of different types or varieties, sometimes in form of small trees or shrubs, and again in the shape of eggs. The varieties make them a peculiarly interesting sight. These cattle ranches are usually fenced with wire fences in from 1 to 10,000 acre lots, and the cattle are numbered by tens of thousands. The Texas cattle proper have very long and broad horns, measuring two or more feet long, and I think some steers' horns might measure five to six feet from tip to tip, and cows' in proportion.

We pass Spofford Junction, south of Eagle

Pass, on the road to Old Mexico City and as we near the Rio Grande River, the country becomes rough and more barren and mountainous, and we enter the cañons and deep gorges, following the river for several miles, the rocks and mountains on either side being quite picturesque. As we were passing amid the bluffs, we observed sentinels standing on these points. I could not understand why these men were thus standing with guns, as there were no wars being carried on in these parts. But soon we discovered men in chain gangs, or dragging a large ball, at work, and were told that they were State criminals hired by the State to do work on the roads, and these sentinels had to watch them, and shoot them down if they attempted to escape.

Across the Rio Pecos River, after which the river and line of Old Mexico bears south from our route for one hundred miles or more, the country is rather rough, rocky, barren, and thinly settled; cowboys and cattle ranches are to be seen only where water is to be found; but as we near El Paso, the river makes up to our route, and along the valley we find plenty of adobe houses, with a variety of nationalities intermixed, and the lands more productive and better cultivated.

LXV

AT EL PASO, TEXAS

EL PASO is situated on the Texas side of the Rio Grande River, bordering on Old Mexico. Its population is a little over 1,000—rather a small town, yet a noted point on our route. Its water supply for all purposes is from the river. This river is so dirty at this point that one may be pardoned for saying that it almost dams itself in moving. The water is pumped up into a reservoir on a hill back of the town, and there left to settle. It is then run into another, and filtered down into the town for us to drink. When it reaches the table, ice cold, it looks as clear as crystal; but when I heard that the carcasses of thirteen dead infants had been found in cleaning the last reservoir, I concluded that I would prefer the driven-well water of Plainfield.

I don't think that the morals of the people of El Paso are much ahead of our Eastern cities, and we think some of them are not fit to bring up children in. They are accustomed to attend bull fights on Sundays instead of going to watering places in the mountains, or along the

coast, as is the fashion in the East. It is said that one man owns one half of the town, and is rich. He has fitted up grounds for bull-fights for the recreation of the general public. The fights are not confined to bulls; many other animals meet in the arena—sometimes a bull and a stallion, a jack and a stallion, a man and a bull, or several men and a woman and a bull. The bull usually gets worsted by men, as he always closes his eyes when he makes a charge, thus giving the person a chance to dodge, and while the bull passes, the man strikes with his weapon. Men fighting bulls are bound by as strict rules as if fighting as pugilists in a ring. This proprietor takes great pleasure in arranging fights, and it was said that he was making ready to soon have a fight between two of the largest and most venomous snakes that can be found in the country. Some people attend church Sunday morning and the bull fight in the afternoon.

We made a trip over the river to the town called Paso Del Norte, in Old Mexico. This is a town whose buildings are of mud, or adobe, one story high; the walls, roof, and floors are all of the same material, brick made without straw, and baked in the sun. The brick are, I judge, about twelve inches by twenty-four, and from

six to eight inches thick—possibly much like the brick that the Egyptians compelled the Israelites to make. These Mexicans are a dirty looking people; some not half clad, and many of the children in a garb resembling an undershirt. They appear about as heathenish as the Indians in our various Territories. Go back into the country and some of the children are about as naked as when they came into the world. The ladies think we had better take the next train back, and we do so, excusing ourselves from Old Mexico, and return to our hotel to make ready for our journeying. The dwelling places are very different, as every individual is his own architect, and some of the houses are of the rudest manufacture. Some drive rows of stakes the size they want their edifice, then weave in brush up to the eaves, then set posts and put long poles across and cover with brush and a thick covering of mud. Others dig holes in the ground, cover with poles, brush, and dirt. But I will not give details. If people wish to learn how other people live in this world, they must go around among them. We do not decide to settle in El Paso, in Texas, or over in Old Mexico, so we decide to leave for Los Angeles, Cal.

LXVI

ON OUR WAY FROM EL PASO TO LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WE cross into New Mexico, passing Deming, in the southern part of the State, and Lordsburg, and soon cross the line into Arizona. Thence we go on to Benson, and across the State, passing over the Colorado River into California. The route is very mountainous and barren. In some places the valleys are broad, and the distant rocky cliffs in beautiful shapes appear, representing different faces. Some are pyramidlike, some like castles and old forts; all change in feature as we continually shift our position and rush along up the grade. But little water is to be found for long distances. Stations have to be supplied by water trains. The country is barren and poor, though we often saw flocks of antelopes, with ten or a dozen in each squad, with now and then a jack rabbit and coyote or prairie wolf. It is said that there are rich mines along this line, but that because of lack of water they can not be worked.

In passing along this dull and dreary route,

the snow-capped mountains appearing in the distance are the only thing to break the monotony. The wild cactus tree and other plants appear amid the rocks of the desert; they seem to have a liking for life in places where nothing else can subsist. As we near the Maricopa the mountains narrow and converge together, and at one time it was said that we were some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. Even at this great height we find an artesian well that supplies the garden and the station; and the native plants, whose special feature is a great variety of cactus, which were examined with closest curiosity by passengers, as the train made quite a long stop at this station.

But "all aboard" is the order, and our train is on the move, and now comes down grade for many miles, and very steep at that. The valley is narrow, the mountains are high, rocky, and abrupt. The valley is barren, save for the cactus trees — we might say "stubs," as many of them are tall, without a single branch. The valley looks as if the flood had just left the earth, as stones, rocks, and gravel seem to be strewn in every direction. The grade is so steep that they can not get back again. Sometimes it looks as if we were going back up the valley, and as we cross from side to side of

the mountains, we often see the railroad track down the valley, and think that it is another railroad that has found its way into this wilderness, but in time we find an engine crawling around a short curve on the same rails. Not a drop of water is to be seen for many miles, neither cow-boys nor cattle, nor Indians, nor white men, save those connected with the railroad.

We are nearing California's southern borders. Don't get the idea that all California is a paradise, or a garden of flowers; for if you do you will be likely to change your mind on entering it by the southern route. The State, you must remember, is very long, and its domains are extensive. You cross the Colorado river to get into it. After crossing the river you do not lose sight of desolation for forty to fifty miles. The country may be rich with mines, but there is a great lack of cultivation. As we near Los Angeles, however, the daylight of life appears, and we clean up our lunch basket for a stop in the beautiful town, where we are to rest for a few days, and see the town and its beautiful surroundings.

LXVII

IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Los Angeles is situated in southern California, four hundred and ninety-six miles south of San Francisco, and fourteen miles from the Pacific Ocean, on the Pacific route. It is in a broad valley. The old town proper was built on the south side of a large and broken bluff, entirely separate from the surrounding mountains; but the new town has spread out on the broad plains, while streets and drives have been cut through and over the bluffs, and have been lined with fine residences, lawns, and flower-gardens, with groves of bananas, oranges, and other tropical fruits. Los Angeles is no mean city, although some think that it has been overextolled. It has fine stores and public buildings; the people are considerably mixed as to nationalities, yet civil and well-behaved. The town has had its boom, like many other cities, and extravagances in the way of speculations have used up many men who lacked friends and good backing to tide them over. Even these, however, are rallying above embarrassment, and the town is hoping for another boom

and a rush of business again. It has a population of about 50,000, and can not be otherwise than an interesting place.

Men of our present and fast age are quite anxious to become suddenly rich, and consequently often become suddenly poor, in Western cities as well as Eastern. One man's misfortunes often make opportunity for the next man; for when one man falls and is in the hands of the sheriff, the next man takes the property at half its original cost, and goes to prosperity, and the town is built up accordingly. So it has been in Los Angeles. As our custom is, we hire a coachman to take us by the hour. He first drives out of town among the orange groves, and fruits, and flower gardens owned by rich and retired men. Many of the late fruit trees, even for shade along the walks and streets, are as common as apple trees in the East. We are now bolled along the avenues of the city, and as we near the heights, we can take in a most beautiful survey of the country. Our driver takes us upon the highest point of the bluff, and points westward, telling us that opening in the bluff is fourteen miles away, and that you can see the ocean just beyond. Here is where the men of our navy landed and marched with the American flag to demand a surrender

of the Pacific Slope to the American government. Off yonder, in the gap of the mountain, is where Fremont came through in the dead of the night, stealing his way around back of the bluff above the town, and right here is where he planted his brass cannon. In the early dawn, as the old Spanish town arose, there was the American flag floating, and the brass cannon shining in the morning sun, demanding surrender, and there was no alternative. The guns were in a masterful position. We met one man on our route who had been in our navy at the time of all the skirmishes along the coast, and he said that if ever men fared hard, they did. There were often hand-to-hand fights with great odds against them. At one time they charged and routed the enemy by fording a stream, waist deep.

The older inhabitants of our country well remember the hardships of Fremont's men in crossing the Rockies, and the struggles to gain the gold regions of California and the Pacific Slope; and the younger blood of America ought to bear in mind that the privileges they now enjoy in our own large domains cost their forefathers much hardship. The patriots were compelled to live on mule meat and carcasses of dead animals; their feet were often blistered

from want of shoes to protect them from jagged rocks and cruel crags and the sands of the desert. This is sacred ground, here in Los Angeles. General Fremont is always greeted with greatest reverence and ovations whenever he enters this city. We descend to the plains and take in the beauties of the stores and public buildings, and return to our hotel for preparations for our journey away from Los Angeles, which makes a good show on the Californian slope. We called on a young doctor settled here that journeyed with us on our first trip from Denver to California, that had at that time been East and married a wife, and was taking her home with him.

Now we are off again; the cars are crowded, but succeeded in getting a position, as usual, in a palace car, and we are on our way through the broad and beautiful valley, perhaps the cream of California. Night, however, overtakes us, and to our berths we are reconciled for a time. We are soon awake again and demand a blanket or two, for the night is cool, and one rests and sleeps refreshingly under thick covering. Indeed, so chilly is the night air that sealskin cloaks do not come amiss for a time in the early morning. At six o'clock we are up, and we promptly begin our ablutions to avoid the

later risers. All equipped for the day, we dropped into the waiting room while our berth is being made up. The train halts at a station, and in steps a young man who proves to be Mr. Potter, a cousin. The meeting, of course, was pleasant and unexpected. He is in business in San Francisco, on a business trip, and on his way home. As we chat gayly, our train is rushing on through the beautiful valley of orchards, vineyards, and golden fields of grain ripening for the harvest. Already the machines are clicking in the wheat fields and hay fields. We are nearing the beautiful city of Oakland, and the large bay that divides San Francisco from that beautiful city. We are soon aboard the large ferry boat, and in half an hour are landed in the Pacific city, San Francisco. We board the cable cars up to the Palace Hotel, and cross over a block to the Occidental, which was our home during the greater part of our stay in this city on our former tour three years ago.

LXVIII

IN SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN

THE proprietor of the Occidental Hotel at San Francisco knows just how to treat his guests in order to hold the traveling public and the Eastern tourist. We took in the city mainly three years ago, when we visited the Pacific Slope by a route different from the one journeyed this time, and returned by the Northern Pacific.

The eye is never satisfied of seeing, so we take the cable cars up over the bluff to the park some four miles, thence by dummy cars four miles farther to the Ocean Cliff House, high up above the sea level, while other hotels are scattered along the beach near the edge of the beautiful Pacific Ocean, and we find ourselves on the extreme western coast, again watching the seals at their home upon the massive rocks just beyond the shore. It is no new thing to us, yet it is interesting to see them by hundreds bark and fight and tumble off the high rocks into the deep water of the ocean. These seals are protected from harm by the United States

government, the same as are animals in the great Yellowstone Park.

We make our way up to the beautiful gardens on the cliffs, belonging to the Cliff House; but we are getting tired, and take another look back over old ocean, then board the cars and round by the Golden Gate, the Soldiers' Home and gardens,—nine miles for ten cents,—to our hotel. We go to our room, and what do we find? A large dish of fruits, including the finest oranges and cherries, just the thing to quench our thirst and refresh our weary bodies.

The next day we cross over the bay to Oakland and stop overnight with the family of our cousin. Oakland is the city of flowers, situated on a sort of plain as level as our city of Plainfield, and has a population of 35,000 or 40,000. It is to San Francisco a sort of sleeping place. Business men have their offices in San Francisco, and reside over the bay two or three miles away, crossing by ferry boats morning and night, and thus rest in happy homes, out of the noise and bustle of a business city. We return to our room, and now comes a basket of beautiful flowers, including roses, of which my better half is particularly fond. The card reads, "Compliments of the

proprietor." We make a trip to the sand hills, or Chinatown; view over again the Chinese theaters, banks, and other public buildings, their joss houses, or places of worship, and purchased a few trinkets for the children. Not finding much change in this part of the city, we make our way back home again and for other sight-seeing.

San Francisco is on the bay, and is nearly surrounded by water, a neck of land being all that connects the south end of the island with the mainland. The bay is large, lying on the east, and its waters extending around the north, through Golden Gate, out to the ocean near rocky cliffs and the resort for visitors to the ocean. In or near the middle of the bay is quite a large island, and it is contemplated to build a bridge across from city to city, passing over this island, which would make a beautiful construction, and lessen the crowd that now crosses the ferries. There are but two lines of ferries, and they have the largest ferry boats I have ever seen in any country. They ply every half hour, and are often crowded, from the fact that all railroad passengers that enter the city must enter by the ferries.

The traveler that has an eye to the curiosities of nature and art will find much to interest him

in visiting these cities. As we visited these cities three years ago, a somewhat lengthy account of which appears elsewhere, we will omit further notes.

The traveler usually speaks most of the best side of the country in writing up notes of travels. I would not pretend that all is lovely and beautiful in California, nor that riches drop into one's pocket here without exertion. The man that comes to California expecting to get rich by doing nothing will probably be disappointed. It was the divine edict that man should live by the sweat of his brow, and the man that won't work should not eat. It wants men of push to succeed in the West. The Chinaman will outstrip the lazy man in money-making in the West, as well as in the East, as he lives cheaply, scarcely ever drinks strong drink, and saves his earnings with a view to sending it back to China to his family. But many of them have become rich and are worth their hundreds of thousands of dollars, and are as correct in business habits as our American citizens, or other foreigners that come to our shores, and it seems a shame that they are treated as they are, while the rabble of all other nations is allowed to come to our shores and become voters before they learn their A B C's.

To be sure, the Chinaman smokes his pipe, but he is somewhat sensible about it, while other foreigners largely drink strong drink, get up fights, labor strikes, and cause more delay and trouble than all others combined.

We must gather up and be working eastward before the weather gets to much heated, so we are off.

We cross the ferry to Oakland, and thence start on our back track toward Los Angeles, about four hundred miles to Mojave. This gives us a beautiful view of the country that we passed in the night time coming from Los Angeles. The whole valley seems productive; and while fruit, wheat, and oats, and other small grains grow finely, many of the farmers are engaged in raising hay for baling. There is a large demand for hay on the various railroads where no hay will grow, which makes the hay crop more profitable than other crops at present prices.

There is much complaint among farmers about low prices all through the West, and the farm that is mortgaged under these circumstances is hard to free from incumbrance. Our train is going with a rush, and night overtakes us before we reach Mojave and the junction, when we retire. We arise in the morning and

look out and see that we are in a poor, rocky, desert-looking country; and we inquire where we are. We are told that we are yet in California, and that we are in a rich country of mines; but they can not be worked successfully for want of water. Well, there is no use of claiming that the State is all paradise, so will close this chapter right here in this desolate point while we attend to our breakfasting.

LXIX

ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC

WHEN we left Mojave, on the Central Pacific we struck a new route, which takes us perhaps one hundred and fifty miles into California, crossing Arizona north of its center and on to Albuquerque, N. M., to the Santa Fé Railroad.

Our last chapter closed, leaving us in the desert part of California, eating our breakfast. We had a good one, though not a particle of it was grown in that country. Every article of food eaten there by men or beasts has to be transported by railroad. But our engine never tires, and rushes on, drawing human freight, and at the same time its own food and water. We are now running down grade into the midst of rocks and mountains as dry as a powder-house, but as we continue our descent in the valley we discover signs of vegetation. It seems almost like being penned in low down in the mountains. It is very hot. We take a peep at the thermometer that hangs over our heads. Whew! The mercury stands at 106 degrees, this being much the hottest we have

found on our journey. Then we strike the Colorado River and cross it at what is called the Needles, and here we find a few families of Mormons, and some vegetation. Now our route is up grade through poor country, but our engine puffs away, and it seems that every puff makes the weather seem hotter. Night overtakes us at last, and the porters make up our berths with small screens in the windows, and we retire in a great deal of a swelter. Ere long, however, as we ascend higher, we begin to feel around for the blanket, and before break of day we close our screen and double our blanket. At six o'clock we arise. It seems very cool, and we look at the thermometer; the mercury stands at 50°, a fall of 53° in about fourteen hours, and our overgarments came into play.

We are 6,000 feet high up in the mountains of Arizona. This State is a poor one for cultivation, but it is said to consist of many rich mines. In some sections cattle ranches appear, and with the Indians we often see the cowboy around the railroad stations; and right here let me say that a most exciting scene occurred. A wild horse, saddled and bridled, had in some way broken loose from his rider, and is seen coming down the mountain as if kicked by

seventeen mules and donkies, and two cowboys on horseback, with lassoes in hand, with lightning speed are endeavoring to capture the runaway. Pass after pass is made, but somehow they failed to rope him; they strike into the valley and the dry dust fills the air. Our train rushes on; the race passes a point of brush and timber, and the end is not yet, and we know not; but every passenger would have been glad to have had the train stop long enough to see how the affair came out. This was not the only race of the kind under an observation. They are always wonderfully exciting to our human nature. This State is usually thinly settled. We pass on and across the Little Colorado River in the mountains to Mojave Springs, and cross the line into New Mexico at Allentown, southeast of Utah, perhaps one hundred miles or more. We crossed the southern part, or southwest corner of New Mexico and Arizona on our way west on the Southern Pacific route, but now we are passing through the northern part of these States.

In passing through Texas and New Mexico we were reminded of the war between our country and Mexico, when General Taylor was the head of the forces, and Santa Anna the head of the Mexican forces. Santa Anna was

a courageous fighter, and conducted his battle by systematic warfare. He was the best officer Mexico could furnish. General Taylor was of a different make-up; he was ready to retreat or pitch battle at any time in order to take advantage of the enemy and save his men, but was never ready to surrender. Santa Anna once said he whipped Taylor often, but Taylor never knew when he was whipped, but seemed always on the watch to strike him in the rear when he least expected an attack, not so much for statesmanship as for war.

Taylor was elected president, not so much for statesmanship as for his bravery and tactics in war, but did not live long to occupy the chair. There was some intimation that he was put out of the way by his enemies. The United States forces, as their custom is, won the day, and in consequence Texas was ceded to the United States.

But we are now in New Mexico, and we shall soon enter the Indian reserves ; and lo, the poor Indian! He has been driven from pillar to post from his good hunting grounds. The buffalo and antelope, deer and fishing, have been destroyed, and now they are packed in the barren mountains and valleys of the poorest part of our country to starve and die

away. As we pass along through the little villages of adobe huts, these tents and wigwams and dwelling places in the rocks, the women and children appear half clad, begging for bread, ten cents, or are trying to sell some trinkets of their own make to help keep soul and body together. The men appear in the distance poorly clad, barefooted, bareheaded, with long black hair parted in the middle, hanging over their shoulders, and many of them with painted faces that make them look more savage than is their nature. The men scarcely ever do any work, save to hunt and fish ; the squaws invariably carry the burdens. They look lean and dirty, as well as their cattle, broncos, donkeys, and other animals.

The valleys are usually narrow and rocky. Now and then a spot is found, where, by irrigation by some spring or ravine or rivulet, they raise a few vegetables, but for one hundred miles or more there is but little water and but little chance for irrigation. But as we pass out of the mountains, the country opens out into wider valleys, through which passes a small stream or river, from which the land is irrigated, and they seem to farm it quite systematically. They live in adobe houses mostly, some of them being mere walls on three sides,

roofed over with the same material, and on one side open like an Eastern cattle shed.

The country looks much better to live in as we near the Rio Grande River and cross the junction of the Sante Fé Railroad, and pass up the Albuquerque, a little north of the center of the State. The town is rather a handsome place, and business seems quite lively, but we pass on up into the southern part of the Rocky Mountains to Los Vegas. Here in the mountains in open valleys the soil is of a reddish color, and is well cultivated wherever a spot is found worth attempting, and many of these patches were well tilled, being irrigated by springs and rivulets coming from the mountains. Again night overtakes us, and we retire to our berths in the midst of the mountains of New Mexico. Morning dawns upon us. We have had a comfortable and cool rest, and find ourselves in Colorado, near the La Junta crossing the southern corner of the State just in sight of Pike's Peak, and not far from the Colorado Springs and Pueblo valley, which was passed in our former trip over the Rockies to Salt Lake City and on to California. We follow on the Arkansas River and cross into Kansas, near Granada, and now we are in "bleeding" Kansas, "grasshopper" Kansas, "star-

vation" Kansas, "border ruffian" Kansas, and now "prosperous" Kansas, and "prohibition" Kansas; yet we are not discouraged, but follow on up the river, the stream being nearly dry, caused by canals for irrigation of its beautiful prairies spread out miles away, covered with wheat, oats, and corn, and cattle by the thousands, until we reach Dodge City, a place that bears the name of having some rather "hard-shelled" characters. But we stop off, and put up at the Delmonico Hotel for rest and perambulating southern Kansas, and to look up some old friends settled there.

LXX

AT DODGE CITY, KAN.

WE arise in the morning, and find we have had a shower during the night, the first that has happened on our journey since we left Washington, D. C., April 29. Dodge City has a population of about 4,500, and is situated in a large prairie country, with some timber along the rivers.

We are now for a side trip off our regular route. We wish to look up our nephew that settled in Seward County, the southwest county in the State some fifty miles away. We have to cross the river and take the Kansas City cars on another railroad. We take the omnibus to the depot; but there had been a heavy rain that had delayed the train, and we had to wait, so were late in getting to a stage station thirteen miles from my nephew's. But we hired a man to drive us through with a fine livery, and we had a nice ride across the prairies, and found our friends all well, and looking for our arrival. If there is anything disagreeable, it is waiting for the cars that delay us on our journey. My friend lives in

a sod house of his own building. You would think that would be very unpleasant, but nearly all do that in a new-settled prairie country. From his home at that time I think as many as fifty sod houses could be seen scattered over the prairie. They are warm in winter, and cool in summer. They are built up with square blocks of sod making a wall some eighteen or twenty inches thick, and covered with the same material, and lathed and plastered inside, many of them, and you would hardly know that you were in a sod house when inside.

This is a beautiful prairie country, but from some cause they are not safe for a good crop to average over once in three years. That section is liable to hot winds, and when that strikes almost any crop when in the blossom, it blasts the whole crop. Then they are liable to long drought any season. Their failures have driven nearly all the settlers from that part of the State at a loss of all expenditures, and now my friend lives here, and has a cattle ranch of several thousand acres. He has a deep well that pumps by a windmill for himself and cattle and others for miles around.

We enjoyed our visit for a few days. There was a great boom over this part of Kansas a few years before, by entering claims, and

grabbing for homesteads, not a section was left unclaimed for miles around; but now the old sod house is left as a remembrance of what has been, and now it is a free country to cattle and wild beasts. The town and county seat have been torn down and drawn away. We slept just as soundly in a sod house as we did in the Occidental, or Delmonico; but this is real frontier life, and is good for one's soul, for in this way he learns the difference of country, and how people live.

Our friends seem a little lonesome, as they are alone from their relatives; but we must leave them. So our friend, his wife, and a neighbor that we had become acquainted with, formerly from the East, arranged to take us to the nearest station ten miles away. It was an awful windy day and my wife had about all she could do to hold herself and clothing together in the open carriage. But we succeeded, and got safely through to the station, and found that we had two hours to wait for our train to take us to Dodge City; so we went to a hotel, and I engaged dinner for ourselves and company. We took dinner together, and went to the depot where we bade each other good-by, and we were off for Dodge City, where we put up for the night. On the morrow we will be

off, by the way of Topeka and on to Nortonville, where we stop for a time with our sister and brother-in-law Babcock.

As I have written quite largely on Kansas in former chapters, I will omit further on this prosperous State. But as I have some securities in Nebraska, I leave my wife here and make a trip into that State. I go to Atchison, thence northward into that State by the way of Lincoln, thence to North Loup, up the Loup valley toward the county seat and northerly toward Omaha, thence back to North Loup. Well, I found some of my securities were worth about as much as so much clear sky. Really, I found out that a man had better not invest much on other people's word; for some people, though professed Christians and church members, do not always tell the truth when they wish to get money pretty badly. So I left North Loup, and took a different route and looked up a brother-in-law and family that had settled in that State, and had a good visit; and then his son, my namesake, Ethan L. Wadsworth, drove me four miles to the nearest station where I took cars for Atchison, Kan.; thence back to Nortonville for a stop-over and rest, and to visit some friends about that part of the State.

LXXI

AT NORTONVILLE, KANSAS

WE leave Nortonville, go back to Topeka, call on a few friends, then take the cars for Kansas City, Mo. Here we stop a few days, and what a change since my first visit here in 1844, when there was not much else but tents and shanties among the bluffs. But we must be off toward our Eastern home.

We take the cars by the Rock Island route, and change off and go up to Milton Junction, Wis., where a friend meets us and takes us to his home at Milton.

After a few days we proceed to Chicago, and make a short stop. What a great city, all built up in a man's lifetime. But we pass on into Michigan by way of Battle Creek, thence to Jackson, where we stop over Sabbath with a brother-in-law, and attend meeting with a small church of Sabbath keepers. On Sunday a minister invited me to attend service with him at the State prison. The preacher invited me to take a seat with him on the rostrum. I must confess I felt a little queer to sit there before

an audience of victims for crime; but two guards sit with us, with their guns by their side, to shoot down the victims if they should make any move toward an insurrection. But all behaved quietly. Some were fine-looking men, and seemed to me ought not to be in such a place; but unfortunately for them they had yielded to bad company, as thousands of others have done, and got led into crime before they realized what bad company led to. But here they were, mixed up with the wickedest men of our land, to suffer disgrace brought to their parents, perhaps, by first disobeying them. I noticed some shedding tears, some smiling as if they had lost all shame. Young man, take heed, lest you fall!

We leave Jackson by way of Detroit, cross over the river and take cars on the Canadian R. R. by way of London to Suspension Bridge; cross over, run up to the Falls, and stop overnight, and thence by way of Rochester and Auburn to Syracuse and stop over a few days with our sister and her husband and son, rest up a little, and thence by the West Side Railroad to New York, where we stop over until morning. We are a little anxious to see home after a journey across the continent by two different routes, making about nine thousand miles, without

accident or sickness to lay us up on the whole journey. We find ourselves at our home again, having great reason to thank the good Lord for his care and protection.

LXXII

OBSERVATIONS IN STATES AND NATION

IT has been my custom to visit Washington occasionally, and some of our State capitals, to learn the character of men, and how they do business. We had some very able statesmen in my early days. I well remember the days of Jackson and the Adamses, Calhoun, Henry Clay, Joshua R. Giddings, Z. Taylor, Wm. H. Garrison, Seward, Gerrit Smith, Horace Greeley, and lots of other able men, and as smart as they were, most of them had their weak points. Horace Greeley was not so much of a statesman as he was a politician and editor. He was at one time considered almost a prophet in politics. He was a strong Whig and afterward a Republican, and in fact he named the Republican party. The party principles were gotten up in my town, the town of Friendship, Alleghany Co., N. Y. A. N. Cole, the editor of the *Free Press*, of that county, formerly a Democrat, but then a Free Soiler, called a convention to be held in Friendship to consider the question of a new party, as both old parties had yielded to the slave power for the sake of votes and power;

that it was time something should be done to save our country from the hands of wicked men. The convention was made up of the best of citizens. Not a proslavery man or an intemperate man was in the convention. A set of principles was drawn up and adopted. But the convention did not know what to call it. It was suggested that the platform of principles be copied and sent to Horace Greeley, and tell him that we had indorsed them as a set of principles for a new party, but we did not know what to call it. He replied, "Call it Republican." So it was so called, and has been to this day; but oh! how the party has fallen from grace, and what a different set of men rule the party to-day!

The Republican party of to-day has as completely sold out to the rum or saloon power, as did the old Whig and Democratic parties to the slave power. This is not only national, but our State Legislatures are governed by the same influence, and State and nation are in a worse condition morally and religiously than we were before the Rebellion over the slavery question. The fact seems to be now for power rather than for principle. I really believe from my observation that we never have had an administration in power in America that has

stolen from appropriations more than the present. I have observed from Grant's second term down to the present time that from State and national governments, and even small municipalities, but few appropriations have been made for any object but that somebody has become a millionaire or very wealthy out of it. Politicians seem combined to help each other in their steals.

And I see no prospect of reform from a moral point of view from the professed church of Christ in our land, for the politics of our land seems to hold perfect control over church and people, and church politicians are in the church for the control and what they can make from the church, and in fact there seems to be more churchanity than Christianity in our country. In my estimation, a church politician is liable to draw more men, young and old, astray than any other class of men. And so long as the church and politics are combined as they are, the church will never remove the curse of rum from our land any more than did the church remove slavery from our land. God allowed slavery to exist until the mass of the people, regardless of the church, were compelled to rise up *en masse* and put down the slave power and the curse in order to save themselves and

the nation. But at what a cost of lives and treasury! God bears the wickedness of a church and people until it becomes unbearable, and when that comes, it must go at whatever cost. If these offenses are allowed by a church or nation, "Woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."

LXXIII

OUR GREAT AND SMALL CITIES

THE great and small cities in our land have mostly been built up in a man's lifetime of 82 years. I well remember my first visit to New York City when quite young. The retail business was mostly done in the lower end of the town, about Fulton street and that vicinity, and Park Row. Castle Garden then stood out from shore, and to visit it we had to cross on a bridge to get on to it. Merchants from the West, so called, came by the packet boats on the Erie Canal one or twice a year to purchase goods. I remember the first merchant that opened a store at Baker's Bridge, so called from the fact that a man by the name of Baker built the first bridge across the stream with poles. The place is now called Alfred Station. He started with a stock of \$500. His name was Samuel Russel, and he came from New Haven, Conn. His store was a little larger than a fair-sized smoke-house. And I also remember the first framed house and barn in the town of Alfred, and the log school-house where I commenced my college education.

They did not teach boys grammar in those days, so I never studied grammar a day in my life.

What a change in a man's life, in eighty-two years. Now fine farms, fine orchards, fine houses, fine schools, and a fine university in the town. Where deer, bears, and Indians then roamed, not one would dare venture now. Go to New York on a canal packet! Whew! Get on the cars at night, and get your breakfast in New York in the morning. Now it is Greater New York, extended up many miles beyond Harlem, and includes Brooklyn, and it is said to be the greatest city in America, and some say it is the wickedest. We will not decide that question; but it is evident that Tammany usually rules the city, and also it is evident that sin rolls as a sweet morsel under their tongues from the saloons and gambling-houses to be seen all over her domain.

As we pass on to the Lakes and to Chicago the same push and progress appear. But what is the result? Scarcely a city or town but has its curse of rum and the saloon on nearly every square to damn men's souls and bodies, as well as its church steeples; that send ten men to perdition while the church saves one. Push on to Chicago, and what do we find.

Where great Chicago now stands, when I was born, only a few French and Indians were mixed there in the mud.

The first time I visited Illinois, in 1844, there were about 11,000 population, largely living in little houses built on piles driven into the ground to keep them above the mud. But what now? The next largest city in our country, with churches, colleges, big hotels, and saloons, and places of damnation that reach miles on the road to condemnation, where hell fire rolls under their tongues; and if the forces of New York should be joined to Chicago, it is a question whether there is water enough in the lake adjoining to quench the fire after getting it started.

Go on to the Rocky Mountains, across the American desert, to San Francisco, and to the Pacific Ocean, and you will find this curse of drink supported by our government. Go north to our northern borders and the lakes, and you will find it; go south to our southern climate and the balmy land of flowers, and there the curse hangs on American authority. Come back to the capital of the nation, and we find dens of death on the beautiful avenues ready to damn every person from our homes or from abroad that shall call at our capital. Go into

both houses of Congress, and there you will find the rum bars where all kinds of liquors are dealt out to our lawmakers as they want. Go to the White House, and look upon the table of the president, and see the decanters and glasses filled to the brim with the drinks of death to himself and all his guests, and then do you wonder at the wicked laws that are made? Go to our soldiers' homes in our land, and see the liquid fire that is sold to them to drink. Then go on to our war department, and see the canteens of liquor dealt out; and then after you have got around, listen to the voices all over our land, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Why do not my husband and son come home to-night?



HARRIET A. LANPHEAR BABCOCK

Wife of Orson W. Babcock, president of national bank,
Mortonville, Kan.

LXXIV

AN ESSAY BY SISTER HARRIET A. LAN-PHEAR BABCOCK

"SEARCH the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." John 5:39. Here we have a plain command to study God's Word, to *search* it, that we may learn our duty to him and to our fellow men.

The Sabbath-school has been instituted as a help in acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures, and it has proved a valuable aid. Particularly to the young is a well-organized and properly conducted Sabbath-school of untold value. Its influence in a community is also great; how great, we are not able to calculate. Since the days when the Sabbath-school was first instituted the work has been progressive. It has advanced from one degree of excellence to another until it has become a power in the land. It is but recently that lesson leaves and other helps were introduced. Some think we should dispense with these. If there are no wiser hands than ours, I agree with that class. But I think most of us may properly receive

instruction from those whose time and attention are wholly given to the study of the Word.

From infant classes, I would exclude the lesson leaves and substitute other methods of instruction. A skillful teacher will know how to meet the wants of children. The mind of the child is easily molded, hence the necessity of exercising great care in the choice of instructors. The teacher's influence by what he is is more than by what he says. If he loves and honors God, he will inculcate right principles and teach by example, which is far better than precept. Parents and teachers should co-operate. They should have the same end in view, the formation of a noble, Christian character. They are co-laborers in the great work of training the children for usefulness and happiness here and hereafter in the world to come, which the natural eye hath not seen, but where, by the eye of faith, we behold God, our Father, together with his holy angels.

Oh, that the hearts and minds of the children might be molded perfectly and beautifully after the image of our divine Master! Some of my readers have long enjoyed the privileges of the Bible school. The question arises, Have we appreciated them? We have had ample time

to search the Scriptures; have we improved it? Have we grown great in goodness, been purified and strengthened by laboring for the good of others?

There is work for the Christian everywhere. It begins in our own homes. Indeed, I believe here is where our true character is most tested. If an individual is not a Christian around his own fireside, and in the discharge of home duties, he is not one anywhere. There are many heroic Christian souls who are scarcely known beyond the home circle; souls that toil on through trials and sufferings, ever hopeful and cheerful. Life has its trials, its disappointments, and its sorrows. Dark shadows sometimes cross our pathway. Cherished schemes fail, and the goal is never reached. Friends, dear to our hearts, are removed by death's relentless hand; others, perchance, prove false. Happy are we if, while passing through these vicissitudes of life, we have Christ for our friend, and can say with the psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Life is not all shadow; and it has often been said that even the clouds have a silver lining, and flowers grow all along our pathway, but

we do not always stop to gather them. We hasten on, seeking some that are better or fairer. If we would be happy, we must be the arbiters of our own moods. God or nature will not help us to cheerfulness unless we help ourselves. Happy is the individual who has a life within that is independent of the ups and downs of fortunes, and who can at all times and under all circumstances, say, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

The hope of eternal life gives endurance and courage to the Christian heart. It sheds a brightness over all life's pilgrimage, and leads us on to that "better land," our Father's home, where the many mansions are.

Teachers and laborers in the Bible school, yours is a noble work. Toil bravely and patiently on, remembering that in heaven there will be great rejoicing over one sinner that you may bring into the fold. And thus may we all labor cheerfully and well in whatever sphere our duties may be, and when the sands of time have run their course, and we approach the golden gate, may we not appear empty handed, bearing a few precious sheaves to lay at our Master's feet.

LXXV

A CHAPTER ON THE LANPHEARS

THIS goes back to my Grandfather Lanphear. His name was Nathan, and he was born in New England. I am not able to give dates. He was married two or three times. He had three children by his first wife: one son and two daughters. His son's name was Ethan; he left no children. One daughter married Nathan Stillman. He and Ethan moved to Brookfield, N. Y., in the early settlement of that county. Nathan had three sons, Ephraim, Nathan, and Richard, and several daughters; but all are dead, so far as I know.

Samuel Burdick married a daughter. She had sons and daughters; but all are dead. There are Babcocks, Potters, and Burdicks, descendants of that family, scattered over our country.

Elishah married a Potter, and he left three sons and two daughters; but all are dead. Elisha left three sons and one daughter. Two sons are still living, so far as I know. The two daughters are both dead. The older married a man by the name of Star, and they left a daughter, who married Dr. Stillman. She is a

widow, and now resides at Plainfield, N. J. The other daughter married a Baptist preacher, and I think lives in Brooklyn, but has no children.

Thomas Lanphear left a son and daughter, who live in or near Phenix, R. I. Harris left one son, who now lives at Rockville. His name is N. Henry Lanphear.

Enoch Lanphear left two daughters, Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Gavet, now living in Westerly, R. I. Two sons, Rowland and Capt. Clark Lanphear. Rowland is dead, and Clark lives at Waterford, Conn. One daughter died in Wisconsin, several years ago. Uncle Enoch was a large man, and weighed over three hundred pounds.

Samuel and Hezekiah were twins. Samuel moved west to Alfred, N. Y., quite early, and raised up ten children; Emory, Avery, Ethan, Nathan, Hannah, Sarah, Lavinna, Lucy, Mary, and Harriet. Ethan (myself), Nathan, Lucy, Mary, and Harriet are now living. Lucy is the wife of Dr. E. R. Maxs, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mary is the widow of Benjamin L. Wight, deceased, and Harriet is the wife of Orson W. Babcock, president of the National Bank of Nortonville, Kan. Nathan is still living in Nile, Allegany County, N. Y., a vet-

eran of our Rebellion, and was a prisoner nearly eleven months.

Hezekiah had two sons and three daughters, all now dead but one son, George R. Lanphear, who lives with his family in Westerly, R. I. William, his brother, left a widow, and I think two or three sons and one daughter, near Richmond Switch, R. I.

William Lanphear, my uncle, was married three times. By his first wife he had two children, a son and daughter, both now dead; by the second, two or three daughters, all now dead but one. Achas moved to Alfred, I think, in 1827 or 1828. He married Miss Weltha Stillman. They raised three sons, Joseph, David, and Daniel; two daughters, Eliza and Emma. All the family are now dead but Daniel. He lives I think in West Almona, N. Y. His mother lived to be over ninety years of age.

Joseph Lanphear, Sr., left one son Ethan, and one daughter, Lovina, both dead. I think Hannah, G. H. Utter's wife, of Westerly, R. I. is a descendant of Lovina.

Simeon Lanphear left three daughters and one son. The daughters were all mutes, and I think there was one other daughter, who married Clark Sanders, but died long ago. But

the whole family is dead now. One daughter, that we called Aunt Amy, married a man by the name of Truman. I think Miss Hannah Crandall is the only descendant of that family, and daughters of Joseph and Emeline Crandall. I think that Grandfather Lanphear had two or three other daughters that I can not bring to mind, who died when I was quite young, if not before I was born.

My grandfather, I think, had a half-brother by the name of Maxson Lanphear. He had, I think, three sons, Truman, Jonathan, and Ephraim, and two daughters, Nancy and Clarissa; Nancy married Thomas Burdick, and Clarissa married Ezekiel Sanders, and they all moved to Alfred, N. Y., and all died there, leaving some descendants to follow them. One daughter by the name of Barsheba, married a widower in Westerly. He died, and she is living in that town at the present time.

Another sister of my father comes to mind, who married Wait Clarke. They had five sons and three daughters: William, Ephraim, Paul, Thomas, and Ezekiel, Abigail, Mary, and Genette. All these married, and some of them left children; but they themselves have all died.

There was another Lanphear, cousin to my grandfather. He had three sons and one

daughter. The daughter married a man by the name of Richard Hull. They all emigrated early to Alfred, N. Y., and settled in what is now called Lanphear's Valley, taking the name from these Lanphears. Their names were, as I remember, Nathan, Jonathan, and Silas. Nathan was twice married. By his first wife he had one son and two daughters; the son and one daughter are dead. The younger daughter married Daniel F. Langworthy, a cousin of mine. He is dead, but she is living in the same valley. There is a son by the second wife; he married a niece of said Daniel F. Langworthy, and lives near by. Richard Hull, that married these Lanphears' sister, was quite poor, and had but little education, but he decided to preach, and was ordained before he could scarcely read and write, and yet was quite an acceptable preacher for those times. He preached the first sermon I ever heard in my childhood, in a schoolhouse. This was before they had any church edifice in the town. He had no coat to his back, or shoes to his feet, and people came on foot for miles through the woodlands by marked trees to hear him preach. My father and David Stillman considered the matter, and the next Sabbath the preacher had some shoes.

Elder Hull and his wife raised five sons, and, I think, four daughters. Nathan, Varnum, Oliver P., and Hamilton all became preachers, and were ordained. Richard was a physician. Martha, Hannah, and the other two girls made great exhorters. The older married a German by the name of Ernst. They raised one son, and he is a preacher. Jonathan and Silas, of the three brothers, died many years ago. I do not remember whether they left any children or not. This is an imperfect report of the Lanphears, as it is all written up from memory.

LXXVI

A CHAPTER ON THE POTTERS

My mother was a Potter. Her father was Nathan Potter. He had three brothers, Thomas, Joseph, and Henry, and several sisters, and all lived at what has always since been called Potter's Hill. He had cousins by scores. Nathan, my grandfather, had five sons, Nathan, David, Elisha, Albert, and Ezra. Daughters, Hannah (my mother), Cynthia, Susan, and Milla.

Cynthia married Amos Crandall. They moved, with my parents, to Alfred, with the goods of both families all on one wagon, drawn by one yoke of oxen. They had no children then. They raised two sons and two daughters, Ezra and Almond, Mary Ann and Julia, now all dead. Amos Crandall died a few years ago, over ninety years of age.

Susan married Daniel Langworthy. He died, and left her with two sons, Daniel F. and Russel, Lucy and the three other girls (I forget their names). Lucy married a man by the name of Lewis in 1840. I chanced to be in Rhode Island at that time and attended their

wedding, and he made arrangements with me to rent a farm for him. I did so, and they moved to Alfred the next spring. He died, and left her with three boys. Two of them are physicians in New York City, and the other is in business in Philadelphia, Pa., and the widow is now in Alfred, about eighty-six years of age. The rest of the family moved to Alfred after this, where Aunt Susan died. She lived with her son, Daniel F., who married a Lanphear girl, the daughter of N. Lanphear. Aunt Susan's family all married, but are now all dead.

Milla married a man by the name of Isaac Fenner. They moved to Alfred about 1830 or 1832, where they both died. They left three sons and three daughters. Andrew is a merchant in Almond, N. Y.; William lives in Auburn, N. Y., and Elisha is in the cheese business, in Alfred. Susan married a man by the name of Smith, who is a farmer in Alfred. One of the other girls married a professor, and they are in a school in the West. The other married a minister by the name of Davis, and lives in Milton, Wis. All have living heirs.

Nathan Potter built a carding and cloth-dressing mill, but by accident fell under the

water wheel and was killed. He left two or three sons and a daughter; but I think the family are all dead.

David ran a foundry in Almond, Allegany Co. He married Lavinna Stillman, of Alfred. They had one daughter, but the family are all dead now. Elisha married Miranda Maxson for his first wife, and they had one daughter, and she married Dr. Crandall, and he died, leaving one daughter in Wellsville, N. Y. Uncle Elisha built a factory for making cloth. His first wife died, and he married a young woman by the name of Sheppard, at Shiloh, N. J. He died, leaving one son by his last wife. I met him in California nine years ago, where they now are, I suppose.

Albert married a lady by the name of Sweet. He was a farmer, and lived on the old home-stead of his father and mother in Alfred, near Five Corners. He died, leaving two sons one daughter, and his wife. One son lives on the old farm with his mother, is married, and has several children. The other son is in California. The mother is now about eighty-five years of age.

Ezra Potter married Content Sisson. They are both dead, leaving one daughter, who married Freborn Hamilton, and lives near Alfred

station, in Alfred. They have a son and a daughter. Albert also left one daughter, who married a man named Davis, and lives near Mr. Hamilton's.

The Potters intermixed by marriage largely with the Lanphears, Langworthys, Babcocks, Cottrells, and Clarks, so that it is difficult to decipher our relationship. The old stock of Babcocks at Potter's Hill and the Valley, Daniel Babcock, Jacob, and Oliver, were of our kin, for their mother was a Potter. They are all dead and gone, but they have left children to shake our hand, and say, "How do you do, Cousin Ethan?" It is a good place to visit around my old birthplace at Potter's Hill and in Rhode Island, because of this relationship.

As to my own family, my older brother, Emory, died many years ago, leaving a wife and one son, a little boy that grew up partly under my care. When the Rebellion broke out in our country, he enlisted in the Eighty-Fifth New York Regiment, and unfortunately, when that regiment was taken prisoners at Newbern, S. C., he was taken with the rest, and died in the Rebel prison.

My brother Avery was an Adventist preacher during the last of his life, and died from the kick of a horse while on his way to attend a



DR. EMORY LANPHEAR

Son of Avery Lanphear, deceased, now leading surgeon at College
of Medicine and Surgery, St. Louis, Mo.

conference in the northern part of the State of New York. He left three daughters and one young son that was named after his uncle Emory. His oldest daughter married an Adventist who died a few years ago, leaving her in good circumstances, and she has gone to Kansas to care for her mother in her old age.

Arvilla married D. T. Fero, and is with him as a missionary under the auspices of the Seventh-day Adventists at Seattle, Wash. They have one child and a grandchild. Seraphene married a man by the name of Fuller, he being a practicing physician at Hartford, Kan.

Emory studied medicine with his step-father, attended medical college in St. Louis; was graduated, taking first and third premiums among the students; commenced practice in Kansas; married; lost his wife, leaving him one daughter. After this he went to Europe to gain all the medical knowledge he could; came back, and married again, and began practice in Kansas City; issued a medical journal for a few years, making surgery a specialty, and is now the leading surgeon in the medical college in St. Louis, Mo.

A. Judson Hall was given to me by his mother when three years old, after his father died. He was a good boy, and when he be-

came eighteen years of age he enlisted in the army in the Civil war, but unfortunately with others was taken prisoner, and was confined in a rebel prison for eleven months, but is living yet.

LXXVII

MY RELATION TO THE SEVENTH-DAY-BAPTISTS

I WAS born of Sabbath-keeping parents, and brought up to attend church. I was at the raising of the first Seventh-day Baptist church in Alfred, N. Y., when a small boy, and as I grew up, I attended that church. I was brought up to read the Bible, and to believe what the preachers preached. The first Seventh-day Baptist church edifice in this country was built at Newport, R. I. The second I think in old Hopkinton, R. I. The first general conference I attended in Rhode Island was at that church. After that, however, I attended at other churches in that State, and on one occasion I went with a company to Newport to visit the old first church.

This first church was built over two hundred years ago. Rhode Island seems to be the mother of Seventh-day Baptists in this country. My relatives were mostly Sabbath-keepers. Rhode Island was a small State, and emigration began, and Seventh-day Baptists

as well as others desired to emigrate. My father fell into line to leave the rocky coast of his old State. He was the first man that went from Westerly, R. I., to Alfred on foot, five hundred miles, to seek a new home. This was in 1816, the year called the cold season. He and his brother-in-law, Amos Crandall, after that traveled up there on foot, selected land, put up log huts, and went back and gathered up their substance, put them on one wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen, moved through the wilderness to Alfred, and were among the first organizers of the first church of Alfred. Here I resided in Allegany County until I came to Plainfield to live, thirty-one years ago.

In reading my Bible for myself I found that God created the Seventh-day Sabbath and none other, and that the Sabbath was made for man. As I was a man, and a part of God's creation, and as the Sabbath was created for men, I decided that I would be man enough to observe it; so I have never observed any Sabbath created by man. As I have been permitted to travel over the most of our country, I have endeavored to keep the Sabbath day with Sabbath keepers wherever I could find them, and when I could not find them, I would try to keep it with my Creator.

I have been permitted to attend many conferences with the S. D. Baptists, and in this way have kept myself fairly well posted as to their progress and failures. I have been personally acquainted with over one hundred and sixty Seventh-day ministers, and for the benefit of the younger people, I will mention some of the ministers with whom I was familiar when I was young: Elder Amos Saterly, Wm. Saterly, Elder Clark, Daniel Coon, Stillman Coon, Ray Green, Henry Green, John Green, the great evangelist Joel Green, Wm. Green, Thomas Sweet, Richard Hull, the father of Nathan, Varnun, O. P. Hull, and Hamilton, now all dead; Daniel Babcock, Elder Chester, and others. They were mostly godly men. I will mention Elder E. S. Bailey, as he was a physician of men's bodies as well as their souls. Elder W. B. Maxson was a peacemaker and scholar of his time. It seems that they were more progressive in the way of converting souls than preachers of this day are in the Seventh-day Baptist denomination.

Preachers had no stipulated salary in those days. They took what the people could do for them, and trusted in God for the rest. At any rate there seemed to be a greater growth in those days in the denomination in proportion

than now. They just about hold their own as to numbers, about ten thousand. They continue to preach endless torment of the wicked, that people go to their destiny at death, that heaven is full of infants, and that parents will find their infants full grown in heaven when they get there. At least some of the leaders preach this. They are as bad as some of the old Methodist preachers were, who preached that "there were infants in hell not a span long."

The old Seventh-day Baptists, as ignorant as they were, would not have allowed their members to unite with secret societies or a thousand and one other societies, without the permission of the church; but to-day ministers, as well as the members, join those societies for the sake of popularity and gain; and what time and money have they for the church after giving them to these outside societies? Really, I believe that politicians rule the churches with more power than Christians. The man that preaches against the most wickedness gets the most curses. I know of a church not many miles away whose pastor preached against members' joining these societies, and it raised a breeze. Some said that it was none of his business how many societies they belonged to, and if

he was going to preach thus, he might as well move.

Under the preachings of those old preachers men of awful wickedness would brake down in tears on account of sin. But, as now, if they can be preached to heaven as quickly as they die, what have they to shed tears for? I have made up my mind to write and preach against sin where I find it, whether in the church or out of it, and of course I am out of it.

LXXVIII

ACQUAINTANCE AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

THE people of this denomination were originally First-day Advents, and were called Millerites, from the fact that Miller, who was a strong believer in the second coming of Christ, and made it the study of his life, from his standpoint of reckoning time, set a day when Christ would come to receive his own.

I learned much of his character from one Elder Leman Andrews, a First-day Baptist preacher, who afterward became a Seventh-day Baptist. He lived a neighbor to Miller in Niagara County, N. Y., about 80 miles distant from my home in Allegany County.

He said that he and Miller had spent many hours at night, studying the prophecies of the Bible; that Miller was an honest man, and a good scholar. He believed that Miller was correct in reckoning time when he set the day for Christ to appear. But when the day came, Christ did not appear. Although this was a great disappointment to him and his followers, they did not give up the idea that he would

come, but went to work to learn how and why they had made their mistake. The decision was that they were correct in reckoning time, but their mistake was as to what would happen at that time. The event to take place at that time was the preparation, or cleansing, of the temple.

Elder White, with other Adventists, lived in the Eastern States, and kept up their service of worship. It so happened that a Seventh-day Baptist school-teacher from New York State was hired to go there to teach school. She attended their meetings, and they learned from her that they were not keeping the Bible Sabbath; so, as all honest people ought to do, they began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. However, the Adventists were divided over this question.

Elder White was a man of remarkable power, and proved to be a great financier. He printed a little paper, advocating the true Sabbath and the Advent doctrines. He afterward removed to Rochester, N. Y., with his little publishing concern. Finally some Seventh-day Adventists settled at Battle Creek, Mich., and he decided to move there with his little press. This is a short outline as to my first knowledge of Seventh-day Adventists,

and may be imperfect. This was about fifty years ago. To learn of their success to this date, one has only to read their annual reports. Carloads of printed matter are sent out daily from their publishing houses all over our land and to other countries. I have been in receipt of their literature for years.

Two of their ministers came to my town and wished to set up a tent and hold meetings, but all refused to allow them to use their land, as they considered them wicked men and dangerous to the public. They came to me, as I had a good location, and I permitted them to pitch their tent, only a little way from the Seventh-day Baptist church, that was built on my farm near the village. Elder Wheeler and another man were the preachers; they were able men and gentlemen. I was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, and of course I was censured some; but I believed in a free gospel, free speech, and a free religion.

They held their meetings several weeks, until the tent was usually well filled. When the Seventh-day Baptists held service, they would adjourn their meetings and come to our church service. My brother Avery was a deacon in our church at that time.

I had been studying their doctrine some-

what, and had come to favor some of their teachings, and the more I heard and read, the more I believed, and my brother and several others became more and more interested. An Adventist minister then living at Friendship, began to come to our service after the tent was removed. His name was Robbins, and he was finally called to fill our pulpit, and preached acceptably for them for about eleven years; but some of our old orthodox churches found fault, and he moved away to Northern Michigan. My brother finally became a strong Adventist, and was ordained by them as a preacher, and died one.

In one of my journeys West I stopped at Lansing, Mich., and attended one of their general conferences in a large tent that would seat thousands of people. Elder White and his wife and other preachers were there, and I was treated kindly by them, and when I left, my prejudice against them was gone.

But I must say that some of our Seventh-day Baptist churches have ever manifested a strong opposition to them, while they, the Adventists, were willing to co-operate with the Seventh-day Baptists as far as they did agree; but the Seventh-day Baptists, in annual conference, by vote refused to further co-operate

by sending an exchange of delegates, and the church at Plainfield and some other churches refused to allow Adventist preachers to preach in their churches.

Elder Andrews, one of their missionaries, stopped over with me on his way to Europe. Elders White, Waggoner, and others have stopped over with me, but none of them were invited to preach in our church. With all the opposition the Seventh-day Adventists have, and are meeting, I know of no denomination that has made greater progress during the fifty years they have been in existence than they have; and I think it is generally admitted that they are doing more to Christianize the world, and to ameliorate the condition of the world, according to their numbers, than any other denomination.

Go to Battle Creek and visit their college, sanitarium, publishing house, medical school, and old people's home, and watch the carloads of Bibles and reading matter shipped every day. Go to Oakland and see their publishing house there. Go and see their ship "Pitcairn" when she leaves our shores loaded down with Bibles, missionaries, and books and other reading matter, to go to the islands of the seas, nearly all the civilized nations of the world, and to dark

Africa. Observe the publishing houses, and publications in the different languages. Remember the schools and the health institutions they have established in America. Read the statistics and see how they have multiplied in fifty years, nearly fifty thousand constituency, and probably thirty thousand to forty thousand followers that are scattered over the world where churches are not yet organized; and then listen to the complaints made against this people for keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus; and these complaints come from a class professing to be of the church of God.

Here we have a sample of pious people, of what they would do in Arizona. A short time ago the Methodist minister and the Methodist bishop of this district tried three times to have some of our brethren [Seventh-day Adventists] in Solomonville arrested for Sunday work and for holding meetings in a public building there; but the judge finally got tired, and asked them if the Adventists had molested them in any way. They said, "No." Then he asked them if the Adventists had interrupted their service or religious meetings; and they said, "No." Then he said, "You go home, and mind your business, and let them alone." It seems that some judges have more religious

sense than some Methodist ministers and Methodist bishops.

If some preachers and bishops would read the declaration of our national Independence, they might find a better theology than they are teaching from their heathen theology. I have often observed that people hated most those that preached a doctrine that they could not confute, or one that condemned their practice. The Adventists are an aggressive people; they do not stop to quarrel with any people; they take but little part in politics further than to show up their sins; and I know of no periodical that does that so perfectly as the *American Sentinel*, published by them. Really, I fear that politics and secret societies are killing the Seventh-day Baptist denomination of to-day, and I believe that nearly all Christian churches in our land are suffering from these sources and the liquor traffic. Our national liberty is in danger from the same sources. We can not serve God and mammon. This sketch is written from memory.

LXXIX

A PLEASANT JOURNEY TO LOST CREEK, W. VA., TO ATTEND A GENERAL CON- FERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS

THIS trip was by the way of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. As a large delegation from the East desired to attend, we got reduced fare and specific tickets. Our train took us by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry, Clarksburg, on to our destination. It was a large gathering, as it was not often that a conference was held in Virginia.

On our return trip we were allowed to stop off one day to visit Washington. But few of the delegates had ever visited Washington. Myself being somewhat acquainted, a company of the friends decided that I should remain with them and pilot them during the day. I consented with pleasure. Of course I had to hustle them to get around. First we went to the capitol building, patent office, library, soldiers' home, the white house or the president's home, to Georgetown, back to the treasury building, Washington monument, and up to see

how they made greenbacks at the money department, the museum, post office, and then to the horticultural garden, and other places of interest, and by this time all were tired, and concluded they could go no farther.

One of the pleasantries at Washington, when you have time, is to take the street cars to the station at the Potomac, take a steamboat to Mount Vernon, Washington's old home, where one can spend a whole day, and enjoy it. This trip we could not take in the same day.

Washington has some of the finest avenues in our country, if not in the world. A trip over to the long bridge and to the militia department will pay when one has time; but for one day it can not all be seen and learned of Washington. My company was so well pleased that they offered to pay me for my day's work; for, as they said, they could not have learned and seen one half that they had without a pilot. But so far as I was concerned, I could enjoy no better pay than to help others to enjoy seeing the beauties of nature and art as I have seen and enjoyed, myself.

It is interesting to take a company around in this way, and see the contrast in different individuals as to their taste and curiosity, for different kinds of scenery. Mankind is made

up of about the same material, but how differently put together. But I think it a blessed thing that it is so. Our company was ready for the sleeping car when the train started at nine o'clock to take them on their journey home, though tired, yet satisfied with the meeting, and the Virginia scenery, and the good time they had in Washington, and their journey home.

LXXX

CHRIST'S RELIGION AND THE WAR SPIRIT OF OUR LAND.

CHRIST came to bring peace on earth and good will to men. He came to save life, not to destroy. His religion was based upon love,—love to God and love to our fellow men. His instruction was to his disciples, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned” (condemned). Not a hint is given to go into the world with rifles and bullets, ships of war and cannon, torpedoes, and other weapons of death to compel men to accept his religion or be shot down on the spot.

Peter, with his wonderful zeal for his Master, drew his sword and cut off a man’s ear, but Christ performed a miracle right there, proving that it was better to heal than to wound. The whole teaching of Christ’s gospel was a gospel of love. Love thy neighbor as thyself, and to love even your enemies, and those that despitefully use you. And if thine enemy hunger, feed him. And he condemned the man that

hateth his neighbor or his brother, and calls him a "murderer."

How different do we find the church of to-day, and the nations that profess to be civilized and Christian! Instead of using the gospel of Christ, that is said to be "sharper than a two-edged sword," they are using carnal weapons of this world of their own make, and sending thousands upon thousands of men to the front to be slaughtered or to slaughter each other, and the nations that do not conform to our interest and to our religion, and yet claiming to be religious after the teachings of our Saviour that came into the world to save, not to condemn or take life. And we hear our pastors and teachers praying for the success of our armies in slaughtering thousands upon thousands of our fellow men created in the image of our God. And many of our preachers preach men that are killed thus fighting, or belong to their church, right to heaven as fast as they are killed or die.

O, shame, shame for such teachers, preachers, and churches in the world! Stop a moment, and read up statistics of our late war with Cuba, and the islands of the sea, the thousands of our own men, and the thousands of the heathen or half-civilized people of these

islands that have been murdered without a conversion to Christ's religion that I have heard; but what do we find? If reports are true, there are now ten drunkards on these islands to one before the war, and they are made by the establishment of the American saloon, and the introduction of the canteen in our armies, and this right in the face of Christ's gospel, that says no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, and the woe that is promised to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken, etc. Yet our preachers are praying for success in this warfare. If you keep posted on the English war against the Boers in South Africa, you will observe that England acknowledges that they have lost over 15,000 men. They claim to be a civilized nation, and religious. How do they accord with Christ's religion?

LXXXI

THE WAR SPIRIT OF THE WORLD

You older people will remember that the nations, especially those professing religion and civilization, became quite zealous for peace, and conventions were held denouncing wars, and the cry was peace, peace, arbitrate, arbitrate; but no sooner had the amens ended than nearly all the nations began to prepare for war, and our enlightened nations, that have so long boasted of their civilization and religious rights, are ready to kill and slay the heathen in the islands of the sea for expansion and possession in order to hold control over other nations as much as possible, and to do it under the name of love for Christ and his religion, and for the salvation of the poor heathen in Africa and on the islands of the sea.

What better are we as a nation than were the scribes and Pharisees, when Christ pronounced the woe unto them,—scribes and Pharisees, etc., —or the man that went up into the temple to pray, that said: “God. I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast

twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess"? Does not this represent our nation? Are we not a wonderful tithing people? Do we not pay ten dollars to support wars to one dollar paid to missions to convert the world?

What is the condition of the world to-day? Is it not a time of wars and rumors of wars? What are the signs of the times? Are not the people and the nations "waxing worse and worse?" Was there ever a time when the rich were oppressing the poor more than now? Was there ever a time when there were more banks empty than now? and more defaulters among bank officers and men in high places? Was there ever a time when more murders were committed, and other crimes? Was there ever a time when our jails and prisons were more crowded, and a time when more criminals were running at large because of much money paid to judges and lawyers? and was our politics ever more wicked, and men ready to buy and sell water? Was there ever a time when the rum and saloon power controlled the church and people more than now? and is there not as much danger now from that power as there was from the slave power before our late war and the Rebellion, and was there ever a greater time of trouble by strikes in every kind of business?

and is not business for the common working people and small capitalist being more and more cornered in by large capitalists and combines? Let the reader consider these things politically and religiously.

LXXXII

EDUCATING OUR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN FOR WAR

WHILE we profess to be a Christian nation, we educate our children that it is right to prepare for war. While our school laws make no provision for such education, many of our schools have adopted the idea of forming the boys and young men into military companies, dressed them in military dress, and furnished them with all the paraphernalia for drill and parade, and to learn the tactics of war, and the school boards provide a place for them to drill at the expense of the taxpayers without regard to law or common sense; and I know some churches that have introduced the soldier drill, with the equipage, into their Sunday schools in order to attract their boys to attend the Sunday school, Epworth League, etc., and in that way get the young men and boys into the church. But what are such young men good for when thus attracted to join the church? Their education is more for athletics and soldiers' drill than for an interest in Bible education; drills, games, and sociables, dances, and

attending clubs than anything else. Then wonder why our young people do not take more interest in church services and the prayer and conference meetings of the church.

Some of our States have passed laws on the subject of intemperance, and the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system, etc., and that their evil effects should be taught to our children; but their evils are scarcely heard of in our schools, while the sin of drunkenness prevails in nearly every district in our State; our boys are often drunk and arrested, fined or imprisoned in our jails. And the saloon doors are opened to them by the people, and our boys come up drunken politicians, and then the parents and people wonder that their boys and girls take such a bad course. As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined, and how and by whom is the twig bent?

LXXXIII

“TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD
GO: AND WHEN HE IS OLD, HE WILL
NOT DEPART FROM IT”

THE world has met with many changes in a man's lifetime of eighty-two years. Probably the most of our children are born in cities and large towns now. The father goes to his business in the larger cities. He leaves early in the morning and returns late at night. The mother bears the children, but she does not want the care of them, and turns them over to the servants, and may not see them more than once or twice a day. She is in her parlor, a sort of piece of furniture, receives company, makes calls, and attends the sociables of the church and neighborhood. Some attend balls and golf clubs, and others go to euchre parties, where they keep a little champagne for their stomach's sake, and to have a good time; and most of these think they must be fashionable, and go to the seashore or some other resort or watering place. The children are often left at home with the servant girl, or the servant girl is taken along to care for the children, while

the mother sits on the balcony of her cottage, reads novels, and chats with the aristocracy, so-called, and passes off the season as a sort of an aristocrat herself.

The husband goes home once a week or so, leaves instruction with the servant girls, and sees the children for a little time, just long enough to know how many he has, and to know his own. The next week he may spend a day or so for his health, and see how his wife is getting along. She of course is getting along nicely, has many favored friends, both gentlemen and ladies. If the children are there, she will send for the servant to come and tell how she is getting along with the children.

“Oh! yes, yes,” says the nurse, “getting along nicely, save George got a little sick once, but I took him to the doctor and he is nicely now.”

The outing season is over and mother and children are at home again. The husband comes from his business as of old, sleeps overnight, and off to his business early in the morning, and possibly does not see the children at all further than to see them in their cots long enough to count them, and says good-by to his wife, and tells her to have John take the children to school with the team if it is stormy.

He may come home for Sabbath; but so many things are needed to be looked after that he can not attend church, but says, "Wife, have John take the children to Sabbath-school, and let the servant go along to look after them." So the children attend the school under the care of the servants, and possibly they are put in classes, and under teachers that don't know whether Christ was born of a woman, or came into the world with a spiritual body or a fleshly one, or both. Leaving me to judge, I would say that a teacher to instruct children religiously and morally should understand the meaning of the gospel, of the two better than a superintendent.

The time has come when the children of our country do not wish to live and remain in the country on the farms, but desire to go into the towns and cities, and to the high schools and be supported without much labor, and as they grow up, they can be seen hanging around the corners of the streets watching for something to turn up instead of pulling out to find something to turn up. Many turn up in the jail, all from poor training while young.

LXXXIV

NATURE AND ART THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

GOD created the world for man's occupancy, and he created man in his own image, capable of improvement by invention. Thus art and nature brought together make up all beauty in the world.

It is man's privilege to enjoy the beauty of this world, but not to abuse it. I have been permitted to live a long life, and have been permitted to enjoy seeing much of the beauties of our own land, and the products of other lands. I attended the World's Fair in New York many years ago, when the Crystal Palace was erected there, and climbed to the height of that observatory where the beauties of earth, cities, bay, and ocean could be seen with the naked eye; and by the use of the glass, I could see far away and see steamboats and other crafts of art floating over the rolling billows of the ocean.

In my earlier days I climbed to the inside height of Trinity church steeple. I early learned that the eyes were never satisfied of

seeing; but were looking for something more beautiful just beyond. At least my eyes seemed to be that way.

I visited many State fairs, and attended the National Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. This was at that time the wonder of the world, and I can never forget my feelings when I set my eyes on the mammoth engine there set up to run all the manufacturing machinery invented and brought there to show to the world what art and invention were doing to help on the beauties and benefits for the world. This engine was all manufactured piece by piece before being brought there, and every part so perfect that when the power was attached, the monster moved like clock-work, without a jar or break, and when the machinery was attached, everything moved in its order as if it was of God's world of revolutions. As I stood and looked, it almost seemed as if that monster engine could talk. As we moved around from place to place, from one nation's department to another, and saw the manufactured things of art of every nation, I concluded that our Creator must have known that every nation could be of use in the world he had created.

We passed around to the horticultural department, and there found the beauties of nature by

cultivation had outstripped for beauty everything earthly, if not the beauty of the stars in heaven. We crossed over to a separate tent, and when inside what did we see?— A tent of rhododendrons of all hues and colors, that the works of art had set in rows and beds, intermixed with colors in such a way as to make the whole inside represent one great enormous flower. When I found this tent, I hurried around to the ladies' department to find my better half and her special friends to come and see, and I will not attempt to represent the expressions of the ladies, for flowers are nearly always the delight of women, but you may judge from what you know of women when wonderfully delighted. But it will not do to stay here too long, for some people are in a hurry and desire to see everything in one day or one week, so we pass on, and step into a New England eating house supplied with baked beans and the old ways of cooking, by old New Englanders, with johnny cakes baked on a board, and the hasty pudding as of old, with crust coffee and huckleberries for sauce. It was rather novel for these days, but we made it pass, and we pass on and into the art galleries and halls, and now it was rather difficult to keep our company together, as some would wish to learn all

the particulars about this man and that picture, and another would wish to stop and read Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation all through, and others would like to know more about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. So you may imagine what trouble it was to pilot much of a company under such circumstances.



CHILDREN OF ETHAN L. WADSWORTH

My nephew and namesake, living at Geneva Lake, Wis.

LXXXV

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO

WE were getting old, but the people of our country and the countries abroad are all alive for the World's Fair, and our curiosity pulled that way. It is but a little distance now to Chicago to what it seemed to be when I first came down the lakes to Buffalo on a steamer, before railroads ran cars along the lake shores, in 1844, when the population was only about 11,000. So we dropped a note to a certain landlord near the Fair grounds, to learn if he could save us old folks a good room for a few weeks while we attended the Fair. He responded in the affirmative, and said, "Come on." So we arranged our matters and took a palace car for Chicago, and went through without a change, and were landed as near our hotel as the cars went, and then by carriage we were delivered at the hotel door, and we entered therein, and were waited upon into the reception room, when I went to the office and inquired if he had reserved a room for an old couple coming from Plainfield, N. J.

"What is your name, sir?" said he.

"Ethan Lanphear."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, "and we will have your room in order very soon. Be seated a few minutes."

Our room was a fine one, located in front and on the second floor, where we could see the Ferris wheel move from our bay window. The house was kept on the European plan, so that we did not have to get in at special mealtimes.

After getting fairly settled, I said to the landlord, "I suppose you have mostly strangers to put up with you; and you must be governed by strict rules lest some slip away without paying their bills. What shall I deposit in advance, as I am a stranger!"

"Not a farthing, sir; a man that carries the face you do can stop as long as you please, and pay when you get ready."

He did not explain what he thought of my physiognomy, but I stayed until I got ready to leave before I paid my bill.

The street cars and stages passed our door every ten or fifteen minutes back and forth to the Fair grounds, so that we could go and come early or late as we desired, and now we were ready for business, and could take our own time.

LXXXVI

NOW FOR SIGHT-SEEING

As we were accustomed to traveling and sight-seeing, we decide to take our time. So we took a trip on the cars around the grounds first and got our bearings, and set our compass so that we should not get our heads set on the wrong side of our shoulders as some do in large cities or crowds. If a person keeps his head level, he will know which way to go home at any time. Next we go inside and take a survey of the streets and locations of State and national buildings by our map, so that we can take in all departments as we go along without too much travel.

Now we are ready, and we stop first in front of the Washington State building, and the first surprise was to see the building with the first story built up with Washington's mammoth trees, squared about two to three feet square, and one hundred feet long, laid top of each other in cob-house fashion. We had seen these wonderful trees in our travels in that country; but the query was, How did they ever get them to Chicago? But it has been said,

where there is a will there is a way. And again it has been said that "money makes the mare go." And our nation is the most inventive of any nation in the world. But there were inventions long ago, or the ancients could not have moved the cedars of Lebanon by land and water to Jerusalem as they did to build the temple. I presume the inventive power existed very early, only wanting circumstances and demand to draw them to the surface.

The Creator knew all things before they were created, but brought them into use only when mankind needed them. Possibly I am getting into deep water, and will change the subject by viewing the productions of that new State. To tell all about them is out of the question; but to see logs fifty to seventy-five feet long, four to six and eight feet in diameter, is a little fishy. Well, one might get up quite a fish story from the Columbia River bordering the State of Washington, but there is too much of real things at the World's Fair to stretch much from the reality. So we step into the Iowa State building, and here we find corn and other grains turned into beautiful calico all over the walls to show the corn, etc., that they raise, with all colors and shades, and what they can do with it to make a show.

Wife says, "It is now near noon. Had we not better go to our lunch?" So we go for the ladies' department and the eating saloon. "Oh, for all the world," says she, "we can never get anything in such a crowd as this." We wait an hour and a half, and we decide to go outside the grounds, and there we find every restaurant crowded, and we get on the cars and go to our hotel, where everybody eats on the European plan, and here we find every table full; but the landlord took us into another room, where we were well served.

We continued our visits to the grounds from day to day for a week (save Sabbath day). We found something new every day, and I presume we traveled ten miles each day; would get awful tired every day, but would rest up every night; and my wife would follow all day, for she was ambitious to see all that could be seen, and every day would bring something new. And as we visited minerals, and came to Lot's wife in a statue of salt, she thought that awful, and said, "Who would have thought that anyone would make this figure in salt to attract attention to his business in the manufacture of salt?"

We will let this chapter rest here, and after we get rested, will try to go over the grounds again.

LXXXVII

OUR LAST WEEK AT THE FAIR

WE have a hard task before us. The people pour in by the thousands, and really it seems almost impossible to get about from building to building. The streets, alleys, and whole grounds seem alive with people; everybody seems to wish to see everything before they go home. But we make up our minds that the Fair belongs to us as much as to anyone else, if we pay our fare and behave ourselves as well. Here let me say, that of all the crowds of people I was ever in, I never saw a better behaved crowd in my life. I was in New York when the Prince of Wales entered that city. It was an awful crowd. Everybody wished to get a sight of the Prince as he was driven through Broadway. For two or three miles, every old box was covered with people. Some climbed lamp posts, and men paid hundreds of dollars for the right of a window, and some climbed to the housetops, and it was almost an impossibility to cross the street anywhere. It was pull and haul, and a knock

down here and there, and it reminded me of the seals on the rocks at the cliffs in a quarrel to see who should occupy the best place over at the Rocky Cliffs at San Francisco. But here at the Fair everyone seemed to be happy, good natured, and acted as if he wished everybody to see what he saw. All nationalities met and passed each other goodnaturedly; though they might not speak a word to be understood, their faces showed that they were all of one blood, and of God's creation.

The Fair was a big thing, and all of God's creation, or of men that he had created. We tried to get over the ground again, and everywhere we went we saw something new, and just beyond was something else, and we made up our minds that the National Fair was too big for one man to comprehend, and make note, yet of no comparison to God's creation, so decided to let everyone take notes for himself, for we were getting awfully tired, but pass around to a few of the outside, with a view to get ready to go home. From the good order kept on the grounds, one might conclude that Chicago might be a city of good morals, and religious. But as we took a drive about the city before leaving, we discovered that there was a plenty of Sodom outside of the grounds,

so we settled our bill, took a sleeper for the night on the cars, and the next morning found ourselves nearly half way home, somewhat rested.

We arrived home all safely. To tell the truth, we were glad we went to the Fair, but it was a hard task on our old bodies, and we were more tired than we were on our return from either trip to California, or any journey of our lives.

LXXXVIII

LEARN TO GOVERN YOURSELF

SELF-GOVERNMENT is a wonderful trait of character, and saves a person a great amount of trouble in the world. I have studied to do this all through life, and it doubtless has been the saving of many quarrels in this world. To keep cool under all circumstances is a wonderful virtue. It takes more than one person to get up a quarrel. But few men will strike a cool-headed man. Use cool and kind words, and ten chances to one you will conquer your enemy, and often will make him your best friend.

Ever carry good humor with you, and you are not in much danger. I speak from observation and experience. I never have had a man strike me in all my journeying through life. It requires much decision to do this under all circumstances. No man can make a great reformer without he learns this trait of character. I at one time had great abuse heaped upon me in the presence of a minister. He said to me, "You have a wonderful power to control yourself under all circumstances. I

could not do it under such abuse." The man or person that does that will gain friends among enemies, and sometime evil men will come to your relief.

Christ and his disciples suffered many persecutions; but they brought sinners to Christ and Christianity by their exemplary life as well as by preaching. If thine enemy hungers, feed him. In so doing, you will "heap coals of fire upon his head." Christ's teaching almost invariably was of love. Love your neighbor as you would yourself, under the same circumstances; and pray for your enemies. If all mankind could drop all selfishness and self-righteousness, there would be but little trouble in the world. The man that has the spirit of love for God and his fellow man will not use carnal weapons, but will use the sword of the Spirit, or the gospel, that is sharper than a two-edged sword. Try it, and see how it will work.

LXXXIX

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

THE saloon is not the only temptation that leads us and our children astray and to drunkenness and death. Many people, innocently, possibly, lead their own children to drunkenness without forethought. But the government can have no excuse, for its officers know of the crimes that come of the drink traffic and the saloon tolerated by them for the revenue they receive. But I must not excuse the church for her wickedness. Possibly with some it may be the sin of ignorance.

I mean now the use of soft drinks, so called, dealt out at our drug stores, and delivered by bottling establishments to families. These are usually called innocent beverages. But they are the initial steps that lead to bad habits and death. These are not of the things of nature, but the things of habit and of sociability or fashion. The deacon of the church or other member may stand behind the drug-store counter and deal out these flavored drinks, while he may stand in the prayer meeting in the presence of young and old, and pray

for temperance reform and the salvation of men, and pass himself off as a Christian man, and he may be accepted as a Christian man in the church. Possibly he may do this innocently if he has not studied this question. The more religious the man, the better his influence; for the young and old would not stop to consider what it was leading to.

But these soft drinks are like the soft wood that we start the fire with; when it gets up a blaze, then it is ready for the hard wood, or stronger liquors. Really, giving these soft drinks to our children is fitting them for the saloon. When the habit is formed for the soft drinks, if they should not be able to get them, a whisky sling or a little wine would likely be substituted. A young man once told me that soft drinks and the consent to drink a glass of beer was the cause of his being a drunkard. It is much like playing innocent games that lead men and boys to become gamblers. This subject will bear deep thought among professed Christians, and some pastors.

XC

THE WICKEDNESS OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN OUR COUNTRY

A LIFE of eighty-two years has given me great opportunities of observation and experience as to the enormity of this curse in our land. I have traveled in all our States but one or two, and most of our Territories, crossed our continent four different routes, sailed on both oceans, and most of our navigable lakes and rivers, and visited most of our larger cities and many small cities and towns; thus I have had quite a chance for observation. When I first visited New York city in 1840, its retail business was mostly done about Park Row, Fulton and Cortland Streets, and the Battery. But what do we find now? It has spread out miles beyond Harlem, the Suspension Bridge has spanned East River, and Brooklyn has been annexed, and it is called Greater New York, and is the largest city in America, commercially and otherwise, and some think it the wickedest city in the nation, mostly ruled by a Tammany King. But we will not decide as to that matter.

While New York has grown up as it has, our wilderness from ocean to ocean has been broken up, and the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. But have our country's morals and religion kept pace with the prosperity of the country? Now follow me on westerly to the lakes, and on to Chicago. All the way along, cities and towns have sprung up, and Chicago has been built up since my birth. The first time I visited that part of our country, in 1844, it had but about 11,000 population, and now as we look about, we find it to be the next largest city in our nation. And what else do we find? As in New York, there are thousands of saloons and bad houses to capture innocent boys and girls and young men, to start them on the road to death and hell.

As we continue our journey all along the line of cities and towns, we see on the corners of our streets license to sell all strong drinks by city ordinance or by united government. But we pass on westerly, cross the Mississippi River, and reach the Rocky Mountains, and we find the signs of perdition in nearly every town and city. Cross over the Rockies to Salt Lake and the Mormon city, and pass on to Ogden, and across the desert, and over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to California. Stop

at the capital; all the way we find this signal of death. We pass down to Oakland, a beautiful city on the plain, and we see men staggering on the streets, special representatives of the drink habit, and subjects for jails and prisons. Take the large ferryboat over the bay to San Francisco, the new city of the Pacific Coast; take cars over to the Rocky Cliffs, the great place of resort, and the signal of death is found all along the line. And we return by the way of the Northern States bordering on British Columbia and the Canadas, and we find only now and then a town but that has its saloons.

We keep on and cross the Niagara River, and pass on to the cities on our borders and follow the St. Lawrence to the Thousand Islands, and cross over the river to Montreal, and to Quebec, and then we find the American saloon kept by Americans for the love of money, etc.

You may pass on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and around the coast to Portland, Me., and to Boston, and on to New York, and what do we find? We only find one State, that of Maine, and a few towns, but that hang out their signs for the saloons. What do you think of the journey and the prospect as to good morals and Christianity in our land? But let us pass on, following the Jersey shore, and stop off and

make a short visit in the Quaker City, Philadelphia, where our forefathers held counsel together for the good of our land, and see if this monster has not got a foothold here; but let us pass on to Baltimore, that old secession town, and you will find the black sheep there in black bottles by the wholesale.

Let us pass on to Washington, the capital of these United States, where we send men to make our laws. Let us take a peep through the corridors of both houses of the capitol buildings, and tell what you can see. There you will doubtless see a saloon for each house, and while you have a little time, listen for the ringing of certain bells, and then see the waiter boys deliver glass and decanter to that desk where the ring of the bell came from. Then look over both houses and see the blotched faces and blotched bodies that we, as a professed Christian nation, send to Washington to make our laws. Take a little trip southward to the balmy breezes of flowers and fruits for a winter's rest, and there you will find extravagant hotels well supplied with intoxicants to deal out to the Northern visitor that takes a little in the North to keep him warm, and big drinks in the South to keep him cool. You may follow the coast around to New Orleans, and on to El Paso.

But we will stop, for there is no end to the American rum power. We will go back to our national capital. Pass through the White House, and see how you will find the president supplied in his larders. You need not take notes of the different kinds of liquors, but pass out through the dining room and see glasses and decanters to satisfy every guest. When you have done this, visit ever State capital in our country and see if you do not see the word "saloon" on nearly every block, and a fashionable hotel close by every capital supplied with the best of liquors. Then pass on to the front of our armies at Cuba and other islands, and wonder how it is that the canteen is furnished for every soldier, and that there are ten times as many drunkards on those islands now as there were before the American saloons were introduced by American authority.

Please sum up this chapter and then listen ! "Where is my wandering boy to-night ?" Listen again, "Why does not my husband come home to-night?" All this comes for the love of money, love of strong drink, and the revenue therefrom.

XCI

OWE NO MAN ANYTHING

THIS command, carried out, would add much to the happiness of this world. No man should ever neglect his promise. Every man, before entering into an agreement, should sit down and count the cost, and then look to his finances to see whether he will be able to meet the demand when it shall become due. If every man would do this, there would be much less trouble, and there would be but little use for lawyers in the world. Then how much happier mankind would be in the world.

Every man should endeavor to make his word as good as his note would be. If that was done there would be but little use for bankruptcy laws. No bankrupt ever paid an honest debt; but oh, how many a man and woman has suffered loss of nearly all their dependence of living by dishonest bankrupts ! These bankrupts are as apt to be found in our churches as out of them, and yet they pass themselves off as Christians, and say that they have obeyed the laws of our land, and are thus free from all obligations, though they have only



MRS. MARY R. LANPHEAR WRIGHT

Widow of the late Benj. L. Wright, Nile, Allegany County, N. Y.

paid ten cents, twenty cents, or fifty cents on a dollar to that poor woman or man that they borrowed money of. At the same time they made arrangements to hold in reserve secreted capital enough to keep right on as extravagantly as before they made the assignment, while his creditors are compelled to work hard to make ends meet and keep out of the poorhouse.

I hardly think there will be any bankrupt laws in heaven, and I question whether there will be any provisions made for the bankrupt in the new heaven and earth, unless he is converted and ready to pay all he has wronged in this world, as Zaccheus was after his conversion.

It is much cheaper for every man to pay as he goes, if he has to curtail a little on his extravagance. Better wear his old clothes over again than to run in debt for new. No man will respect the person that wears better clothes than he does if he is owing him ten dollars or twenty-five dollars for the clothes on his back. I have observed many a man trying to ape the rich or put on airs of aristocracy that was doing it on other people's money. But it will out what the real character of the person is, and men will shun him.

I made up my mind in my early days that it

was best to be honest with all mankind, and pay as I go, and thus far I have never given my note and signed with other men but twice, and then I had their debts to pay. That ended that business. I have done thousands of dollars in business, and have always had the money to make my word as good as if I had given my note, and to this day I do not know that I owe a dollar to any living being. I never thought it prudent to spend money before I earned it. I never have taken a glass of strong drink since I was nine years of age, but did use tobacco for a few years when young because others did so, thinking, as fools do sometimes, that it was smart. But common sense soon taught me better. I think that no person can rest better than the person that can conscientiously lay his head down on his pillow realizing that he owes no person anything but love and good will.

XCII

BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS

THIS act being entered into without proper consideration has brought thousands of miserable families into the world. The married life in its intent means a lifetime of happiness or misery. Every person, young man or woman, should study character well before entering upon such an agreement, lest after it is done, it will be too late to repent.

Often persons become too anxious for married life, and do not stop to count the cost, and accept the first offer; and many a regret comes after the honeymoon passes by. You had better wait a little, for you had better marry one both deaf and dumb, than one of those dandies that like to drink rum. I would advise every young lady to consider it well before consenting to marrying a rich man's fool because his father has gold; for when father is dead and his gold is gone, she may be left with a large family of children, and possibly some may be as weak in nature as their father has been, and she left to mourn her condition without a

dollar coming in. Such circumstances have happened many times in a man's lifetime of eighty-two years.

There are Sabbath-keepers and Sunday-keepers mixed up in the world; for such to intermarry is liable to bring discord, contention, and possibly separation. If not, and you raise up a family, some may side with father, and some with mother, and ten chances to one the children come up nothingarians, good for nothing to the church, world, or themselves. Be not then so unequally yoked together with unbelievers, or with a contrary mind.

XCIII

CHURCH AND STATE

CHURCH and state are distinct institutions, having no spiritual relations with each other. The church is under the order of Christ, and for the building up of Christ's kingdom, and for the salvation of the world. The state is of an earthly origin, and for the regulation and protection of mankind in this world. The business of state or nation is to protect the church or every individual in the enjoyment of his religion, so long as he does not interfere with the religious rights of others.

God is no respecter of rights and privileges. He made all provisions for the salvation of all men that would accept the conditions. Christ's religion is of free grace: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." He compels no man to accept salvation. It is a free offering. Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved; and his command to his disciples was to go into all the world and preach the gospel, he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned (condemned).

The state might send officers of state and naval authority; but they could not compel any person to become a Christian or compel him to join any church of Christ's establishing, or compel him to repent of his sins. There is but one way of salvation,—that by repentance to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He that attempts to climb up some other way is a "thief and a robber."

A statesman can be a Christian, but being a statesman does not make him a Christian. If our States had more respect for Christianity, and would choose men to make our laws that would rule in the fear of God, there might be a great revolution in our States and nation. Christian statesmen would do well to take this into account.

XCIV

WAR AND GREAT CONFUSION IN THE WORLD

THE church, State, and nation are attempting to run religion by state and national authority. The church seems to keep up a form of godliness, but seems to have lost its power. They are attempting to compel men to be religious by State and national laws instead of converting men to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus Christ.

Men are asking Congress to have God inserted in our national Constitution, and in many of the States the churches are asking their Legislatures to pass Sunday laws to compel all men and women to keep Sunday as the Sabbath by state or national law. God has created all men free and equal under the law, and has never asked State or nation to aid or compel men to observe his or any other law.

To compel men to be religious, or to keep any day in particular, would be robbing them of their free moral agency, and to reduce them to the condition of a beast, and rule them by worldly force and power, and thus assume themselves to be as gods.

Really, the church and preachers and priests would be more severe than was Constantine in his the first edict for observing Sunday. He only required the city or town people to observe the sun's day; but allowed the country people to labor, and save their crops that there might be no loss in case of storm, etc. If Constantine did not compel the common, or working, people to observe the sun worship day, why should the church people of to-day attempt to compel working men to observe the heathen Sunday? Is it any wonder that the people of to-day refuse to be compelled to observe Sunday or any other day.

Our nation, as well as other professed civilized nations, has stepped in front of Jehovah himself and decided to convert the islands of the sea by gunpowder, cannon, and bullets; and already they have murdered thousands of the poor heathen as well as thousands of our own young men and soldiers, and caused thousands more deaths by starvation and disease, and opened the door of hell by the canteen and the American saloon that they have established in Cuba and the Philippine Islands. This seems to be America's way of making Christians, but I can not see any Christ religion in it.

XCV

ESTIMATE OF THE COST OF ONE SALOON IN THE CITY OF PLAINFIELD

Rent of building per year.....	\$ 600
Fixtures.....	300
Bar tender.....	200
Servants and other labor.....	300
Support of family.....	1,100
Paid for supplies for liquors.....	5,000
Fuel and lights.....	100
City license.....	700
Government license.....	25
Profits in bank, low estimate.....	1,100
	<hr/>
	\$9,425

We have eighteen saloons. Multiply this by \$9,425, and we find our eighteen saloons cost the city \$169,650 per year. This amount must be made on the profits of the liquors sold by the saloon keeper in order to make his ends meet and save his \$1,100 profit. This amount must come out of the drinkers' pockets, and largely from the working class, and the politicians, the taxpayers and church people have to pay all the expense from crime and disorderly conduct growing out of the business. Yet the church voter goes to the polls with the saloon keeper and rum drinker, and votes the same ticket and with the same party men that

grant these licenses, while they continue to pray for reform, and say to the honest temperance man, “ I am as good a temperance man as you are, but—” That “ but ” may shut the doors of heaven against such inconsistencies.

XCVI

PROFESSION WITHOUT POSSESSION

THIS world is full of professions, and thousands are building their hope of salvation upon an old hope of profession that they made when they were young. Profession will never save a soul from death. It is possession and the life that is lived within and without that saves. The practical, everyday life counts. Without that you are without hope and without God in the world, and no man can give a real reason for his hope.

There are thousands that have made a profession in their early days, and perhaps their name is on the roll of the church book, and possibly have not attended a Sabbath school or prayer meeting of the church in ten years, or paid a dollar for the benefit of the church during the ten years. A person might have his name on a dozen church rolls, but that will not save him. I know of men that belong to a half dozen secret or other societies and the church, and yet show no Christianity in their character. Christian is that Christian does. If he has Christianity within, it will show itself

without. What is pure and undefiled religion? — It is to visit the fatherless and the widow, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world. The real Christian will be looking for something that he can do for the poor, sick, and afflicted, and will endeavor to bring sinners to repentance, and to real faith in the Saviour Jesus Christ.

When the disciples found Christ, they were anxious to tell it to their friends and brothers, and invited them to come and see. That is the nature of Christ's religion. The world is full of religions, but not of Christ's, and yet they have a sort of hope. In Plainfield, N. J., we have some three hundred organizations, and some men belong to a half score of them, and call that their religion. They might belong to one hundred; but that would not save them. It is the person that lives right that will be saved. There are thousands of people on the church roll that you would never think of as church members without looking over the record. They may attend now and then some church festival, soirée, or grabbag sociable where they have a good supper, euchre parties, and a jolly good time.

The churches have fallen into this somewhat in order to call out this class of membership

when they which to raise a little money for some purpose. But it is not common for revivals to follow such gatherings, and I heard a minister say publicly that the churches of nearly all denominations had so far departed from the original plan that the ministry did not average only about two converts annually. If that be true, where is the hope of the church?

XCVII

“THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE
IS NO GOD”

THIS statement is wisely stated, as no man of intelligence would make such a statement, after having lived in this world any great length of time, and having seen the things that exist, and observed the revolutions of the earth, and how it moves in immensity of space in that regularity that its motion is such that it attracts everything toward the center of the earth, to that extent of power that its motion holds us and all creation from slipping off into immensity of space. Then all growth has its order, the tree grows upward, while its roots grow downward; so that the roots draw life from below, while the tree draws sustenance from the atmosphere above. Everything created seems to be surrounded with its necessities, so that everything lives and acts in and of itself without dependence upon anything else.

Man, it is said, was created in the image of God; but if there is no God, nor word of God, then what we call man can not be anything more than a mere animal; and if all things



The Children of a deceased sister, Lavinna P. Lanphear Willard, wife of D. C. Willard, all grown up now.

came by chance, then there might chance to be mistakes, and the chance man may as well be called a mule or fool instead of a man.

I ask the fool man that says there is no God, if he knows that he has a brain, and that that brain controls his thoughts; also if he can tell us from what comes the power that causes him to walk, or use his hands? No man can move without a power behind him. How could one but a God create thought and action combined so as to act together? Can man or angels do this? How does man's thoughts go and come, only by the power of God? Let God withdraw his power from man, and what is he but a piece of clay?

“What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?” If there is no God, there is no hope for man but to lie down and die like the beast of the forest, without hope in the future.

XCVIII

GOD WILL BE JUST, FOR HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL

IN a life of eighty-two years I have observed many professions among men, and nearly all persons that believe the Bible to be God's word read and search to find something to support their belief and practice. They do not search the Scripture so much to find out whether their faith and practice are wrong, but to find something to prove that they and their church are right. This is probably the cause of so many denominations in the world, and so much contention over the doctrine of the Bible; and possibly the cause of so much high and low criticisms on the Bible.

Some men believe that all men will be saved, regardless of what their lives have been; others that men will be punished according to their deeds, then saved; others that men are punished in this life for all their deeds, and at death their souls are saved. Infidels do not believe in any judgment, but that men die as animals do, and that is their end. The atheist, or fool, says there is no God; he has no arguments. as

he does not believe in any man or God **that** knows any more than himself, and consequently is not much else than an automaton, or self-moving machine, that lacks knowledge of himself, or of anything else.

All these differences of opinion can never change God or his word; for he was in the beginning and he will be in the ending, of all things in this world, from everlasting to everlasting, without end. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." As to his word, listen: "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matt. 5: 18. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Matt. 24: 35. God and his word are unchangeable. If there is any mistake in the Bible, it is not of God, but has been placed there by translators or false theologians, and doubtless from selfish ends. He that addeth to or taketh away from God's Word, shall receive the penalty thereof. God will be just with all men.

XCIX

ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL

If this advice was more adhered to, much less sorrow and crime would come to mankind in this world. Mankind do not usually begin at first with great evils, but yield first to some trivial evil, that most people would scarcely stop to notice. But when a person yields to some little foolish thing, it opens the door of sin; and when once started in the wrong road, little by little his conscience gets seared, and if he does not stop and right about face, he may become a thief or a murderer. Great oaks from little acorns grow. A person does not usually start as a drunkard, or expect to become such by the first drink; but one starting wrong is liable to end wrong. Thus the necessity of abstaining from the first drink. The yielding of a child to the temptation to take some small thing that does not belong to him, if not checked in the bud, may lead to the worst kind of thievery. Thus parents should watch and guard their children. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." I have known parents that passed for good neighbors, who seemed to

hold no restraint over their children; never go to church or train their children to go; spend the Sabbath day fishing, hunting, or wandering about the woods after nuts, etc., or make the Sabbath a day for visiting. You speak to such a person about his children running so loosely and wild, and he may say they must sow their wild oats. I have observed that such children often sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind, and the parents are left in sorrow to mourn over a wayward son or daughter that has gone to wreck in character, and fetched up in jail or prison. I have known a man and his sons to become drunkards on hard cider. They raised their own apples, and made their own cider, and would keep it in the cellar the year round, and never realized that it had become hard enough to make them drunken; and I heard the wife and mother say that she had rather not an apple should grow on the farm on account of what usually followed. Her husband, toward the close of his life, kept drunk nearly all the time, which made it very unpleasant for her and her family. If you would be wise, "abstain from every appearance of evil."

C

SIGN THE PLEDGE

To sign a pledge against the use of strong drink is a good thing to do, for old or young. But many refuse to do it, and say, "I can drink or let it alone. I never drink enough to do me any harm." But I have known many a person of this kind that got to that pass that he did not let it alone, and finally died with delerium tremens; and I must say that such a death seems the next thing in suffering to that of a person who has been bitten by a rabid dog, and possibly worse, for it lasts longer before death comes. Suppose a man can govern himself so as not to become a perfect sot, what is his example to those around him that have not that firmness that he has? If he attempts to follow your example, and falls out by the way as a drunkard, and is shut out of the kingdom of heaven, can your conscience be clear before God and your neighbors? Had you signed the pledge you might have saved that man, and possibly others of your neighbors. A man of such will power carries a wonderful influence in a community either for evil or good. "He which converteth the sinner from the error of

his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

A man that signs a pledge that he will not use strong drink, does not harm himself. It may cause others to do the same, and possibly save his own soul. His pledge is his honor that he will not use it; and when temptation comes, this pledge of his honor is before him, and if he thinks anything of his honor he will refrain. It helps the man as does profession of Christ's religion by baptism. Your baptism is a pledge before the world that in the future you will endeavor to live a Chistlike life. When temptation comes, you will likely remember the pledge you made before the world, and if you have any regard for your honor before the world, it will be a help to you in overcoming evil.

Some men say, "I am not going to sign away my liberties." You have liberty to sign away all evil that presents itself to you or your neighbors. You have no right to do a thing that may cause your neighbor or yourself to stumble. You may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I say, yes, so far as you are able to keep him from danger.

CI

TO YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS: START RIGHT, DO
RIGHT, AND KEEP RIGHT, AND YOU
WILL COME OUT RIGHT

In my life of eighty-two years I have seen many young people start out in life: some have started wrong, and some have started right; but three fourths of them are dead and gone now. Many of them started wrong. They decided to have a good time by sowing their wild oats, thinking that some time they would reform in time to save their souls from death; but before that time came the seed that they had sown had brought them to a drunkard's grave. Others had become tired of home and being dictated to by parents, and had asked their father to give them their share, and let them go into the world for themselves. The father getting tired of his son's uneasiness and dissatisfaction with home life, fits him out; and while his mother is weeping, he starts off with his traveling bag for a good time with the cowboys in the Western world, or some other place where he can find companions of wild and jovial character in sowing wild oats.

But time wears away, and his substance is gone; and now, like the prodigal, he hungers, and is compelled to eat of the pods the swine did eat. But he is too proud to return as did the prodigal, and is left to become a tramp and a vagabond. Most of such class come, first by disobedience to parents; and I know of young men now in New Jersey that are paying the penalty of crime in prison for disobedience to parents, and running away from a good home. My experience in knowing such cases has been quite large, as when I was overseer of the poor in our city I had the charge of our station house. At that time our city was quite benevolent toward the tramps, and would allow them to stop overnight in the station house, and in the morning give them a half loaf of bread. The tramps seemed to understand our benevolence, and when a cold storm came on, they would pull for Plainfield. Once the storm became very severe, and when it was time to close doors, eighty tramps were on file. The next morning the weather was so severe that it was thought best not to turn them out that day. We kept a good fire, and plenty of water was at hand, and they took this opportunity to wash up, etc. They went out and begged or purchased meat, eggs, and other eatables, and

cooked them on the stove, and enjoyed the day the best they could.

This gave me an opportunity to learn the cause of their becoming tramps. Almost invariably it came first from disobedience to parents, and then falling into bad company. Often they would say, "My parents had a good home, and I know I would be welcome back again; but when I left home I was well dressed, and now my clothing is dirty and ragged, and I am ashamed to go home." So they stay away, and resort to every kind of life to keep soul and body together. One told me that he ran away when young. "If I had remained at home, my father would doubtless have set me up in business, or have given me a farm; but now probably I will get nothing, as I am looked upon as a vagabond and spendthrift." How many thousands we have tramping about in the world,—all from disobedience to begin with. If you started wrong, better return as did the prodigal, and ask forgiveness, and possibly you may be redeemed, and your soul be saved. Try it.

Many of our girls and young women are on the road to destruction from the same source, and thousands of mothers are weeping to-day over their disobedient daughters. It seems

necessary sometimes for girls to leave home as servants to help support themselves and parents, but when they get away from under mother's teaching, they fall in with other servants, and think they can do as they please, and forget home instruction. They fall in with bad associates, become night walkers, associate with bad young men, become bad characters themselves, and finally fetch up in the houses of ill-fame. Of such there are many found in and around our large cities.

Parents should watch their daughters, and know of the company they keep. Bad young men are very deceptive, and young women are likely to be deceived, and drawn into a trap unawares. Parents should look well to the reading matter of their girls. Bad pamphlets and wicked reading matter have brought many a girl to ruin, when a closer watch over them by the parents might have saved them from disgrace and shame.

Parents and guardians, save your sons and daughters from night walking and club houses. Children, obey your parents, and become a blessing to them and a blessing to the world you live in, and thus be prepared for the blessings prepared for the righteous in the world to come.

CII

A CHAPTER OF MY OWN LIFE

It may seem strange that a man should write up his own life. Of course no one would like to expose all the wicked things he has done in a life of eighty-two years. That is not necessary; for no man, but one, in this world, has lived without sin, and he was the God-man. "He that says he is without sin is a liar," says the Word. Every man alike needs a Saviour. I was brought up to believe that my mother was an exemplary woman, and the mother largely establishes the character of her children. My mother always taught her children that it was wicked to use profane language, and so impressed it on my mind that I do not remember of taking the name of God in vain but twice in my life, and for that she dealt with me in such a way that I never forgot it. She used to warn us boys, when going away from home, to be careful of what company we kept.

My father was a church man, but not so strict in teaching the children, but loved his children dearly. My mother many a time took me by the hand and led me to the church, fol-



ETHAN LANPHEAR AND HIS PRESENT WIFE

Standing in the front entrance to their home, he as he came from
his writing desk.

lowing footpaths and marked trees through the woods. When I was nine years old, she took me with her through the woods a mile and a half to a schoolhouse where Dr. John Collins was to give a lecture against drinking strong drink, and where he offered a pledge for all, old and young, to sign. There I signed that pledge for life, and have not drunk a glass to this day. That pledge always came into mind when the temptation to drink was offered. I was always proud of that pledge.

When I was nineteen years of age, I made a profession of religion, and was baptized, and thus said to the church and the world that I would try to live a Christian life. From that time I have ever studied to know the right side of every moral and religious question. I was an early abolitionist when it was an unpopular position to take, and my home was a resting-place for many a poor slave that was endeavoring to find freedom. I harbored Frederick Douglass when a slave; also a man by the name of Logan, who became a bishop in the Methodist Church, and the pastor of a large colored church in Syracuse, N. Y., after he was liberated from slavery; also the two Harris brothers, represented in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and many others while

the fugitive slave law was in force, and before the proclamation of freedom by Abraham Lincoln. I ever intended to stand by what I believed to be God's will and for the good of our fellowmen. I believed it was my duty to obey God rather than man, and never to surrender a principle in the church or out for the sake of peace and popularity.

I always believed in paying dollar for dollar in my dealings with men, and I never took stock in any bankrupt laws for the use of politicians and bankrupts, in the church or out of it. I ever believed in economy, and not to spend money before it was earned, but to help the poor and every benevolent institution as God has prospered me, and to treat every man as an honest man until he has proved himself to the contrary, and even then feed him and pray for him, even if he is my enemy. I do not owe any man a dollar to this day, to my knowledge.

I believe in man's freedom everywhere, as long as he does not interfere with other men's rights, and a free religion to every man according to his own conscience. I believe that pure and undefiled religion should be exempt from all State and national interference, which exists solely to protect every citizen in his religious

and civil rights. Religion is for every man to settle for himself with his God.

Thus far in life I have had no man strike me with a view to injure me. I believe in living peaceably with all men as much as within me lies; and as long as any man controls himself there is not much danger of getting hurt.

I never have had an opportunity for high school education. I well remember my first school days in a log schoolhouse, when I sat on a little stool by the side of the school teacher. Her name was Thankful Odall. The benches were made of split basswood logs, flat side up, with stool legs. Writing tables were slabs fastened to pegs driven into the logs. I studied spelling and reading, writing, and also a little in geography, but never studied a day in grammar in my life. Yet I have written for over sixty periodicals, and have now over fifteen hundred printed articles in my scrap books. When I wrote my two former books, I had no idea of writing this. The readers of the former books will find some repetition in this one, in order to connect circumstances in this. This is probably my last writing, as I have now passed the usual age allotted to men.

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